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KNAVES AND FOOLS.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

THE RENCONTRE

KNAVES AND FOOLS;

OR,

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA.

A Satirical Novel of London Life.

NEW YORK:
RUDD & CARLETON, [illegible]

KNAVES AND FOOLS;

OR,

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA.

A Satirical Novel of London Life.

EDWARD M. WHITTY

(THE STRANGER IN PARLIAMENT.)

"BOHEMIA, as we suppose everyone is aware, is a cant term for a section of London—the part inhabited by clever fellows with much reputation, and pretty women with very little; by the classes who are said to 'live on their wits'—journalists and politicians, artists and dancers."—*London Athenæum.*

NEW YORK:
RUDD & CARLETON, 310 BROADWAY.
1857.

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NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

"KNAVES AND FOOLS, OR FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA," is a satirical novel of London life (literary, social and political,) of the present day. The author is eminently a Man of Progress. His father, Mr. M. J. Whitty, who commenced his literary career in 1825 as author of "Tales of Irish Life," and editor of the *London and Dublin Magazine*, is editor and proprietor of the *Liverpool Journal*, one of the best provincial newspapers in England, bold and liberal in its politics, and crowded with news. The eldest son, Edward, as the "London Correspondent" of this paper, attracted so much attention that when the *Leader* (a London weekly) was established, he was invited to contribute. As 'The Stranger in Parliament," he made running comments, week after week, on what was done and said in the Legislature by leading men of all parties, frequently introducing graphic personal sketches of those whose conduct he touched on. In 1854 appeared "Political Portraits," written to expose the governmental system of Great Britain, consisting of those personal sketches—each paper being "the attempted portrait of an individual representing a class within the governing class." Drawn with a very free and bold pencil, these portraits are extremely clever. They include (and certainly do not flatter) Prince Albert, Aberdeen, Clarendon, Argyll, Carlisle, Stratford de Ratcliffe, Hardinge, Derby, Graham, Shaftesbury, Henry Lennox, Palmerston, Lansdowne, John Russell and his brother Bedford, Stanley, Benjamin Hall, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Wales. The manner in which Mr. Whitty strips Pretence is admirable. He is now editor of *The Northern Whig*, the leading liberal journal in the north of Ireland. Mr. Whitty has already written many *novelettes* anonymously, in various magazines, and has experience, therefore, in what many novelists are wanting—the conduct of a story."—*New York Tribune.*

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KNAVES AND FOOLS:

OR,

FRIENDS OF BOHEMIA.

Chapter I.

Governing Classes.

"WHO would have thought it!" exclaimed the quidnuncs throughout Pall-Malldom. The quidnuncs are always making this exclamation at everything new. The fact is, the quidnuncs never think, and are in a normal state of surprise.

Lord Slumberton had got the Governorship then in the market. It was a very good one. Everybody knew somebody who had asked for it.

Lord Slumberton was Baron Slumberton of Slumberton, a fine old Warwickshire hall, newly furnished by a Birmingham steel-pen maker, who had taken it for a term of years; and, being glad to oblige a peer, when there was no actual loss on the transaction, had advanced some six or seven

years' rent. How natural, therefore, that Mr. Magnum Bonum should talk among his friends of "my place!"

Slumberton had been born to a nearly ruined property, and as he had all his life fancied that he had a great talent for finance, generally developed by avoiding payments of the money owed to others, and routing out tenants who owed money to him, Slumberton was, by the time he got the Governorship, utterly ruined. In the process of being utterly ruined, he, as a poor Peer having claims on his class which had a whole national property to administer, had got nice little imperial pickings every now and then. He had got his sister into that highly exclusive "Union" for the most polished of our paupers, Hampton Court, and he had got himself into Commissions every now and then, and had once been a Minister by some mistake.

This good Governorship was to get rid of him, for he had become a bore to the big Peers. Of course, big Peers, of first class qualifications, like to have little Peers about them; but not such *very* little Peers as Slumberton. First-class men avoid second-class men who may be first-class men; but they are compelled to keep off also fourth-class men. Lucky are the third-rate men: they always get on!

Slumberton had a fine manner, an even temper, and a reserved disposition. It was not every one, therefore, who knew that he was not a first-class man. He possessed two daughters, who were fully impressed with the idea that mentally he was quite worthy of the affectionate respect with which they always regarded him. There are very few loveable people, particularly in intimacy, from that of Hero and Valet to Darby and Joan; so that it is a fine provision of nature that we should all be taken in by our fathers and mothers.

The Hon. Misses Slumberton were pretty, and not silly. They had been well trained by a governess, unvulgarized by profuse connexions and complicated relations; also discreetly left alone by their papa.

On the morning after the commotion in Pall-Malldom, they were at breakfast with papa, congratulating him joyfully about the new dignity of which they only understood that it would make him happy, and looking at him with the reverence due to the rulers of men—

"To be taken out in a frigate!" exclaimed the youngest Miss Slumberton.

"You must save us great fortunes out of that grand salary, papa, and then we'll all go back to Warwickshire again!" exclaimed the eldest Miss Slumberton.

"On the subject of fortune," said his lordship, "I wish you always to remember that it is well understood that you are, some few years hence, to have the Wortley property divided between you, under the will of my aunt, Mistress Wortley."

"Yes, papa," commented the youngest; "but there are three lives between it and us, you know, and it seems so dreadful to be speculating upon people dying."

His lordship dusted his elegant but feeble mouth, and answered, "It is still more dreadful to look forward to your being absolute paupers. Circumstances will prevent me saving any thing out of the—ah—(he hesitated to use the word salary)—the sum allotted by her Majesty as the emolument of the high office to which I am called. (It is noticeable that the nation was not shouting particularly.) In cases of property, it is proper to calculate all contingencies. In this case, the eminent advice of actuaries assures me that I may feel—ah—comfortable with regard to your future life. (His lordship

sipped his tea.) My own estates being entailed on males—whom I prefer not to know—I am forbidden to look forward to the re-establishment of our house in any direct way. I may leave a name as a statesman—perhaps: but the barony of Slumberton dies with me." He sighed and turned to his morning paper, which appeared to be insensible to this contingency.

"Mr. Dwyorts—in the library—desires to see you for a few moments, my lord, on pressing business." This was the intimation of a quiet servant, quietly opening the door.

The last of the Slumbertons (always pale, as became a descendant from Joan, mistress of Edward the Fourth, who had done all the blushing no doubt in the beginning), now turned yellow. But he said, "in a few minutes, Plush." Plush bowed his stately head, which grew grey twice a day in the service of fashion, closed the door, and communicated with Dwyorts, poked the library fire, and left Dwyorts to wait. Dwyorts walked up and down the all but bookless library, and at each turn looked at his watch.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dwyorts!" saluted the peer. "Hope I see you well. Surprised at seeing you in town. Take a chair. Take—a—chair—heh!" The rheumatic Slumberton had taken a chair himself.

"I came up, my lord, by the express train last night from Liverpool. We got the news of your appointment there by telegraph in the morning. Lots of Liverpool men have estates in the island, and are anxious to know your views on the Lollipop question that your predecessor has made such a mess of."

"Ah—yes! The merchants of Liverpool are very able persons, and very powerful. I shall be happy to hear their

views. But I am not going for a few weeks. Ha—ha! Expeditious people, you Liverpool men."

"Why, my lord, I didn't come on public grounds altogether. *I* have no property in Saccharinia. The truth is, I hoped your lordship would now settle that £30,000 matter."

"Ha—yes! Dear me, I wish I had not gone into that speculation."

"Well, I lost more than you did, and I cannot afford to lose for more than one." The man of business was peremptory. His northern accent was harsh to the embarrassed nobleman, who gazed at the fire with great intensity, and told off his helpless "Yes—yes—es," with which he was perpetually assenting to something—probably the whispers of conscience. Pity that conscience had not been brought up to speak out!

A long and still more dull story of the connection between the peer and the merchant. The peer, who was always for making great *coups* and was always getting into great scrapes, had heard of a bold project of Dwyorts', had thrust himself into it, became partner in the enterprise, and been eventually informed by a most respectful accountant that he owed Mr. Dwyorts £26,000, which, with interest, was now £29,000. Dwyorts, a square-built man, was fond of round numbers: the rounder the better. Thus, he always wrote and spoke of this transaction with Lord Slumberton as "that £30,000 affair."

The peer now made a variety of proposals. A policy on his life, with instalments per annum out of his newly secured salary. Any thing in reason.

Dwyorts was awfully candid. He was squeezed just now. His Canadian railway—he owned nearly half the stock, and was contractor as well—had gone wrong. Iron had run up.

Cotton had run down. He wanted the money, and he must have the money! Unless he left this money behind him, his lordship might make up his mind that he would never reign in Sucreton, Saccharinia.

Driven into a corner, the peer reached a suggestion which his small selfishness of character often intruded on him.

"There is my daughter Nea, now—yes—she is of age some weeks. You are probably not aware that the Wortley estates come to her and her sister—it must be in a very few years. Now, could she not make an assignment—prospectively to you—of such a sum as, with the securities I can give, might make it worth your while to wait?"

Dwyorts had looked at "that £30,000 affair" from every point of view before coming up; and he had wished to bring it to this point.

"Yes," he replied, without a pause. "I was aware of that, and am not disinclined to such a proposal. But, as a man of business, I must have a safe assignment."

"In what way?"

"Why, the best security would be for the young lady to assign over herself."

"How, Mr. Dwyorts! You—but you are married?"

"And in consequence have a son."

The perturbed Slumberton, weak and wily, stared hard, softly turned to the fire and consulted the coals—silently.

Dwyorts would give him no time. "Let the young people marry. I want no fortune down. I want to marry my son, and settle him. This would suit. I'll give the young couple enough to live on."

The peer still consulted the coals. Conscience did not seem to be making any remark, and there was no "Yes—yes," for once.

"Of course I am assuming that your lordship, as a man of the world, has not got any notions about differences in rank preventing otherwise suitable marriages. In these days it's the pewter makes the rank—and no mistake!" By "pewter" Dwyorts meant gold. Dwyorts chuckled coarsely.

"Yes—yes!" at last. "Well—well! This will require consideration. Shall we see each other again in a few days?"

"Certainly! But your lordship understands that that is my ultimatum. The money: or this marriage."

"Yes—yes! But have you consulted your son?"

"Not at all! He'll do what I tell him. He's not likely to flinch from such a match. She's a sweet young lady: one to be proud of. And, unless I am mistaken, she'll be worth £100,000 before she's thirty."

"Yes—yes! In a few days, then. Good-morning."

Then his lordship locked the door, and went steadily into a conference with the coals and conscience: whose loquacity was tremendous, for his lordship assented incessantly till luncheon-time.

Chapter II.

The Old Lottery.

Lord Slumberton desired Mrs. Triste, the once governess, now duenna, or companion, or pensioner, to come into the library.

He stated the case to her as artfully as he could. But she understood it.

She would like to see Nea married. She was sure her heart was disengaged. Nea was a sensible girl, and her father might rely on her affection. This might be an excellent match. The only child of Mr. Dwyorts would be very rich, no doubt; and, as his lordship said, rank had in these days to be waived. But then how could Nea be asked to say "Yes," not having seen or known the young gentleman?

"Yes—yes! Suppose we ask Nea to join us at once?"

Mrs. Triste thought it would be better that she should first speak to Nea.

Lord Slumberton considered it policy to show at his club that day, and from the club went and dined with an ex-Colonial Secretary, who had views about beetroot, and wished to impress the new Governor with these views. He did not see Nea, to hear her decision, until next morning at breakfast, when she kissed him: which promised well.

The Misses Slumberton had not seen much of the world, and had been kept tolerably free from romance. Deprived of county position by their sire's financial position, with no large family connexions to bring them on in London, alternating their unostentatious and inexpensive life between Bryanstone square, No. 90, taken furnished, to Brighton, No. 91, taken furnished, they had grown up very modestly and mildly, watched over by Mrs. Triste, a pure-minded, plain, practical woman. Presented at court, seen at balls, and dinner parties, and other fêtes, they were still innocent of the delirium of fashion, and had escaped, if not emotions, at least adventures. The announcement of the wishes of Lord Slumberton was taken very calmly by his eldest child. The idea of a marriage—of a marriage desired by her father, and advised by her only friend (whom she regarded as daughters should, but seldom do, regard a mother) was not displeasing to her. The vagueness as to the personality of the husband did not render the idea unpleasant: for, if so, would not the idea of marriage—the idea on which they are nourished—be distasteful to all young girls? Mrs. Triste, like most disappointed ladies, had come to the conclusion that love was a childish affair; and she now spoke of matrimony as an inevitable partnership between the sexes: those being safest of their future who went into the business without any enthusiastic belief in the profits.

The younger sister urged a wedding; it would be such fun. Nea thought of her father's age, her few friends, her own and her sister's, and her governess's position, in the event of his death. She thought of a house, and of the dignity of ample means of her own. She thought of—who can tell what a young lady does not think of, when she thinks of giving herself in marriage?

It was understood, when breakfast was over that morning, that Nea had no objections, if her father and she and Mrs. Triste should like the gentleman on his presenting himself.

Dwyorts—hurrying up to town again in due time—was satisfied, was shown into the drawing-room, kissed the young lady's cheek, sent her and her sister and Mrs. Triste magnificent presents, fixed the wedding-day at a month's distance, and went back to Liverpool, content with "this stroke of work"—as he expressed it.

Dwyorts, when a young man making his way, was head clerk to a house in Rio Janeiro. His employer died. He married his employer's widow. She was a rather colored woman: she didn't know exactly of what race; they not being genealogists in these febrile regions of mingled ethnographs. She had a dreadful temper; but then she had a good property, and Dwyorts seldom complained. He left her for London; and she followed. He settled in London, and she unsettled him. He concentrated his business in Liverpool, and she followed; and then he endured her, watching his son grow up, for many years.

Lately he had bought a fine Irish estate—only because it was going a bargain—from a descendant of a variety of Celtic kings; and, as his wife had quarrelled with all her husband's family and connexions, and was not really fond of towns, and outlived her leanings to the reluctant Dwyorts, he had induced her to take up her residence at the old Oshire castle. There she was again free from the conventionalities of civilization, and was happy in the large atmosphere that breathed of the Atlantic. She took walks in her park, clad in a flannel dressing-wrapper, with stockingless but slippered feet. She

cursed in Spanish the cowed peasants, and was altogether much better tempered than Dwyorts would have believed.

At the time that Dwyorts went up to London, Mrs. Dwyorts' happiness was increased by the presence of her son, whom she adored; and whom she abused till she was apoplectic, whenever she could have him with her. He was there now, doing quarantine. He had broken down in debt, and, while his father was arranging his affairs, he was hiding—and hunting.

To the letter from Dwyorts senior, giving his orders about coming over to marry Miss Slumberton, Dwyorts junior returned the following letter—written by his valet:—

"Dear Father,—I will marry any one you tell me to marry. I said that long ago, and am ready any day, and you need not think of consulting me in any arrangement you like to make. But as to going over, I have broken my arm in trying Blazes, who is used to Leicestershire, over an infernal Irish wall, and a doctor fellow is writing to you to say that I must not stir. So you will have to postpone it, unless the lady and her people will come here, which I suppose they won't. Mother has been dreadfully put out by my accident, saying it is my own fault; and she ordered Blazes to be shot while I was insensible, and would have done it herself if they had refused. The doctor keeps her out of the room, as he says she would drive me into a fever, and she has threatened to shoot *him*.

"Your affectionate son,

"Diego Dwyorts.

"P.S.—You didn't say if she has fair or dark hair; I could guess the eyes from that.

"Lord Septpat, here, has started a screw yacht in his bay. I wish you'd have one. Mother says she'd like a cruise to

Rio Janeiro. I dare say, I could get into the royal yacht club. But don't mind if it's expensive, as I hear the parliament in Canada has been swindling you. I never liked M.P.s."

Mrs. Dwyorts did drive her son into a fever. It happened in this way. Lord Septpat called to ask how he was getting on. His lordship was shown to Mrs. Dwyorts' room; and as he talked in a way she didn't like, about the duties of landed proprietors showing an example to the people by attending a place of worship—which she positively would never do—she told him, in effect, that the sooner he left her house the better would she be pleased. The valet informed the son of this; he sprang up to go and rail at her, stumbled, freshly fractured the arm, and became very ill.

But the Colonial Office hastened Lord Slumberton, with some notion that the island would find out that it could do without a governor. Mr. Dwyorts remained peremptory about "the £30,000 affair." There was nothing for Lord Slumberton but to go over to Oshire and marry off his daughter. He did: the ladies, after natural struggles, having consented to this step. The condition they made was privacy, and as much secresy as possible. Nea was nervous; like a novice, accustomed to the contemplation, taking the veil.

Chapter III.

It's Good to be Merry and Wise, etc.

The day that Mr. Diego Dwyorts got orders to marry Nea Slumberton, he sent his servant, Mr. Kees, a great confident of his, on a mission.

This dark November morning, ere the sun has faced this absurd world, and while the household is in that horizontal position of snorey repose which lovers of their species had best think about as little as possible, Mr. Kees has returned. Mr. Kees, arriving on a horse which appears to have been swimming through liquefied ploughed fields, turns the steed loose in the park, with very little prospect of ever being found in any particular state of health again, and gets in at a window. There is no absolute necessity for this secretive method of coming home; but it is the character of Mr. Kees to proceed in this manner. If Mr. Kees had a castle, he would live in the subterranean passages. He likes mystery, and surprises, and large cloaks.

The noise he makes in his room, which is close to his master's, wakes that gentleman. Mr. Kees is compelled to change his clothes, and to look for a little brandy after the long wet ride; but he is mortified that he has not effected these comforts in the furtive fashion he had attempted.

"Who is that moving in there?"

Kees enters, trims the night light, exposes his face, and adds, "Hope I see you better, sir."

"Good God—Kees! what has kept you? I was going mad with anxiety. Why, the wedding is to be to-day!"

"Just in time, then, sir. I made all the haste I could; but it was a long hunt."

There was a pause—Kees understood it, and said, "I'll just make you some tea, sir, as I see you are not likely to sleep again, and I'll light the candles and make a fire, and tell you my news, sir. Is the arm all right now, sir?"

"Very nearly; I had a relapse after you went. But tell me all. Where did you find her?"

"I went of course to Paris first, and saw the bankers. They had last remitted to Vienna. At Vienna the news was that she was singing at Madrid again. I travelled night and day. She had set off to go there, but fell ill at Bayonne. I should tell you, sir, before leaving Germany, she had dressed herself as a young man, and played the devil, as a student at Heidelberg."

"What. You mean——?"

"Not at all, sir. Same as ever that way: cares for no man at all. Not a word of that sort has any one to say against her. But she fought duels, and insisted on pistols, and gave dreadful drinking parties, and got a professor carried off, or something of that kind, and had to run from the police?"

"Well—go on."

"She was very ill, indeed; and, when only half recovered, she left Bayonne suddenly, but did not go to Madrid; that was all any one could tell me."

"Well—well!"

"But she did a serious thing at Bayonne, sir."

"What?—quick, quick!"

"She sent for a confessor."

"Well?"

"I found him out. He told me (cost money) that her intention was to renounce the world and go into a convent. He had got a letter for her to a religious lady, the superior of a convent in Paris."

"She went to Paris?"

"Exactly, sir: where I started from."

"You saw her."

"I did, sir. She was quite changed."

"How!"

"Not in looks, sir. I think she's a finger-breadth taller, but still very little-looking—very little; and she's paler, perhaps: but, on the whole, there's no change that far. What I mean is in her manner. She was much kinder in her way to me, sir—much kinder and softer; and listened to me without interrupting me, or jeering at me."

"But what did she say? The point—the point!"

"She said that, as to a divorce, she had divorced herself already from the world, and would be very glad if you'd get the lawyers to make the business complete. That——but I need not say all she said."

"All—all!"

"Well, sir, she said that she hated you: that you were selfish, and—and——"

"What—what?"

"Ugly, sir! She even said, sir—begging your pardon, sir—that when she was so mad, in that freak, as to marry you, she wondered she hadn't chosen me. A very odd young lady, sir!"

"Go on: I understand what she meant."

"She said you need not fear ever to hear of her again, so that you would only settle whatever was necessary on the convent, to—in fact, to pay for her maintenance for life there."

"She'll not stay there a month. It would be so much money wasted. But she will aid in getting the divorce—that is understood?"

"She'll run before you in that, sir."

"But the time. What did the lawyers say?"

"I couldn't understand them, sir, except that they wanted to see you—yourself."

"For money?"

"No, sir! They would have gone on without money in hand, but they insisted that you must go over there yourself. There seems, I'm afraid, sir, some difficulty about the divorce, as you are an English subject, and she's no subject at all; and you were married in Germany by a Catholic, you being Protestant."

"Then, we're in a fix! I am disturbed. The governor *will* have this marriage to-night, the moment they arrive, as Lord Slumberton must return to London in the morning. What is to be done?".

Diego had got up and was walking about the room. Kees, quite unimpassioned, was trimming the fire.

Kees comprehended his master; nobody else did. Dwyorts senior, and Mrs. Dwyorts, and all his companions, considered him a careless creature, without will or opinion, influenced by any body or any thing—who never had a plan, and could never say no. This was the character he had deliberately acted: it sat so well on a stalwart youth, with an assured future, and

overflowing with money. But it was a character not reconcilable with the large, square head, the massive jaw, and the full steady eye. Kees had been with Diego for some years, and had watched the youth hardening into the selfish, cautious, callous, calculating man. Kees knew that he never took any advice that he had not himself artfully elicited; and just now Kees could not guess what would be the course the young gentleman might decide on. Kees watched him closely as he strode about the room—striding about in his night-toga and nought else, and in no respect attempting to overcome the prejudices of Mr. Kees' class in respect to heroes.

He got to bed again and had some tea. Kees did not learn what was to be done about the marriage.

Chapter IV.

Forced Orange Blossoms.

At about eight that evening, two carriages full of company arrived at the hall, as for a dinner party, from the distant railway station. Mr. Dwyorts, Lord Slumberton, his lordship's daughters, Mrs. Triste, a clergyman with the most special attainable licence in his pocket—servants.

Mr. Dwyorts did not mind dressing, and went straight to his son.

"Well, Diego, are you ready?"

"Yes, father, if it must be. But you see my arm. A maimed bridegroom is a miserable affair. Couldn't the lady be left here until I am well, and we are all better acquainted?"

"No! It won't do. That's what they have asked. You will understand all the reasons by and by. So, come along to the drawing-room; they'll be down directly for dinner."

"Oh! I am under regimen: I will come up to the drawing-room after dinner. I must dress. Been lying on the sofa all day reading Plutarch. Stunners they were in those old days. What things those fellows *dared* to do!"

"I'll go and talk to your mother. How does she like this business?"

"Oh! she doesn't object. But I could not live here with her after the marriage, could I?"

"We'll see to all that. Be up as soon as you can."

He entered the drawing-room. A copious dame, of abrupt black eyes that were not quite pairs in regard to shape, but each equally fierce, and of a heavy jaw, obviously related to Diego's, was sitting, her magnificent apparel tossed on ungracefully, before a fire that flamed furiously, as if to put out the color of her red velvet robe.

"How do you do, wife?"

"What are you marrying Diego in this sudden way for? She didn't rise, or notice his salutation. Her voice was very coarse, and her foreign accent gave the impression that she was in a passion, because she could not pronounce the alien words.

"What did I ever do anything for? Money!" was the answer, as he drew a chair close to the blaze, and warmed himself.

"Money! Yes—you married me for money."

"Of course I did! This girl will have £100,000 in a few years. I suppose, therefore, you will do all you can to help Diego to the girl."

Between this couple there was only one point of accord—they loved their son with passion.

"£100,000! Why, people say you are worth millions. What is £100,000 to Diego, if he is to have your money?"

"People are sometimes mistaken: I am not so rich as to throw away this girl's money. Besides, she's the daughter of a lord. He's an ass, and a rogue—but he's a lord! It raises our name. The Dwyorts of London haven't done as much as *that*. Damn them! if I *can't* keep my own, or be as rich as

them, I've licked 'em so far." Walking about the room as usual: a man of strong character, not particularly influenced in life by the New Testament.

"I don't think Diego wants to marry. He is very sullen since he's been well of the fever."

"But he *will* marry! That's the only point. Now, I ask you to be very civil to those women coming down."

"I don't want any womens here. They must all go after the marriage. I detest womens!"

Lord Slumberton and his party came in. The lord grinned and chattered feebly. The bride and her sister (Sabine) kissed the old lady; and, being in a thorough state of fatigued fright, glanced at her imploringly, soliciting her friendship and support. Mr. Dwyorts made excuses for his son, and rang for dinner.

Mrs. Dwyorts was always kindly to people at first. She was well disposed, as a rule, to young people; and particularly at table. She considered that young people were in a continuous state of growing—she often looked at them as if to mark the head moving up, and her theory was that they ought to be ceaselessly fed. But, her politeness notwithstanding, it was a terrible ceremony that dinner. Lord Slumberton didn't look at his daughters. Mr. Dwyorts took a good deal of wine. The clergyman, who thought that severe gravity once a week required the reaction of playful twaddle all the rest of the week, was facetious for some time; but, finding that a failure, fell to studying the pictures on the wall opposite, at which he looked with meek reproachfulness, as if not up to the mark in oiliness. The young ladies were occupied in avoiding the over-eating to which they were invited by their hostess. Mrs. Triste was contemplative.

Her theory of life, as regarded her sex, was that they ought to be "settled." She considered that a young lady was safe when she was "settled"—viz. married; after which nobody need trouble their heads further about her. She was therefore calmly rejoicing that her dear Nea was going to be settled. There is something of the maternal instinct in this. When a lioness finds the little lions can catch their own prey, she deserts them. The old hen-bird is joyful when the young can do without her, and, reverting to careless independence, she picks up her own worms in her own private life. To be sure, in natural history (so called to distinguish it, perhaps, from human history) parentage is a frequent and oppressive affair, and, as the mother cannot attend to all, she is beneficently permitted to neglect all. Providence appears to have distrusted man and woman so far, that only one child at a time is the general rule, and the one child is helpless for a frightfully protracted period.

Chapter V.

A Wedding Ring too Small.

The gentlemen left the dining-room with the ladies.

Diego, dressed ceremoniously, his arm slinged, his eye nervous and eager, stood by the fire, and as they entered, advanced to meet them.

As Lord Slumberton was shaking hands with him elaborately, Nea had time to collect herself for the presentation; a quick but frightened glance had told her little.

"My daughters, sir—Nea, Sabine."

As bride and bridegroom shook hands, Mrs. Dwyorts broke in, to relieve the young lady's shocking confusion—

"I remember such a marriage as this in my country. The girl's father lost her, at gaming, to a man as old as the father: the man was captain of a ship; and he carried her off that night, and the brig with all hands was lost at sea."

"Ha—ha!" said the clergyman. "Fortunately, madam, there is no disparity of age in this case, and the happy couple need not go to sea. Besides, you never game, my lord, do you?"

His lordship saw the point as little as the clergyman did, and made a formal and polite answer:—He never played.

Diego had handed Nea to a seat on a sofa beside her sister, and stood speaking to her—Nea with her eyes down; Sabine passing swift looks from one to the other.

"It was only the day before yesterday that I received word from my father that you—that he and Lord Slumberton—were coming here. There was no time to communicate and stop him; or, as I was well enough to travel, I would have gone on to London, or at least to Dublin, and insisted on the ceremony taking place there; which I am sure would have been to you preferable to coming here among strangers."

Nea moved her lips as if to speak; but he went on, speaking as much to Sabine as to her.

"Anywhere I know it must have been, and will be, most distressing to you; and, believe me, I did all I could, while obeying the will of my father, as you obey yours—this match being quite a mystery to me, except as it is a great honor to our family—to obtain you—shall I call it a respite?—that you might stay some time with my mother before—shall I call it execution? I dare say the advantage is mine, in not being known: but I considered *you*, and was sure you would like delay."

Sabine said, "Nea is a good child: she does what she is told by papa and Mrs. Triste; and you are to be very grateful and very good to her. If they had selected me, instead——"

"You would have preferred it?"

"I would be a dreadful vixen if you were not good."

"But cannot you stay and take command of me, too?"

"No! Mrs. Triste and I are to go back with papa. Poor papa cannot do without Mrs. Triste and me, now that he is to lose Nea. So Nea will be all alone, and you must take great care of her."

"I will devote my life to make her happy."

He said this with vehemence, and Nea looked up at him. The words were reassuring; but she caught his look, and it was too watchful of her own to sustain the words.

Mr. Dwyorts—standing alone with his back to the fireplace—attentive to the groupings, of Lord Slumberton and Mrs. Dwyorts, of the Rev. Mr. Berger with Mrs. Dwyorts, who seemed too large and self-willed for that shepherd to manage, considered that the time had come for business.

"Lord Slumberton, I have ordered the carriages for half-past six in the morning. It is obvious that there would be no time *then* for coupling these young people; and if your friend, Mr. Berger, sees no objection, I think we had better get it done now."

"Yes—yes! Nea, my dear——"

"Father," urged Diego, "I again ask, for this young lady's sake, to postpone the marriage for a little while."

"A nice gallant, you are!" was the paternal sneer. "Why, the young lady herself is plucky enough: she makes no objection."

Nea was trembling too much to make any comment. Sabine, as Diego moved to his father, had whispered a—"Do you like him, love?" But Nea made no answer. When her father came up to her, he whispered—"For my sake, my dear child:" and she suppressed her tears and tried to feel steady in this "settling"—steady as a ship becomes just before going down. Mrs. Triste came to her side with smelling salts and Christian consolation.

The position was not a common one. But are these emotions strange at weddings? How many girls say "Yes" without some of the pangs and some of the dread that were

tightening the heart of poor Nea? After the longest courtship is there not still a teasing mystery? In acquaintanceship of the closest kind, we have never seen anything of our friend but his or her face and hands—of which he or she does not altogether consist.

In some cases, indeed, more is obtained than could possibly be expected. I read in a police report the other day of a woman—absent when her husband died, he dying a pauper and being buried by the parish—who applied to the authorities that the body should be disinterred and handed over to her. Her representation was, that the doctors of Paris had offered her 700 francs for the body, which was profoundly interesting from a magnificent malformation which science desired to caress.

Needless to describe that wedding. Nea sat up all night with Sabine and Mrs. Trist. Lord Slumberton—Mr. Dwyorts—and the clergyman—(who was appallingly solemn during the ceremony, and, the moment it was over, affectingly lively, so that he wanted to propose the bride's health over the wine and water which concluded the festivities of the evening)—slept.

When Diego was being undressed, Kees having handed him his pipe and his Plutarch, ventured to observe—

"Wish you joy, sir! Beautiful young lady, sir! All the servants quite happy, sir! I'm to take the chair at a jollification by and by, sir—to drink her health and yours, sir—and very glad I shall be, sir—to do so, sir."

No answer.

"When you're going up-stairs, sir, you'd better put on this thick dressing-gown, sir. Good deal of draughts about this old house, sir."

"I'm not going up-stairs, Kees, thank you."

"Not going to—to join your wife, sir?—Mrs. Dwyorts, beg your pardon, sir."

"No: not quite so fast as that, Kees. A little bachelorism left. By the by, Kees, you will have to be off to Paris again in a day or two. I don't believe that that was any real marriage with Therese; but it is as well to make safe, and have a regular divorce. I must go to Paris myself."

"Yes, sir! But, sir, if there is any thing unlawful—beg your pardon, sir—in your marrying again—it's done, sir, and——"

"Not quite. I'm safe so far, and must work through; and you'll help me, Kees. We understand one another, Kees. My father has given me a splendid cheque to-night, and you shall go and get it cashed, and take a good commission. Good-night, Kees! Set the alarm clock for five. Good-night!"

And he did not read Plutarch, nor sleep.

And Kees turned up unexpectedly, by some unsuspected door, in the servants' hall, and he took the chair; and the domestics stayed up all night, to be ready for the early breakfast and early departure. They were chiefly Irish domestics. They had the profoundest contempt for Kees as a cockney, and for his master and his master's family, as new people who had dispossessed the old race. But they were partial to liquor and deception; and any one watching their debauch, would have concluded that they were faithful and affectionate retainers, and that they considered the cockney Kees as an eminently superior being. Kees made such periphrastic speeches, and accompanied them by so many nods and winks, that the impression would really have been a very natural one.

Chapter VI.

The faster you eat the Peach, the sooner you come to the Stone.

Therese Despréz was the daughter of a French fiddler by a German milliner. She was born in Frankfort. She had dazzling fair hair and alabaster skin, an exquisite little nose, and the biggest black eyes ever placed in the head of a very little woman. As a child, she showed a decided genius for singing, and surprising partiality for an avoidance of the piano. But her gift was so wonderful that she could sing splendidly without any knowledge of the rules. They couldn't say she didn't practise her voice—she was always singing. She touched the heart of a great ecclesiastic as she showered her notes down to his venerable ears from an organ-loft, and he sent her to Italy. Some one lent her books, and she caught a taste for reading. She became romantic at the regular period; and, having no one to restrain her, she ran away, in search of life and love. So pretty a child thus running, ran great risks; but she had bought a pair of pistols. Read Wilhelm Meister, and you may guess a great deal of her life. She had nothing to take to but acting and singing, and got on very well as far as board and lodging are concerned. But she was very un-

happy. An intense earnestness of character cured her of her romance; and the life of a mime became hateful to her. She sought a real career—genuine life—genuine love. She treated her companions with disdain: she was pure, and honest, and bold; and she loved books better than society. But she advanced to a small fame, and at last found a lover whom she could not contemn.

Diego Dwyorts, travelling about Europe in prince's splendor, saw and was fascinated. They became acquainted. He was grandly gay, and the cause of gaiety. In his society, and that which he gathered around him, her nature seemed to undergo a change: she scattered her sadness, and became wildly joyous and reckless. He underwent a frenzy of love—his first love: he was but a boy, mad with the success with which he began life. He brought her jewels. Of no avail. He brought a priest; one of the faith which she professed as the only faith for an artist—the Roman Catholic. She laughed at his Reverence, but asked him to stay to dinner; and there was a frolicsome party, laughing like champagne corks as they are blown up with the compressed air. At that party Diego and Therese were married. His wealth had excited her imagination: his devotion had touched her heart.

They went to the East. The honeymoon revolves round the sun. They were very voluptuous. As they returned, he grew afraid of his father. She saw the change, and resented it. His passion was sated. She was disappointed. They parted.

When, after the marriage in Oshire, Diego arrived at the convent, in order to make terms with his first love, she had flown again: unstable and versatile, her taste for life returned with her healthful capacity for it. She left a letter. She had

changed her mind. She would not consent to any divorce, and would appeal to his father—to the English parliament—to the English queen—to God—if he took any steps for a divorce.

So Diego returned to his bride in Oshirė. What else could he do?

Chapter VII.

Lares in Flannel.

On the morning of Christmas-Eve, Mrs. Dwyorts junior presided at the breakfast table of Bellars Hall, Oshire. Not recognised by Mrs. Dwyorts dowager as the mistress of the establishment, yet she was made do this portion of the work attached to the dignity. Opposite Nea sat the dowager; her copious brown form loosely wrapped in a capacious white thick robe; her thick rope-like hair curled, not with a ship's tidiness, beneath a covering which looked something between a turban and a sail.

"Nea, my dear, you look very pretty. You are pretty. Diego, get up and kiss her for me."

Diego, who was not long back from France, looked up pleased at his mother. Nea blushed. She was certainly charming. Her agitations over, her great wish for country life gratified, that life regular and orderly, and her mother-in-law by some chance taking an immense fancy to her—the gentle, innocent girl having startled the old harridan by treating her with affectionate respect, which was what the elderly person was not accustomed to—Nea was beginning to feel happy. She had not even missed Diego. He had presented

her with such a pretty little carriage, with such a pair of black ponies! With this carriage she had been fully occupied; for there was magnificent scenery, and there were plenty of poor around the Hall.

They had pleasant converse at the breakfast table. There were the immemorial associations of Christmas to warm their hearts towards one another and the world. Dwyorts senior had gone to Canada, which was understood to be a cold place; and even his wife now shuddered as she thought what his sensations must be. Then, about the blankets which the Hall had distributed among the complacent but contemptuous, still frightfully-feudal, peasantry. Also, the coals, had they been properly proportioned? Would Nea like to go to church—it was a very long way off—next morning? Would she like to hear the midnight mass that Father Emmett was to hold or say that night?

Diego was eager to make Nea happy: to construct schemes of occupation and enjoyment for her. Was he in love? She beamed so kindly on him an acknowledgment of his considerate planning, that the observer would guess that she at least believed that he was a lover-husband.

"Well," said the dowager, "his excellency (this was her way of referring to Dwyorts senior) wrote a long letter of caution that we were to make use of Christmas to win the people, as he called it, and I suppose we must do all we can; but I am not going to turn out into the cold this weather. You two may go and ride about as much as you like, to wish them merry Christmas; but, for me, by heavens I'll get close to the fire and sleep till you come back! By heavens, God was good to the people in these damp islands, to give them such plenty of coal, as there is no sun!"

"But the people have no coal here, mamma," said Nea: "they burn turf."

"Yes! I believe they are lazy. The English go under ground for coal, but the Irish burn the ground itself."

Diego laughed with Nea at the blunder. "Bravo, mother! If one of the patriots heard that, he'd think you were making a joke of his fondness for his native land."

"I don't know what you mean, Diego, and I don't care. Wheel that chair to the fire, sir, and leave me alone."

And she was soon sleepily oblivious of the cold, and passed a quiet day digesting one meal and preparing for another.

"What an animal existence—what forgetfulness of the duty of the wife of a landed proprietor!" the English Christian lady would exclaim. Madam, we are victims of our temperaments. If you are active, it is because you like activity; your climate suiting your moral duties. You neither eat nor drink as much as Mrs. Dwyorts; but you admit that you eat and drink as much as you like. For—you and your husband, and your intimate friends, including the rector and the curate, are not temperate by an effort: it is not self-denial and a remembrance of a future world which induces you to avoid intemperance. Alas! in the matter of minor and middle morals, not within police cognizance, do we not do pretty much what we like? Given such and such a shaped head, and such and such a fashion or custom, and who is to declare that Miss Aspasia was vicious, or that Mrs. Fry was an angel?

Mrs. Dwyorts was not born very good; and, nobody having taken the trouble to improve whatever goodness might have been in her, she appears to be a sort of old lady that you do not esteem with any particular frenzy.

Chapter VIII.

Lake Scenery.

Nea and Diego had a busy day, riding through the broad lands bought with Bellars Hall, visiting, money-giving, popularity-hunting. Diego was glad of the new sensation of finding himself benevolent, and Nea was quite happy under the blessings that were heaped upon her. These blessings were sincere; for, "Sure the young lady was not to be blamed for marrying a rich young man—and a stout, well-set young man he was, though his smile was grave"—and "Troth didn't they say she was of an ould family herself, though English, poor thing?"

The young couple concluded their mission of peace and goodwill towards the early and misty twilight. But they were a long ride from the Hall; and the dowager would be rampant if they were late for dinner. The groom advised that they should cross the lake in the boat, instead of riding round: the boat would land them within a mile's walk of the hall. "If his honor could manage the boat, there it was at the miller's below there, and there was just a nice wind."

"A nice wind—I call it a devil of a wind! As to managing the boat, of course I can. Haven't I often been in it before?"

"Av coorse your honor has, and sailed as if you was born on the say."

"Oh, let us take the boat!" said Nea. "I am not in the least afraid."

"Very well, then. Take the horses round. But gallop down to the old mill first and see is the boat clean. We'll put the coats in the stern-sheets for you, Nea. But, mind, it will be a cold blow."

The boat was there. It was an old heavy lake boat, kept at this point for the convenience of the servants and others of the Hall. The lake was five miles in length, but of only two in breadth, so that boats at certain points were indispensable for the inhabitants at either shore.

Very few men have the moral courage to disclaim perfect command over horses, guns, and boats. Diego, after making his wife as comfortable as possible, went about getting out the sail with all the airs of an old salt. But the groom who watched the operations, and who, being born near the lake, had something of a fresh-water sailor's conceit, seemed to doubt his master's seamanship, and shouted, "Keep her well up to the wind, sir, and clear of the island in rounding it. You will have the breeze sharp when you get from under cover of the mountain, and I suppose your honor will then take a reef in."

"Yes—yes! go on!" cried Diego impatiently; and the boat sailed out. Nea was placed at the tiller, with ample instructions how to obey orders, and Diego attended to the sail.

They got on very well half-way across. But here the difficulty occurred. They had to weather the long high island, just as the wind was clear of a wall of mountain

which so far had sheltered them; and the steering was not expert.

Another boat was rounding the island from the other side. A tremendous voice shouted to them, "Port your helm—port!" The danger of a collision was imminent. Diego rushed, or rather tumbled to the helm, but in his confusion set it the wrong way, and the wind was carrying the clumsy craft gunwale under, when the other boat struck her heavily.

They were over, and under, in a second's time. But the occupant of the other boat was cool and quick. He caught Nea as she rose, and dragged her in. Diego was clinging to the capsized boat, and was soon saved. Now, seated, freezingly dripping, with Nea's head in his lap, he was in a most ignominious state of mind.

"You need not be frightened," said the stranger, who was coolly steering in the direction he had previously been pursuing. "She's not drowned. I felt her heart beat. There—she's sighing."

Diego, anxious, did not answer. He was warming her face with kisses, and muttering consolation.

The stranger looked at them, and gave a kindly sounding laugh.

Diego looked up, his large black eye flaming—

"I don't know who you are," he said, slowly; "but I'll soon learn, and settle with you. Where are you steering to? Turn the boat's head and make for the Park boat-house—it's at the other end of the broken wall. Turn at once, I say?"

"Well, this is a novelty. Here's a reward for saving lives. Threatened to be thrashed, and ordered to go miles out of my way. There! there!—don't fly into a passion. Recollect

there is a lady here. There, now I've turned her, and you shall get to the Park boat-house."

It had become so dark that they could not see each other's faces. The voice of the stranger had assured Diego, however, that the man he had been bullying was not a peasant, but a gentleman. Nea had noticed this still sooner, and it had increased her confusion—the confusion that any lady in the same circumstances would feel, in thinking of the disarray in which she had been dragged out of the water. But she mastered this confusion with her sense of gratitude, and said—

"I hope, sir, you will believe that I am grateful—that we are grateful."

The stranger's voice at once softened, and there was no jeer in his answer—"Faith, it might have been an unlucky accident; and I should have spent a sad Christmas if, after upsetting you, I had not saved you. But as it is, and your health does not suffer, I hope this gentleman will regard his queer steering as a matter for jesting."

"It was your own steering as much as mine," replied Diego sullenly, and stung with the graceful good-humor of the big form at the helm.

"Well, perhaps so. We ought both to have given a wider sweep coming round. But it would be no disgrace to you, who are a stranger here, to concede better steering to me on this lake, that is as well known to me as my hand."

"How do you know I am a stranger here? and, if you know me, tell us who you are?"

"I know you are Mr. Dwyorts of Bellars Hall, and I am Brandt Bellars, formerly of Bellars Hall. You may have heard my name hereabouts." This he said with an obvious sneer.

"I didn't know you resided in this country now."

"Nor do I. I have come, like an ass, to spend Christmas here with my old friend—guide, and philosopher, too—Father Emmett."

Diego began to see the false position his anger had got him into.

"I hope you will visit us, while here. As they say in my mother's country—'Consider the house your own.'"

"Thanks! Your hospitality might make me forget the Encumbered Estates Court, and I might be ordering the servants about. I walked about the park to look at the old Hall; and I could hardly realize what has passed since I last wandered there."

"You will find a great many changes, I believe," said Diego, dryly.

"Ha—ha! Yes, no doubt—you have got some furniture there. But my father and I never wanted any. The few grooms we had about took naturally to the hay-lofts. I slept in the library many a day on a mattress of ancient histories—placed mosaic-wise on the floor, with a horse-rug for blanket. Then, we never had any ladies there, and the civilization of the century was not missed. My ancestors were good gentlemen, I believe; and a man may be a gentleman dressed in sheep-skin, and unknowing of 'Eureka shirts' and electric brushes. There's the boat-house. I wonder you don't get that wall mended; it was I blew it up when I had my military fit on, and I was trying mine-work. There is a gale setting up outside; do you hear the park trees moaning?"

"Yes! Pray come on and dine with us to-night. My mother will be happy to see you."

"Oh, yes—do!" said Nea.

"Thanks again. I didn't look to make friends of the 'new people,' as they call you when they speak to me of you; but it would be churlish to decline. I cannot dine with you this evening, as at this very minute the Father is crying at the spoiled potatoes that are waiting. I'll come and breakfast with you in the morning."

"As you please. But take a horse round to Father Emmett's cottage. The lake is dangerous."

"Not a bit. There, now; hold on as I take the sail in. Soho—safe! Lean on my arm getting out, madam. That's it. Now run through the park, and you'll keep the cold off. Good-night! And"—he raised his voice as they hurried off—"give the young lady the least taste of whiskey punch the moment she gets in."

"An odd acquaintance," he soliloquized, as he prepared for a fresh start, "and an odd way of making it. That fellow's a snob, I'll swear! But I'll look at them all in the morning."

He got out a cigar, lit it, pushed off, spread his sail, and darted off at a great speed; thinking a little of the fall of the Bellars family, and a little of the dinner that he knew was smoking impatiently awaiting him

Chapter IX.

Dinner Discourse.

Father Emmett was walking round and round the small table laid for two in his little drawing-room, which was also his breakfast, dining, and every other description of occupation, save sleeping, room, in his limited house. This house was built alongside the chapel, at the head of a straggling village which was half agricultural and half piscatorial, close upon the coast.

The Father was about fifty years of age, his black hair just beginning to be improved by the threads of silver. He had the bent form and the delicate hands of a student. He had the Celtic face of an enthusiast. The broad and high cheek-bones, the large mouth, and the coarse skin, hardened by Atlantic weather—these would have suggested to the town-bred young lady who studies the human form as depicted on Jullien's music sheets, and who loves that literature of N. P. Willis-ism which so daintily describes the life such figures *must* live, that the priest was ugly—rather a monster. But his physiognomy was beautiful when he spoke and smiled—and he generally smiled when he spoke. Some people have a muscular smile: the gear of the voluntary muscles about the

mouth is obviously set in motion:—avoid such. Father Emmett's smile was a non-muscular smile—natural, like the sky's.

A shot was heard without. The priest opened his door and called out to the kitchen, "That's his gun, Mary. Get dinner in now, as soon as you can. Welcome back, Brandt! Where have you been?"

Brandt was taking off coat and boots, and putting a gun in a corner. He is a man about thirty, rather a fat and clumsy though strong figure;—it would perhaps strike you as a vulgar figure, but for the graceful limbs and the shapely hands and feet. His face is slightly fatty in the cheeks and worn about the mouth, but it is very handsome. The strong curling brown hair, the bold bright blue eye, and the dazzling white teeth, tell of a nature full of vitality and vigor. The last of the Bellars used to say that he forgave his father every thing for having given him a good constitution. It was one of his weak points to believe in his strength—that disease could never approach him. A consequence of this sort of faith is, that we lead a kind of life, sometimes, which puts disease upon her mettle.

"Father, I hope you have food enough in the house. I'm as hungry as a hunter—as five hunters—as the whole squad of picqueurs of Fontainebleau—as the jockey club: I'll eat you out of house and home, like that sacrilegious, large-abdomened Benjamin, who swallowed the church and the steeple. Here's Mary—God bless you, Mary! Is the fish overdone?—never mind, it was underdone yesterday, Mary, and this is a century of compromises. I'll take the *juste milieu* of that sole—thank you, Father. Mary, give me some beer: baked potatoes, thank God!—what's to follow, Mary—a shoulder of mutton? Oh! Mary, Mary, is that the way you feed the Father? Upon my

word, you are sinful gluttons here. It's only for me, Mary, is it? Another potatoe, thank you—a burnt one—thank you. Why, you ought to know that I don't care for eating. Mary, you should never laugh at dinner-time; you'll spoil the onion sauce—what, forget onion sauce? Oh! Mary, Mary, do you hope to go to heaven?" (Mary was routed back to her kitchen.) "Father, I've been making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Dwyorts—the young couple—to-day."

"Well, do you expect me to be your second in the duel?"

"On the contrary, I am to breakfast with them in the morning. But he showed fight; was fierce enough, considering the ducking he got."

He possessed his reverence of the story.

"Well," said Emmett, finishing his frugal meal, "I don't think the acquaintance will come to any good."

"Why not? they might take pity on me. Might make me huntsman, or private secretary, or give me a good clerkship in their counting-house at Liverpool. In fact, when I signed and sealed the last of my lands away, didn't the old fellow offer to further my views if they were of a commercial kind?"

"Civil enough, too, from his point of view. But these things rankle, and you would be insulting them in your pleasant manner by and by, and——"

"Get turned out of the Hall."

"You would be looking back to the past if you see much of these people, and you have no friend but in the future."

"I think the future is a humbug—a ready promiser and a practised insolvent. The future will not buy me back the old Hall, the sacred soil of my race; and to me there is no other

reward for abstaining from the present, who is a pleasant fellow."

"Make the present the servant of the future! You might buy back the Hall; if not, some other Hall where you would be a first Bellars instead of the last. Look at the Moores in this county; the peasantry will tell you they have been here since the Danes' days. There was an interval of fifty years during which they were swept away—it was in the last century. It was a Mark Moore, who, when driven out, went to Spain, became a merchant, made wealth, came back, and settled down in the old place again, which he had bought back."

"Became a merchant! Yes—a nice merchant I would make!"

"There are political fortunes, too. Warren Hastings had one main thought in entering on his struggle—to bring back to his name and family an old Grange, with a few hundred acres in an English county. When he was plundering begums and robbing rajahs, it was to become a squire in a British parish. I don't sympathize with these parochial affections, mind you, Brandt; but I give you the instance."

"Hastings belonged to an age when politics had prizes. You can't plunder or rob now—not in the regular way. Not being a lord, and not being a great genius, you fawn and grin till fifty, and then they give you an under-secretaryship, or send you out, being of seven years' standing in expectancy, to the judgeship of Alligatorton. Father, you theorize about the world in urging me to ambition: I know the world. Now don't smile contemptuously: smart men are awfully plentiful, competing for the places and the liveries of the political peers; and my chance is a small one. I have a knack at French: I think I'll join the Russian service. There *all*

places, big and little, are open to tact and talent; here in Great Britain, the lords and their families shut out the adventurers from all that is worth fighting for."

"This is your London philosophy! Did I ever urge you to regard yourself as an adventurer—to look at the world as a game—to aspire to 'prizes?'"

"My dear Father, if I were a duke I should take your grand views: let us have a glass of punch."

"These two years have spoiled you, Brandt," said the priest, calling for what his guest had asked.

"Why, Father, to see the luck of some men. Here's this Dwyorts, without an effort, by his father's gold, in possession of the land my ancestor won with his sword and never paid a rap for. One can't establish a family that way nowadays. What is there to do? Trade—turn pedlar? You must be born into the trading class to catch its cleverness: you can't go into trade as you can into an omnibus; particularly when you have no capital. The professions are mean: the Bar a villany: Medicine, foul. Wish you'd let me, and waive the faith, and I'd be happy as a parish priest. To get into a corner of the world—you could get rid of restiveness—of envy—and take in the weekly papers."

"You can get into a corner in London. Remember the philosopher who went to Amsterdam as the quietest place he could find for study. But my corner has its passions, too."

"Ah! but the serenity that comes from a relinquishment of the world! The delicious certainty that your circle is bounded for ever! What calm!—what excellent whiskey you have, father!"

"See, I got this letter this morning; you see my calm and circle are not so complete and certain as you fancy."

"What! you, Father, elected a bishop! It never entered into my head that you sought such a thing. Hurray! It's irreverent this, I know, but I can't help it. Pass the materials: I must drink your health *in partibus*. Dear Father, don't look so severe."

"I don't like your reckless manner, Brandt."

"Well, I'll be grave; pray, accept my congratulations: the world will now know you as I know you—the Church has its career."

"I do not aim at the tiara, Brandt. Let me speak of you. You are now hesitating: you have thrown away your youth; and, as Macaulay finely expresses it, you are inclined to throw your manhood after it in despair. You think you are not ambitious; but the envious line you take suggests that you are ambitious, in a bad way—ambitious of social position."

"What else is there? A fellow who has tumbled as I have in social rank, ought to have some notion of what he has lost."

"That is a vulgar ambition. Raise your thoughts beyond the London squares: be a priest, and an artist."

"Father, you must allow me really to take a little punch. You stagger me: I do not understand you. Will you put your idea into Hebrew—I haven't forgot all you taught me."

"The duty of intellect is to join in the government of mankind—by religion, literature, art: all who are thus governing are priests, or artists. These are not of society: and social position is unnecessary to them. The great minds that founded our church gave us the government of the world by isolating us from the world. They forbade us marriage: they sentenced us to a morality and a system; not that which we preach to the world. You cannot be a priest, in my sense.

Do not—you who, still young, have got that London cynicism of old men—surmise an hypocrisy. I tell you, Brandt, that I do not believe in the mysteries with which I wield the superstitions of my people. It is enough that the Church is necessary to humanity, such as it now is: and I am of the Church, heart and intellect, her faithful son. But you are fitter for another priesthood—journalism and politics. I know you, and have compared you with other men. Where is that energy that made you the scholar? Recall it; and you will be a great man in the great sense: you will be one of the class that governs."

"Father, intellect does not obtain success even in priesthoods. It is character. It is the men who impress themselves on other men. I am asked to dinner; but I don't get on."

"Character is conduct—caution. Burleigh was probably a naturally reserved man: but it is not difficult in a man of sense to be patient."

"You do not say that character consists in holding your tongue?"

"A good deal. Character is reliableness: convincing other men that you can be trusted. I should put it differently to an older man: to a man of your age I say—caution."

"Yes—age! Here are you, fifty or so, with all your wisdom and goodness, eloquence in the pulpit,—why are you only *now* a bishop?"

"Rome has its intrigues. There is a freemasonry in age. It is old men who decide your fate, and they do not comprehend you—are not certain that you comprehend them, if you are much different from themselves in age. But youth, now and then, has its chances."

"What are mine?"

"I'll return you to parliament for this county. The rest is easy. But I must go out. How it blows! Will you come down to the village with me? I promised the people to be with them in the little festivity I got up."

"I am with you."

Chapter X.

Treasure-trove.

They walked together, arm-in-arm, against the fierce gale, down the long hilly street or road. All the doors were closed. There were few lights in the little cabins. But one large building, slated, barnlike, showed a blaze through its windows. They looked in, themselves invisible against the darkness. Men, women, and children were feasting and revelling. It was such a scene as Maclise has painted in his "All-Hallows Eve." An immense turf fire gloated at one end of the room, and candles lit up its corners. The elder men—some fishermen, some cotters, and some farmers—were drinking, smoking, conversing. The elderly and married women were grouped also, generally among themselves. Young couples were flirting or dancing. The children were quarrelling or dancing, or listening to the babble of their parents, or nursed in the arms of their mothers. Tables ran around the room, heavy with plates, and knives and forks, and glasses—evident preparations for a supper.

"It is a pleasant scene!" said Bellars.

"Look on it well. It is to produce such scenes that there are priesthoods and artists. You fret that you are not happy.

Few wise men hope for other happiness than to secure that of the foolish mass around them."

He was a sagacious person this priest, but very benevolent by disposition; and, accordingly, talked and acted some fallacies.

All who had been sitting stood up respectfully as the priest entered, smiling and greeting. When Bellars, following him, came into the light, the "young master," as they called him, was received with cheering by the men and curtsying by the women.

The tables were lifted and ranged in the centre of the room. The potatoes were declared to be jumping for joy—quite ready. Beefsteaks, boiled bacon, fried bacon, testified to the Father's liberality. He was wealthy, a rare instance in the Irish priesthood; and he helped the poor population through a hard winter. What winter is not hard to the poor?

What to that happy company was the blast without on the enraged sea? Full of food, and drink, and merriment, they basked in the smiles of the Father, and the jests of the young master.

A gun at sea! Startled into silence, they gazed at one another. Another gun! It is a ship signalling distress.

A Babel of tongues.

The village was situated at the head of a wide and sheltered bay. Any vessel that could work in was safe of all but being driven on a not very cruel shore. Outside it was a fatal coast. The vessel off now was certainly a stranger, who would be lost in this storm without help.

Brandt led the fishermen. They saved the vessel. Diego had ridden from the Hall, roused by the frequent guns. Late in the night he and the priest stood on the shore, at the little

landing-place, awaiting the return of the boat's crew: Diego to give a splendid reward; the priest to see that Brandt was safe.

The boat returned. There was only one stranger in her. Two of the fishermen had been left behind. No—no—no—they were not lost! The crew of the vessel had been washed overboard—all but two; this gentleman, who was the captain, and one sailor, who was left with the ship. A brig: she had lost her foremast: she had sprung a leak.

Diego offered the captain hospitality: it was a long way; but the priest had no bed. He could return in the morning to his ship. Well, he would: he was obligated to them. If the other fishermen would go back and lend a hand aboard her, they should have five pounds apiece, money down, if they liked. Well, that was all right.

He was a boyish-looking man—light-blue eyes, long fair hair, very slight. But he had a stately, commanding manner, and a deep bass voice, that didn't altogether seem to belong to his inevitably slim lungs. Both the voice, in its intonations, and the queer mismanaged words he used, indicated the uneducated man.

Although he had just escaped a great danger, and was among new people, he was quite cool. Brandt said he was so on board.

The brig was from the Mauritius, he said. He wasn't captain, but the cargo was his, and the vessel was his. And a right down valuable cargo it was—mixed cargo, that was it. The captain and five of the crew had been wash'd off; he didn't know how, as he stuck to the cabin until Kennet—that was the man left—called him up, and then he fired the guns. Well, no, he did *not* calculate that *he* should be lost. He

thought *his* time hadn't 'rived yet. You see that day was his birthday, and it didn't often happen as a chap was drownded on his birthday.

At breakfast next morning at Bellars Hall, this stranded young gentleman was quite at his ease. Brandt poured down a lava of irony on him; but he felt none of it. Diego, who took the high ground that he was a vulgar fellow, was distant. Nea only stared; elder Mrs. Dwyorts liked neither of the guests, but kept quiet.

"I'll trouble you, governor," said the sea-stranger, addressing Brandt, "for the cold beef. Very good it is!" He spoke with great deliberation, in odd, deep tones; and Brandt cut the meat, in a most risible condition.

"Any mustard, Mr. ——? By the by, I don't think you have told any of us your name yet."

"No more I have. A chap should never be in a hurry a—advertising himself. My name? Well, this is Ireland, ain't it? Yes! I don't see why this here country is put right slap in the way, to stop you as you are getting to England, which is where you *do* want to go. Well, my name is De Vere, and a very good name to the ear it is. And now, governor, what may your'n be?"

Brandt laughed outright; for Mr. De Vere, in consequence of eating slowly, and eating while he talked, was staggeringly deliberate.

"My name is Bellars, sir."

"Ah! Bellars. Any bellows to mend, eh? Well. And this, the flunkey that brought my hot water told me, is Bellars Hall. Yes! I suppose you are the squire."

It was an awkward question, but Brandt had tact, and explained quickly.

"Dwyorts!" mused Mr. De Vere, not doubting his absolute right to lead the conversation. "Dwyorts!—I ought to know something of Dwyorts. There's a Dwyorts old fellow that *I* mean to call on in London—soon! There's a Dwyorts was lighting Rio with gas when I was there; and there was a Dwyorts making the railways in New Brunswick when I was there! That chap was rather turning in the mopusses, I 'spect."

"I have no doubt you are referring to my father," said Diego, haughtily.

"My eyes! just to think! Well, sir, you'll have a tidy lot of tin when the old chap gets vexed with the bucket—not a doubt of it, not a doubt of it. And you're the young man's mother, ma'am? Aye! aye! And *you're* on the wrong side of the wall, governor. There's ups and there's downs. I was poor myself once, but I rather think I've done the trick this time."

He favored the company with a wink of a solemn character, wiped his mouth with the tablecloth, and asked how he was to get to his brig.

They were very glad to get rid of him. But in time, when they met afterwards in London, they became more polite. That cool little fellow, with his heavy voice, mastered most people.

Before he left the Hall, he took Brandt aside—

"Now, governor, I owe you a good turn. If you want tin, this is the shop. If a matter of £500 would suit you, book me to have a d——d bad memory thereof, as I engage you shall have it! I comprehend from this here jabber about the Hall, as these folk (he jerked his head) have cleared you out."

Brandt could not but express thanks while declining the

benevolence; and was so softened that he gave his address in London, and offered to put De Vere "up to" the great city when he called.

So De Vere showered his gold among the servants, and rode off to his brig at a very deliberate trot.

Chapter XI.

The Family.

In the Battle of Life—which means such a series of skirmishes, combats, affairs of outposts, and pitched battles, that it should be more accurately called the Campaign of Life—the Retreat of Gentility in London is singularly interesting. It is as touching as the Retreat of Xenophon, Wallenstein, Moreau, Wellington, Ney, or of any other great General who has developed great capacity in running away.

The Bohemians, Shopocracy, Lodging-house-holder troops, Blackguards, and Camp-followers, are perpetually pouring their battalions westward through the Strand, and through Holborn and Oxford Street. They come in such hordes, like the Huns, that they sweep every thing before them—but not quite clean. The timid of the Army of Gentility have fled in affright to extreme limits, and have intrenched themselves behind and among the solid fortressed residences of the affluent and the aristocratic in Bayswater, Chelsea, St. John's Wood, in little side streets where the respectability shrinks, half hoping to be seen, slightly trusting to be overlooked. The mass of them have made flank movements off to Camden and other Towns northward, across the bridges to Brixton and Clapham.

The enemy shows signs of himself in the captured regions. He has thrown his advanced shops right up to the corners of Russell Square, where a species of neutrals reside that are certificated by the invader, under some mistake, as aristocrats. He has broken out in Bloomsbury Square in religious, philosophical, philanthropic societies; but chiefly in pianoforte manufacturers and liquid glue agents. On the other side of Oxford Street, where the defences are of a still weaker character, he has got all but complete possession of once pleasant and free Soho. The square is riddled with bazaars and music-shops. The streets leading off are of complicated turns, presenting great difficulties to the hosts; but, generally speaking (just as poverty, according to Mr. Thackeray, attacks the extremities first—the elbows and the toes), the nether ends of these streets are given up to the green-grocery line.

But a sullen stand has been made by some fierce Anglo-Saxon here and there, at corners, gallantly facing and yet ignoring the aliens around—like the house of Cedric in districts of Norman holds. Where these stands have been made, the habitations look curiously out of place. At one side of them is a watchmaker's, the shop filled with a class of soiled French and Swiss, who, though devoted to the time business, have obviously very little to do with the eternity business; and on the other side is a cigar shop, with an Absinthe room furtively at the back, lodgings to let for single men up-stairs: one of the single men, with a dishevelled single woman in the background, leans always out of the window, smoking a painfully filthy pipe, and employing his mind in wondering what o'clock it is. The fierce Anglo-Saxon seems to try to shame these uncleanly neighbors by the washed and polished looks of his exterior: the very bricks, bright against the London

smoke; the steps of the door blanched as a lady's hand; the door black and glossy as a lady's wig; the window panes clear as a bishop's conscience; and the window blinds pure as an archbishop's lawn.

At such a house in Frith Street, Soho, lived Jacob Dwyorts, Esquire, of the Jubilee Engineering Works (so called because "Jubilee 1809," stood in red letters over the workman's entrance), Vauxhall, Lambeth. Go back to the dark ages of Mr. Kelly's Post-office Directory, and you will find that Jacob Dwyorts is a respectable man, who has paid his way for a most reassuring period.

On this Christmas day, Mr. Jacob Dwyorts is in his drawing-room awaiting guests to dinner. He and a son and two grandchildren, girls, are there. The girls are aged about thirty—perhaps a little less: the son is about sixty—perhaps a little more. Jacob Dwyorts is about ninety—or, say a hundred. The venerable man is capable and alert—"'cute as ever he was, he is," say the clerks; whom his physical powers rap over the knuckles, as they term it. The son is a much older man, so far as age implies vitality; he sits before the fire with his hands crossed and clasped, his eyes open but seeing nothing.

The youngest grandchild—who is subjected to the falling off of her hair, and to make it grow long (some years hence, when she will be buried, no doubt), has kept it cut short like a boy's for some years—is looking out of the window into the gaslit street, to see what some doubtful characters are talking about over the way. The eldest grandchild is sitting upright in a stiff genteel chair, with her head in one position, and her eyes fixed. The only part of her person that moves is her nostrils: she appears, every now and then, catching chance draughts of air with them, smiling singularly.

"Don't do that, Jane!" said the venerable man, who was lying on a hard sofa, brushing his bald head with his hand, as if in search of the hair, that went with Napoleon's power. "Don't do that, Jane!"

He had said this daily for some years.

"Don't do what?" asked Jane, moving her head.

"You know very well what grandpa means," said Ellen, looking in; as the doubtful characters, having counted their money under the lamp-post, went off.

This was a common dialogue, taken quietly; for Ellen looked out again, and Jane returned to her enterprise after air.

"Why do they keep that child out in those thin clothes, such a day as this?" said Ellen, looking in.

"What child?" asked Jacob, who noticed every thing, inquired about every thing, and interfered in every thing. "What child?"

"Some parcel of stuff in the street!" exclaimed Jane, awaiting a draught, and just *pouncing* on it. "Ellen is always looking out of the window."

"It's a story, Jane!"

"It's not a story."

"It is, Jane!"

"Tut—tut!" said Jacob. "No quarrelling."

He was always saying this; but there was always quarrelling. The old son took all this as he took the little flames in the coals—an incident to the room, too familiar to excite any remark.

"Here's some one," said Ellen, looking in, and looking out again. "Yes, it's papa and his wife; Jane, you're the eldest; you must see to stepmother taking her bonnet off. I won't!"

"I won't!"

"Tut—tut! No quarrelling. Go, both of you."

They both went.

The arriving guests knocked once at the door! knocked twice. It was Kimbletts, the parlor-maid's, duty to open the door. But she had seen who it was that had come; knew that a little indignity would be acceptable to the "young misseses," and procrastinated.

Mr. John Dwyorts found his wife's elbow nudging him, and knocked again.

Kimbletts opened the door in her usual manner, and appeared to scrutinize the arrival with her ear. Kimbletts suffered from an odd optical derangement; and, on the slightest indication that you wished to converse with her as to the persons at home, she has to turn rather her back towards you, to get a good view of you and your interrogation. This has often puzzled strangers; as they say a tiger runs if you advance backwards on his jaws.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. John!" said Kimbletts, not choosing to see Mrs. John. "Deary me, if I didn't think it was the beer! Master's in the drawing-room, sir. Walk up, sir."

Mrs. John was repudiated by Kimbletts and the kitchen in Frith Street generally: almost, also, at the head of the stairs by "the misseses." They said, "How do you do, papa?" and kissed him, and passed him into the presence of his father and brother. They merely said to Mrs. John, without kissing, and both together, "Won't you take your bonnet off?" as if they were in doubt whether she had come to stay any time. She would take her bonnet off; and, to overpower her, and support one another, they led her, one before and one behind, like a murderess, to do her hair.

"Happy Christmas, father!" said Mr. John heartily, on entering. A round man, of pliable physiognomy, who buttoned and unbuttoned his coat with an activity and frequency irreconcileable with a lazy nature: and yet he was a very lazy man, according to his father and his daughters.

"How are the books this end of the year, John?" inquired Jacob.

"Pretty well. How are you, Bob? Jolly? cold day."

"Bob's always the same," explained the sire. "Bob likes the fireside. It's long since Bob gave up trying his hand on the Thames—aint it, Bob? Gad—he knows what's comfortable and easy!"

Bob was the butt of the family: the family agreed in nothing but laughing at and torturing Bob. Bob didn't in the least mind it. He laughed now, with the laugh at him; but there was a little affectation of glee: perhaps, after all, he didn't like it. But this had never occurred to his relatives.

The guarded murderess came in. A thin, sharp-featured, but not uncomely or ill-natured woman: very dressy, and narrow about the waist. She escaped the guard and dabbed the bald head of Jacob with her lips. Jacob shook hands with her, and said she looked wonderful. She then dabbed Bob, who nodded at her kindly; and then she went and sat down on a low stool out of the way, interchanging glances with her husband. The guards took their posts, as before: one at the window, with her head cut off by the curtain, and the other in a good draught. John talked to his father about the "books," but in an ill-constrained way that was not candid and cordial; and the fact is, Jacob, who believed nobody, didn't expect frankness.

"Cousin Crowe Dwyorts," said Ellen, looking in.

Nobody seemed moved.

"By the by," said Mrs. John, speaking as if she were not sure of the language, and putting the words into the smallest possible space, to diminish the chances of blundering in pronunciation, "why was Mr. Crowe Dwyorts christened Crowe?"

The grandchildren looked sharply at this intrusion on family affairs.

"Bob's particular friend in those days—Bob was always having bosom friends fresh every year—was named Crowe; that was it," explained Mr. Dwyorts senior, who had no secrets; particularly if they told against his offspring, whom he was always telling not to quarrel.

Mr. Crowe entered the room, and shook hands first with his grandfather, and then with his father, who was Bob. The general company he took in with a glance, and the salutation "sharp frost!" He then disposed himself perpendicularly before the fire, and avoiding Jacob's eye, and treating his father as furniture, waited with a nervous appearance of unconcern for conversation. He did not seek it, he seemed to say: but if any one wished to ask the prisoner at the bar why sentence should not be pronounced, he was ready with some observations. He knew that he was among his enemies, and was watchful. He did not wish to disguise that he was there, as a matter of calculation, to keep up the connexion with the head of the house, who could not live long. He was insolent and cynical, but not courageous. He had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and an intense appreciation of success; and he was daunted, among the family who knew him, by a recollection that he and his father before him were rather failures. Likewise, Crowe Dwyorts had only some coppers—his all—in pocket.

When in cash he was a dazzling character, but slinked

when poor. His sunflower turned towards the Mint, in his metropolitan garden of Hope.

"Mrs. Chessey," said Ellen. A commotion.

Mrs. Chessey, wife of Gilbert Chessey, of the firm of Chessey and Sons, Manchester warehousemen, Little Yard, St. Paul's, was a grand-daughter of Jacob Dwyorts, daughter of his favorite child, who was an only daughter, dead—dying in producing Mrs. Chessey. Mrs. Chessey, herself an heiress, thanks to a lucrative papa, married Gilbert Chessey for love, though he was very rich. She was a pretty, impudent little woman. She did not care about Jacob's wealth, and affected the most perfect indifference to his liking for her. For the family, which she scarcely considered she belonged to, she expressed generally horror. But Gilbert didn't choose to throw away a chance, and made her come often to cultivate Jacob.

"They've new grey horses to their carriage," said Ellen. "What they do with their horses I don't know. Always new."

"Eat 'em, perhaps," said Mr. Crowe.

"Ha—ha!" said Mr. John, the hilarity endorsed by his wife.

"With pony sauce," added Mr. Crowe, who pushed his jokes when he could; "the shoes arranged round the dish, like lemon slices with roast veal."

"Don't be ill-natured, Crowe," said Mr. Jacob.

"I, sir—not I, sir! But, as one of the family, I wouldn't like the young Gilbert Crowes to turn out centaurs. Would you, Mrs. John?"

Mrs. John laughed; and Crowe drew near and whispered —"Though the fact that Gilbert is an ass, would naturally affect the composition."

Mrs. John disappeared in her handkerchief, charmed to be so familiarly noticed by one of the family.

The truth is, Mr. John had married a barmaid of the tavern he frequented in the city for luncheon; which was his favorite meal. The family resented it for a long time. The daughters laid their grievances before Jacob, who took the young woman into his own house. But Jacob would have no nonsense, he said, about the poor girl: she was a fool to marry an old fellow, like John, who was a still greater fool; but they mustn't be ill-natured: she was one of the family, and must be treated with civility. They had to submit—harder to the daughters especially, because the young wife looked so much younger than themselves.

"Here we are!" said Mrs. Chessey, entering. "I and Gill. How's the pudding? How do you do—all? Here, Jane, dear! take my bonnet and shawl. I'll not go up to your rooms—why should I? Now, grandfather, there's a kiss. I need not ask how you are; nobody ever heard of your being ill. Shall I ring the bell?—there. What a nice family party we are!—no strangers. Oh! how do you do, Mrs. John? You made yourself so little there, I didn't see you. Any baby yet? (*a whisper.*) How lucky to have none! (*aloud.*) Well, Mr. Crowe, what do you mean by having such a tie on? Let me put it right for you. Why, you've given up your dandyism. How's your wife—in Boulogne still? Settled with your creditors? How nice! Gill, give me that snuff-box I brought—there's a snuff-box for you, uncle Bob; isn't it nice? Haven't got any thing for any body else. Presents all nonsense, as you always said, grandfather."

"I'll give you all a dinner—nothing else," said the grandfather, getting up as the servant announced that the repast was ready. "Take my arm, Fanny."

"No, no! Take Mrs. John—she's the stranger. I'll go

with uncle Bob. Come, Bob, dear! Now, girls, how you must miss beaux! It's dreadful for unmarried girls, these family parties. How you can smell the pudding! Horror! plum pudding: but it's something to do with Protestantism, and church and state, I believe. What narrow stairs! How dreadful it is, grandfather will stick to this piggy street! How do you do, Kimbletts?—not married yet? Gill, pour me out a glass of sherry."

The family were got out of their huddle, and into symmetry at their family dinner. Jacob sat at the head of the table; but, too feeble to carve, confined himself to directing every body else. There was no grace, and there were no toasts: and every body was glad when it was over. Mrs. Chessey and Mrs. Crowe did the talking, with now and then Jacob contradicting them both, and telling them not to quarrel.

Grandfather went up with the ladies, and went to sleep on the sofa. Mrs. Chessey cut "the girls, dears," and talked to Mrs. John about her children in a low voice; Mrs. John appears marvellously interested, looking with awe on the happy and daring pretty little woman, who could talk so freely in the family. Ellen cut her head off with the curtain, and Jane read a novel, and now and then lifted her head for a little air, like an attenuated porpoise.

Chapter XII.

Weak Sons and Strong Fathers.

As the grandfather and the ladies left the room, Mr. Gilbert Chessey took the bottom of the table, vacated by Miss Jane.

Crowe, who had drunk a good deal of wine, and was very impulsive, said—

"I don't see, Mr. Chessey, that you are the proper person, while my father and uncle John are here, to take, as it were, the lead of this party by taking the chair."

Mr. Chessey leaped out of the chair.

"I had no such intention, I assure you. Ridiculous! Lead be hanged! While old Jacob is above board, I don't think any one else will lead in this family. Come, Crowe, you're angry that I declined further money transactions with you. But my partner, Kons—I couldn't: it's so irregular to business men."

"Don't let's talk of business now. I'll take wine with you with pleasure."

"The old 'un doesn't get good wine," said Gilbert.

"He would never listen to reason on that point," remarked Mr. John. "We talked to him about it when we were young men—didn't we, Bob? and I've spoken of it constantly to this

day. But he doesn't care. He's not any judge himself, but he'll always buy it himself, and buys the cheapest. He's just the same as ever; interferes in everything, does everything himself, and does everything badly."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Chessey, mixing water in the cheap wine; "they say he's got a little money, ha! ha! No proof of talent like making money. He's a wonderful old man, I say; and let's drink his health."

"It's a general supposition that he is selfish," said Bob, weakly. "But that's quite a mistake; he's not selfish; he's only egotistical. Everything must be subordinate to him."

"No one was attacking him, father."

"Ay, ay, Crowe; but we all have complaints against him. We all know that this is an unhappy family. He is rich—worth a million; we are all poor, John and I here; and they were telling me, Crowe, that you were in the Bench again last week."

Mr. John unbuttoned and buttoned his coat very fast. He was going to say something.

Mr. Chessey interrupted—"I am sure, Mr. Bob, that I have no complaints to make against the old gentleman—nor my wife."

"Nor I," said Crowe; "but my father has, and uncle John has. It's quite natural. There was a great business; they got no share in it. There it is now; they have no share in it."

"No, no!" said Bob, who was never roused from imbecile apathy but on this topic. "Not a farthing! It's turning in £15,000 a-year at least; and I could keep books, at least, if I have no head for inventions. But he won't let me go near them."

"Well, well, Mr. Bob, he's made his own money, and he has a right to his own way. It will all come to you in the end."

"Not a bit, sir!" said Crowe. "What brought me into difficulties? The general belief that I was likely to come into property. And when I got into difficulties, what did he tell me? That we must all stand by ourselves."

"That's it," said Mr. John. "If I had money I could develop my business as a commission merchant with certain—absolutely certain results. But he will not advance a farthing."

"He does not want the family to get on. *He* is the family! I believe he likes to gloat over my father, being a dependant on him from bad health."

"And Besoms—my friend, Mr. Chessey—who ran away with £7000."

"Hans Besoms!" exclaimed Mr. Crowe, filling a glass.

"What's become of Nick Dwyorts, Jacob's nephew?" inquired Mr. Chessey.

"Working as a foreman still, at the works. That's his system. Nick has been there twenty years, and has a large family; but he's kept down *because* he is related to father," said John, whose buttons were giving way.

"John Dwyorts—of Liverpool—is making more money than ever, I hear."

"And married his son to a lord's daughter," added Crowe.

"The devil!—when was that?"

"I heard it only yesterday. It seems to have been kept secret. I didn't like to mention it before grandfather. I believe he hates that John Dwyorts for being so successful."

"Quite a mistake!" said Bob; "quite a mistake! He hates no one. Loves no one."

"Oh! Mr. Bob," said Chessey. "Too bad! Seems a most benevolent old gentleman."

"So he is, sir," said Crowe. "He wishes you well. He is glad if you are well, and do well; but he'll do nothing towards it."

"His own vast works must occupy his mind. But tell us about the lord's daughter: what lord?"

"Slumberton. I looked at the Peerage; tenth baron. Park in Warwickshire; town-house; just appointed to the government of Saccharinia."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Chessey. "The family is getting on. I'll tell you what: I'll marry my little girl to a peer—hanged if I don't!"

"When your little girl is marriageable, Mr. Chessey," said Crowe, "there'll be no peers."

"I'll take my chance," said Chessey, laughing. "But I am surprised at this. John Dwyorts is such a coarse, abrupt, vulgar man, with a regular squaw for a wife—how could he have caught such a match? As to the son, he's an out and out fast one."

John said—"John Dwyorts of Liverpool will die rich enough to make his son fit for a duke's daughter."

"Ay, ay!" murmured Mr. Chessey, musingly. "He's a bold man—and pluck does a good deal in business."

Crowe had a theory about business to which he called attention.

"Now, I am a barrister, and a journalist, and an author, and all that sort of thing, and I daresay you'll think I am prejudiced, Mr. Chessey. But I really can't see that any thing in the way of cleverness is required in regular trade. Take grandfather. Do you mean to tell me that his small works

would ever have become great, but for the accident that this period has happened to be the steam period—a sudden demand for steam machinery? Of course not. 'Tis all luck. Suppose I am a grocer, and I settle into a good neighborhood—it's the neighborhood makes the shop; I am civil and clean, and sell at fair prices; and I retire and become a conservative."

"Ah! you despise us business men."

"Not at all! I envy you. If I had been put into business, and hadn't been a fool and ambitious, I'd have done well."

"If father had advanced you money."

"Well; perhaps he could drive a bill now and then, in regular trade."

"Not a bit of it," said Bob.

"I think," said Mr. Chessey, "that luck has a little to do with success in trade. There are some unlucky men, I know; and there's some men who have had the lucky opportunity, and haven't grasped at it. But the men who succeed are energetic men; people whom other people like, too—like my father, and like Korns. I don't pretend to be a good business man, myself; but I can see that it takes a devilish clever fellow to make his way in the city."

"Give him capital," said Crowe grandly, "and it's easy enough—give him a father!"

"Yes, yes! but devilish clever fellows who haven't capital get necessary to you, and get so among the connection that you must take them into partnership."

"Exactly!" said Crowe. "They don't earn or save the money. They get it lent to them, or get into partnerships with those who have money. Talk to me of fellows working

their own way up. Stuff! They got some one to do their bills, or otherwise take them in hand."

Kimbletts backed into the room.

"Coffee, masters, if you please!"

Chapter XIII.

A New Year's Old Blunder.

New-Year's-Day! No particular festival this at Jacob Dwyorts' mansion. He rather knew what years were, that patriarchal person: not such new things to him, or so much different from one another, that he should sit up to see one out and the other in, or celebrate either the going or the coming. And that was enough for all others of that mansion. The grand-daughters, unaffectionate, unsentimental young ladies, not nourished on poetry in any respect, but with manners, and hopes, and thoughts between the two; and the servants in the kitchen, less hardly reared, who with some associations in connection with time, that their hearts might be disposed to ponder on, to weep, or to caress; might, under other influences, have put the day apart from other days in the year, in the red-letter collection. But Jacob Dwyorts, of the Jubilee Works, Lambeth, had never been said to excel in cultivating the old-fashioned sympathies, long as he had lived; and he was not going to begin now.

As he was leaving the room in which the family breakfasted, Jane, who had the nominal position of housekeeper, said—

"Kimbletts wants to have a day out to-day."

"Well, well!" said the old man, stopping in his slow and stooping walk, and turning round slowly too, "can't you say yes or no, without bothering me?"

"You'd have been angry if I had let her without telling you; and if I hadn't let her she'd have been sulky, and you'd have asked her why."

"Tut—tut!" He would never admit that there could by any chance be any thing wrong or inconsistent about his arrangements. "Let her go—the fool! If she'd sense, she'd keep out of that east wind."

"I'm going out, too, grandfather, and I want some money," said Ellen, speaking with promptness, and to the point.

"You always want money! What for? some rubbish: women never have a bonnet—never."

"Gloves. Some calico. My subscription is due to the Lost-Found Society. I want to get my hair cut."

"Eh! what rubbish—what rubbish!" Still standing, he hauled a long silk purse from his pocket. "How much?" "One pound seven." "Why, girl, you're the most extravagant child I ever had."

Jane, standing up for air, and walking to the window for the east wind, grumbled—"You said that from the beginning of the year you'd give us pocket-money, not to have to ask you so often. No matter how small, I'd rather have it."

Bob was watching with a feeble smile.

"Ay!" said Jacob, with angry energy; "you want to be independent: like the rest of them. As much money as possible. No—no: throw away money in that style, indeed! Here's two pounds for you, Ellen; and—both the same—here's two pounds for you, Jane. Make it go far."

He caught Bob's smile. "You, too, I suppose. Snuff?

Beastly! Here's a five-pound note: let it go through the year."

He hobbled down-stairs, and with difficulty got into his phaeton, and was driven to the works. Up to the last few years he had always himself held the reins, and it took an accident to warn him that he must trust the groom.

Kimbletts got out, tacked down the street with respectable looking sails flowing, and fetched a young man leaning against a lamp-post and waiting for her at the first corner. He was somewhat startled at her accost; for, in consequence of her peculiarity, he had not seen her advance.

A broad low-sized young man, this young man; with short legs and arms; puffy about the face; a not quite dressed appearance; the unwashed hand of time having obviously taken liberties with his shirt bosom.

"Dear Fritz!" said Kimbletts, in rapturous tones, looking in the direction of Hampstead, "I was so afeard. Them cats—the misseses! I was afeard they'd say I mustn't go out. Just a toss up. Didn't feel out of the house till I was out. You might have knocked me down with a feather, Fritz—dear Fritz!"

Fritz was discomfited by her excessive affection, and seemed anxious that she should postpone kissing him till they secluded themselves. But he was very fond of her, and didn't knock her down with a feather.

"Come on, Kimbletts! Let's go: I've made up my mind!"

"My sweet Fritz! Oh, my love!"

"Now, don't, Kimbletts! Look at that policeman staring at us—and he knows me. Now, walk quietly, and I'll tell you."

But the reader must have a preliminary explanation.

Kimbletts (so the Dwyorts called her, in avoidance of her Christian name, which was Julia; Julia, according to Dwyorts senior, being stuff and nonsense in a maid servant) had been about ten years in the Dwyorts' family, and was now a healthy, vigorous, natural woman of about thirty. She was a widow. Her husband had been killed by an accident in the Jubilee Works; and Dwyorts, feeling that the case compelled charity, took in the bereaved young girl as a domestic. She was an excellent, active servant. People who had seen her face by chance, said that she wasn't bad-looking, for all the optical misfortune which made her movements so shyly eccentric.

Her "young man," though having legally ceased to be an infant, was a baby and a booby. His mother, who had just died and been buried, had been a prosperous lodging-house-keeper, in a house in Frith Street, opposite that of the Dwyorts. The boy had been occupied since he had been able to walk, as a household drudge; as a waiter; helping to make beds; helping to cook. His mother said he was fit for nothing else, and it kept him out of mischief; and as he was very fond of eating, which was always going on at his mother's, and saving the coppers and odd sixpences he got from the lodgers, he cannot be said to have lived unhappily.

Kimbletts and his mother had been great friends, with frequent quarrels; and Kimbletts and Master Molly had long had an established flirtation. Dull boys generally begin the romance of their careers by a passion for women ten years older than themselves—women who, neglected by men, accept and encourage the soothing but less business-like adoration of urchins. Molly had overcome the first ardor of his feelings; but poor Kimbletts was possessed with a wild affection for the

youth. It was in all honesty that she worshipped him. With both sexes a passion at thirty is serious; especially if "the object" (who will publish a dictionary of silly phrases?) be twenty.

"There's a letter, you see, Kimbletts (now, don't squeeze my arm—go quietly), from the drawing-room; and Meg Cook has been drunk again last night, and so was the postman I found in the coal-hole; and he wanted to fight me—very likely I'd fight, isn't it?"

"My sweet Fritz!"

"And the new chambermaid will always be up on the third floor, where that foreigner, that hasn't paid these three weeks, is."

"Poor, sweet Fritz! Such troubles."

"That's it, Kimbletts. They didn't mind me: I'm too young."

"Not too young, Fritz, love."

'Yes, I am—hang me! It never was before in history, that a lodging-house with five lodgers was kept by a chap only twenty-one. The drawing-room has written, I tell you: he'll be back from some foreign part in three days; and he likes order, and things regular, and pays like a brick, besides what he gives me; and he gives lots of dinners, and I can't bear to lose him, and I know he wouldn't stay if the house was like the devil to pay, as it is this day, so that I daren't go back. That d—d foreigner has got pistols, and when I went to ask for a little money for the expenses, he showed 'em to me."

"My Fritz in danger! Oh, Fritz! Like Allgive, in the 'Family Herald,' last number, I'll stand between you and death." (Kimbletts believed it.)

"Yes, I know you're fond of me, Kim; and that's it. I

asked Mr. Hafnaf, as we takes beer from, for his advice; and he said it was church in a week, or a fire and the bailiffs in a month. Don't you understand? We must get married at once, Kimbletts."

"That's what I'd like, Fritz, of course, and I'm not going to deny it; but so soon—your mother, you know."

"It can't be helped. Mr. Hafnaf said the neighbors wouldn't say any thing, knowing about the house going wrong; and if I *am* to go wrong I must sell off the things, he said; and I don't want—do you, Kimbletts? Why should we? If you'll get things into order, and manage right, and I know you can, we can live very jolly, and I can sleep as long as I like in the morning, when I know you're up."

On this unimpassioned prospect Kimbletts said she would work her legs off; not considering that that deprivation would interfere with her arrangements.

The couple walked on a little way considering, and then Molly pulled up against a quiet lamp-post, leaned against it, studied the ribbons in the back of Kimbletts' bonnet as it was presented at his face, and said—

"Well, Kim, what do you say? I've made up my mind."

Kimbletts put a purse in his hand and said, "There's my savings—sixty pounds. I'm ready!" and looked down the street.

"My eyes, Kim! who'd have thought you had all this; and ready, too, in a purse? Why, with what mother left, we're rich—and no mistake! Well, then, come along. I've been this morning to a lawyer's clerk as I sometimes play billiards with, and he's to meet me at Temple Bar, and tell me how the marrying of yourself is to be gone about—quick, you know; and cash down for the doing it quick, as he tells me is

the case. So, come along! Ritts expects half-a-crown for his trouble and a pot of beer; but we'll go in and drink two glasses of it ourselves, so he won't get as much as he thought."

Frugal young man. But at his age education tells; and his mother was a mistress of meanness. Perhaps he may, by the influence of character, escape from education by and bye.

Ritts, eager for unaccustomed prey, was waiting at Temple Bar. As he stood about there, with his hands in his pockets, he looked a young vulture in good training. He was plump and slimy; the yellow eye seemed appeased with confidence of carrion; his elate beak smelling the feast afar off. Like all his class he was dressed in black; perhaps because it endured best the defiling through which it went from the moral sewage in which it is engaged on behalf of society: perhaps because, as a solicitor looks black for the sake of respectability, his garments come in due time, with other perquisites, to the clerks. A poor attorney's clerk never buys new clothes. The passion of the pure Sephardim for old clothes is a portion of the Asian mystery.

Ritts, a sharp youth, had never come across such a chance as this. It is a common theory that clients are, generally speaking, innocents in the hands of the law. Ritts knew that the profession seldom encountered a lamb, but rather wolves, on the whole. Now he relied on making a good thing of Molly, who was by nature a fool, and was artificially a fool during the condition in which he was getting married.

Ritts pounced on the pair as they came up, and would at once have proceeded to business.

"Come, come, I say; not in the street," said Molly. "We'll go to a public, and talk quietly— and I'll stand a quart, Ritts."

Ritts turned short round, and led the way. The public, at that hour of the morning, was, like all publics, in the dishevelled state in which publics are not intended to be seen. The landlady was eating a red herring in the private bar. The landlord was adulterating the goods, plunging through a trap-door, and refreshing himself, with a well-directed series of those drams that make him a shortlived animal, and leave so many inns in the hands of widowed landladies. The barmaid, with her hair in *Times Supplements*, was polishing brass knobs and glasses, and thinking, "Could that Mr. Jones have been too elate to remember that he had proposed at eleven the preceding evening?" The potboy was brushing out the stale sawdust, the broken pipes, the debris of cigars, and, as far as possible, the entire smell of the preceding day's jollity—which nevertheless did stick in the barmaid's hair, and made itself more manifest even than the "wants," stuck about those latent ringlets, like so many little hints for the Mr. Jones's as they turned up.

But the little room there at the side had been cleaned out, and the *Morning Advertiser*, looking clean, too, was there to warn the customers, in large type, that the Pope had his eye on them; and there the three first customers sat down, being supplied with the quart stipulated for by Ritts.

"Well, old chap, how's it to be done?"

Ritts drank and wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his mantle, and answered—"I caught the Archbishop of Canterbury just as he was leaving Lambeth palace, and got all the particulars at once, and he blessed me."

"Lord! Well, you are the impudentest chap. Only think, Kimbletts, of Ritts going bold as brass to a bishop!"

Kimbletts felt disposed to assault the young lawyer for not coming to the point, and nudged her betrothed.

"But, to bisyness," said the youth, perceiving the natural impatience of the widow.

"What'll you pay if I gets you a special licence, to make it all right for you to go for to do it to-morrow morning, straight, and no questions asked, and the law complied with, and a happy couple by twelve, noon, and many returns of the day, eh?"

"Can't do it to-day, then?" asked Molly, who wanted the trouble compressed as much as possible.

"Nor I don't believe to-morrow, neither," said Kimbletts. "It's three weeks always. I ought to know, seeing I've been married before;" and Kimbletts went on her knees to the clerk almost, to look sharp.

"Yes, ma'am; your health, ma'am. I'm sure our mutual friend Molly will find his interests answered well—regularly well—by marrying a lady up to snuff. But you see, ma'am, that was a case of banns—that's not licence. And a licence, that's not a special license, and I can get you—if Molly will stump—*that*."

"I don't believe it. I don't know how you could trust such a hobbledehoy, Fritz, as that young man. He's laughing at you."

"What! I laugh at Molly? Not a bit, ma'am; we're all fond of Molly, ma'am. I tell you I can get a licence, that you'll show to the clergyman at the church nearest where you're living; and if the clergyman, on seeing that, marries you, what more have you to say—that's what I want to know?"

"Well, of course not," said Kimbletts, appeased.

"Well, let's see this licence," said Molly, yawning.

"Stump!" replied the lawyer. "What'll you stump? I can't do it under five pounds."

"I'll give you four pound," said Molly, instructed by his mother never to pay the price asked.

Ritts took a gulp of beer—"Well, as you're a friend, and there's two shillings and sixpence—which just tip over—already on the business, I'll do it for four pound, cash down."

"And you might bolt with the money. Very likely!" answered Molly.

Kimbletts nudged him, and whispered that it was better to trust him. Women change their opinions so quickly.

"Molly, you're a muff!" added Ritts. "Give me the four pound, and keep me in hand till I get you the licence, and get the promise from the clergyman to be at the crib in the church in the morning—won't that do? Why, you *must* come with me, or I can't get it done at all."

It was agreed, and they went to Doctors' Commons; and shrank, in the usual way, from the eyes of the porters waiting about the arch; and appeared as much at ease as possible under the eyes of the deputy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent them greeting on a piece of paper from an inner room, where he never was in his life. They tried to laugh it off, as they paid the money; and went down the stairs with fearful doubts if they hadn't paid for liberty to leap off a precipice; and didn't know what on earth to do, when, passing again under the knowing eyes of the porters, they found themselves beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, whose dome rises fungus-like, a symbol of the supererogatory—religion in the city.

"Now for the clergyman," said Ritts. "A cab? That's right. Now's your time to be liberal."

"You don't seem to know the law, Molly," screamed Ritts in the cab, as it dashed down the din of Ludgate Hill. "When

you get a licence like this, you're to show in the presence of a witness that you approve of it by kissing the young 'oman right off."

"No!" screamed Molly.

"Stuff!" screamed Kimbletts, who had caught the Dwyorts' word.

"Fact. Always! Not right marriage without," screamed Ritts.

The fat-faced youth deliberately saluted his bride, who thereafter looked sweetly at a passing bus-man, the glance being theoretically for Molly. Ritts gazed with his head completely out of the window of the cab, winking frightfully at the passengers on the foot-path.

Kimbletts passed an agitated afternoon, and still more agitated night; not going back to the Dwyorts till they had gone to bed (they convinced that she had gone to ruin), and being let in furtively by the cook, who was her friend. Molly over-eat himself that day.

Ritts burst upon the public he used of an evening in a great state of spirits, and lost some money, and woke with a headache: a vulture penitent but savage. He gave Kimbletts away; she cried, and kissed Molly, who said, "Now, don't," to cook. Cook being promised the place over the way, and being sick of "them cats," had left Dwyorts' without leave. The clergyman was unmoved, and uninterested, and solemn. He regarded all his duties of this kind as having reference to "bodies." Some bodies get buried, and some bodies get married. It was all the same to him.

The indignation of the Misses Dwyorts when thus deserted! The ungrateful hussies! They forgot that they had treated these domestics as slaves, without sympathy or cordiality, and

that there was no claim to gratitude. The best Christians among us act, in regard to their household drudges, as if the injunction, to love our "neighbors" as ourselves, could not possibly apply to the inhabitants of our own houses.

Chapter XIV.

Butterfly-Life.

Town is filling: Mrs. Molly is busy washing, shaking carpets, putting in new curtains, new covering the sofas, filling in the gaps in the crockery, settling accounts and terms with tradesmen, providing sweet bread and mulled beer suppers for Mr. Molly, and hiring a housemaid of emphatic ugliness. Mrs. Molly was very busy—but very happy! Molly, being made comfortable and well-fed, and left to doze in the morning, endured her attentive affection with great manliness and good humor.

Mr. Brandt Bellars, who was "the drawing-room," arrived in his Hansom cab late at night, left his portmanteau, took his latch-key from the astonished Mrs. Molly—whom he wished joy to, in a happy way—and strolled off to his night-club. The very next day she let the second floor to a "single lady," (who gave her card "Therese Desprez,") who spoke English so well that Mrs. Molly at once detected that she was not an Englishwoman, "as she couldn't be indeed with those little gilt boots;" and the house, No. 70, Frith-street, was in full work. The foreigner in the third pair back had got his remittance from the Friends of Death and Italy in Turin, and now frequently took Mr. Molly out to billiards, very affably.

Mr. De Vere was at the Palmerston Hotel, in a grand suite, crushing the waiters with the calm comprehensiveness of his orders, and sending his compliments to the foreign prince's ambassadors in the next suites, telling them he would be glad to see them at pot-luck any day.

Mr. Diego Dwyorts had had a furious row with his mother, and, leaving that dame, had come up to London with his wife, her maid, and Kees: Kees going on a day before, and—with every sort of mystery in his dealings with the agent, and refusing to give a name, but paying a quarter's rent at once—taking a furnished house in a proper quarter. The father of Mr. Diego was expected soon from Canada.

Poor gentle Nea had been all but annihilated in the fierce encounter between mother and son, and was in an apprehensive state of mind while being whirled up to London. The little woman thought very seriously of things now, and wondered was she happy. Di meant to be very kind, she was sure. But his strong, sensual, hard, fierce nature was not altogether comprehensible to the delicate, yielding, young wife; the caresses of the tiger were tigerish, after all. She thought of Mrs. Triste, and of duty, and of self-denial, and of God, and of her sister, and prayed.

It was the morning after her arrival at the new resting-place, whose household gods let themselves out for ten pounds a-week, that she prayed. She crept from her husband's side, as he lay in heavy slumber, snoring (as husbands do sometimes, even in romantic matches), and knelt and prayed for strength. Then she wrapped a white robe round her fair shoulders, pushed back the curtain, opened the window a little, and looked out. A busy, dusty street, seen through a haze of sunned smoke. Nea felt sad; alas! she loved the country so much.

But the sun has poured into the room. Nea had brought up with her—girls are so childish—a little case of caterpillars, that she had nursed with fragrant salads, and that she thought to watch over, to the end. Her care is rewarded. Behold! a butterfly is born. Nea clasps her hands, and gives a pretty scream. The inexperienced butterfly is let out; flutters his gossamer wings in the heavy air of the bedroom; feels sure there is something wrong in the world. No: he gets into a streak of sunshine. Briskly he flies into the glare; it leads him out of the window. The butterfly is a butterfly about town.

Who can tell his fate? What he thought of the scuffle and struggle of mankind—to him so meaningless? What the club-man, whose hat the soft wings but just cleared, thought of *him*—so out of place in Pall-Mall? What boys ran after him, what bus-men, whip in hand, cut at his brief beauty; and how he fell, bruised and baffled and broken-hearted at last, and gave up the ghost in the kennel?

The pretty scream awoke the sleepy spouse, who d———d the butterfly, and slept again.

Chapter XV.

Self-Reliance too selfish.

Roar, clang, row, rattle; rattle, row, roar, clang; hammers falling on anvils, on boilers, on beams; men shouting; horses pulling; furnaces blazing; chimneys smoking; coils upon coils of ropes, and chains, and straps, intertwined in inexplicable order, and rushing horizontally, perpendicularly, circularly, one after the other, in such hopeless, endless, ceaseless hunt, that if you stand and watch the sport, your mind will become weak. That's what goes on at the Jubilee Works, from five in the morning till seven at night, beginning in 1809 and going on still; wearing out men, and iron, and wood, and leather, and coal, but always going on: and a very profitable business it is understood to be. You can get an order to see the works, by writing for it one day in advance; and, when you go, and are within a mile of the place, don't be frightened home again by the din afar—the Vulcanic din of a thousand hammers falling, from morning till night, on anvils, boilers and beams.

See that bent old man in glossy black, who gets feebly down from his low phaeton at the Jubilee door—that is the master-mind, the owner, director. His face is that of a corpse, you

say. Not at all! That grey eye is alive, now that he lifts his head and walks in. No mistake about that. The din perceptibly increases in the works. That eye is known to be thoroughly alive, by the thousand "hands" in the Jubilee yard.

Mr. Dwyorts passes to the stack of buildings—registered in stone letters "Office." He knows the way; has not missed a day since 1809. He passes through rows of young gentlemen who are drawing plans, and a crowd of middle-aged gentlemen who are at books, and little rooms of elderly gentlemen who are having interviews, and writing letters, and reaches his own least room, which has one table and two chairs, one ink-bottle, one pen, one portfolio with one sheet of blotting-paper in it, and a map of the county of Cumberland, tattered and dusty. This is where Jacob Dwyorts, Esq., does business. No city, no George-street, Westminster, for him. If you want to see him, he must make the appointment, and it is here.

He sees a series of head clerks, who are checks upon one another, according to Mr. Dwyorts; but who now and then conspire so that the check shall be of a profitable pattern to *them*. As they come in they all say, "Hope you are well to-day, sir;" not in the least so hoping, for he is undisguised in his distrust of them, and in their self-respect they detest him; and, when they have said that, they, knowing their man, plunge into business. They are all well-selected men; each made use of in the direction in which he excels; badly salaried, and then paid per centage on the profits to stimulate him; not staying in the works from affection or comfort; getting away and into better or worse positions elsewhere, sometimes; but, the mass of them, married, parents, without capital, without original force of character; and so, years after years staying, the steady

tools of the inexorable old man who cared for no one, who had capital, who had got the start, and who intimidated and impressed by the serene selfishness which made him really a superior being. His absolute candor in unfolding his own selfishness, disarmed the resentment which is so often so terrible to men who affect, or really attempt, the combination of making their own fortune and yet making those of other people. Jacob Dwyorts had never talked of Christianity in his life—nor of social duties—nor of charity! He had never asked a clerk after his wife; nor asked where a "hand" lived; nor given dinners to the hands; nor built reading-rooms for them. But he never professed hardness of character, as a matter of taste.

Not given to analyse himself, he was perfectly natural; and it was his nature to occupy his mind with his own affairs, and to be indifferent to those of the rest of the world. He had often been asked to go into politics; to "stand" for Lambeth; would he not like a baronetcy?—and he had laughed contemptuously at such "stuff." The longest laugh he ever had was when his sons, at about their fortieth year, joined in a proposal that he should sell the business, buy an estate, and retire. He never took anybody's advice in his life.

One result of this was, that not being equal to the superintendence of the expansive works—not taking hints and counsel from his clerks and foremen, making no one absolute deputy under him—there was a great deal of confusion, and much bad arrangement. It was also the general belief in the works that there was a good deal of robbery and peculation. But, felicitous Dwyorts, the works carried themselves on wonderfully; and the profits were so large that a good deal of robbery could be endured for the sake of the egotism in which the old gentleman was comfortable.

Chapter XVI.

Self-Reliance Distrust of all Men.

A VERY handsome carriage—of the mail phaeton species—drawn by a very handsome pair of chestnuts, appeared in the street of the Jubilee Works. It was not a carriage in a hurry. The young gentleman, in a bright blue coat and a dazzling white shirt, only beaten in dazzling whiteness by the diamond studs, and a burnished new hat and blazing yellow kids, who was driving the mail phtaeon, kept the horses in, and smoked easily and looked about him. He chaffed the heavy waggons, and nodded to pretty girls standing at doors or leaning out of windows, and was making comments on every thing to his groom, who sat beside him with a broad grin.

"Aye, aye, Tom! This is the place. The Ju-by-lee, 1809. That's the figure! Hold that off horse: t'other follows suit, and you need not mind him. So ho!"

"No order?" asked the porter, respectfully.

"No, Sam—no order! I'm no visiter. Business is the ticket. Glad to see you, Sam," and he passed in quietly, and Sam stared aghast after him.

He sauntered about, quite at his ease. Avoiding the offices, he made for a work-room. There was a perceptible decrease

in the din. By-and-by, it stopped altogether in that part of the yard.

"How are you, mates? Glad to see you. At the old work. How are they all at home? Nicely, eh?"

"Why, blest if it ain't Jack Wortley!"

"So it is!" said a Vulcan chorus, dropping the hammers, but hesitating to be profuse in gladness with such a swell. That is the modest name for Dandy or beau.

"That's me, no doubt. Shake hands."

A great fuss of congratulations.

"Ay, I've got on since I see'd you, boys. Lots of tin, now; and treat is the word. Here, foreman—here's a ten-pound note! That's to go in beer to the yard: boys a pint each—no more; the men as much as they like. The old governor can't object: it's from an old pal as has riz in the world, and is glad to see the old place. I'll make it all right: and on Sunday I intend to give a regular dinner to the whole yard, and their wives and families; of which due notice will come to you from the proprietor of the gardens over the way, where tents are to be laid out, and Fun shall be the ticket. Bring the whole lot of the twins, foreman; and good-bye for the present." Great cheering, which startled the offices, as he picked his way towards them.

He would be permitted an interview with Mr. Dwyorts, if he would take a chair for a few minutes. He declined the chair, but moved among old friends, the draughtsmen and the clerks, who were all hurrying to shake hands. He had been a great favorite in the yard—that was clear.

"Walk this way, sir."

He was shown into the presence of the master mind, who said, "Well, sir!" and waited for business.

"No change in *you*, Mr. Dwyorts, at any rate," said Mr. De Vere, as he calmly gathered the blue coat-tails around him, and took the second chair. "Not a bit; hang me if there is!"

"Well, sir, what business have you to speak of? My clerk tells me you were formerly employed in the yard. What's your name? I don't recollect you. My memory is not so good as it was."

"Isn't it, now? Well, you are devilish old—you know."

"What is your business, sir? Your name?"

"Wortley—John Wortley, Esq."

"Wortley—Wortley! I once had a cashier of that name; but he was older than you; and it's some time ago."

"Yes, it is ten years ago since you shipped him off in a convict ship!"

"I didn't ship him off. I made the charge against him, and the police took him in hand, and I had nothing more to do with it. I only know I never got the money. Yes! I remember now. You are his son. You were clever, and we kept you on after he went: your mother was poor. Yes! I remember."

"She was poor! You are right, old gentleman. She couldn't live very jolly on the twelve shillings a week you gave me; and though the men about, and your own nephew, Foreman Dwyorts to begin with, gave me prog enough, *she* died of being poor! Do you remember that?"

"I had nothing to do with it—stuff! What have you come here for? Be quick—I am busy!"

"I'll make short work of it. When she died, I left you—twenty I was then—and got on board a ship, and worked my way to Australia, and I saw my father; and I saw *him* die,

too, and on his deathbed he swore a solemn oath that he never did take that money: which somebody else must have taken, d'ye see. Now, you don't care about that. But I do. We come of a good stock, the Wortleys, and we held our heads up, till you transported my father. Well, don't be in a hurry, and I'll finish, as I know you're a testy old cove. I have been in trade, and made tin, and I've brought you the money you said my father stole or embezzled, and interest, old gentleman, to the first of this year; and there it is: you'll find it a rather oddish thing that, altogether, it comes to one thousand eight hundred and nine pounds—Jubilee 1809, and no mistake! Give me a receipt, and then good-morning, and settle the rest when you see my father in the other world!"

"Stuff! You bring the money because you know your father took it—he must have told you. Stuff! young man—don't talk to me. You're a fool! The money was gone, and I didn't miss it. But if you make restitution I'll take it. Be good enough to touch that bell. Receipt for £1809, Mr. Quills. Bad debt recovered, enter it. Take this young man with you."

"Room preferable to my company. That's the ticket! Well, a-jew, old governor, and when you, ahem!—down there, you know—oh, pray remember me! Thank you, Mr. Quills (the intervening door being shut): what an old beast that is, eh? Well, come and dine with me, Mr. Quills—*this* afternoon—at the Palmerston, and I'll tell you all about this 1:8:0:9 account, that I see *is* raythe puzzling you. Do. Good-morning. Who's this coming in? Is it, now—Dwyorts of Liverpool, is it? A tidy lot of tin he's making, too! He looks savage enough at a fellow: but, hang him, I have got tin enough of my own, Mr. Quills. At seven! That's the hour

for swells—and they gets two dinners out of a day thereby. A-jew!"

John Dwyorts, finding that his uncle was not engaged, walked in without having himself announced. He found the old man, who did not notice him, buried in thought, his head leaning far forward, his hands clasped. John Dwyorts studied hard the lines on the bloodless face, the attenuation of that muscleless form. Was the undying Jacob giving in at last?

Speaking in low mutterings to himself, unconscious of the visitor, Jacob was certainly not himself.

He roused, but with a cautious start, as John said loudly, "Will you do any business to-day?"

"It's you, John Dwyorts. Back from—where was it you went?"

"Where from? Why, you ought to know."

"Yes, I ought; but I can't remember at this minute. My head is troubled. There has been a man here who took my thoughts back many years, and I have been puzzling to recall things. It's strange!"

The younger man watched his relative with a keen eye. He was sure the old man was giving way.

"Do you remember a clerk I had some years ago being tried for embezzlement and forgery?"

"You've had a good many that way."

"That's what's confusing me. But this Wortley——"

"Wortley! Why, I remember him; I recommended him to you. That was ten years ago."

"You recommended him? That's odd, too. Ah, yes! Now I see what was floundering in my head. Why, John, you're done."

"Done! How?"

"Why, didn't you take that pauper peer's daughter because she would inherit the mad woman's money?"

"Yes—well?"

"Well—that's it! That Wortley would have had it, if he had lived."

"Well, but he's dead: and they advertised for years for the son; so he must be dead."

"He's just been here."

John Dwyorts scowled savagely. It was a great blow, if this was the truth.

"What proof did he give?"

"Why, they cheered him in the yard. Quills knew him at once; and there is no doubt about it, as he brought the money his father swindled me out of; with interest too—the idiot!"

"I don't think his father ever did take the money."

"How do you know? The son says his father said not, too, on his deathbed; when I suppose people don't lie much. I've been thinking it over. If he didn't, who did? and I can't recollect the people who were about me then. My memory is not so good as it was." And he fell to musing again.

John Dwyorts paused, too, to think of the blunder he had made in marrying off Diego in such a hurry; and he turned to look at the old man. They had business of extreme importance to transact, and here was Jacob not thinking of it. Jacob Dwyorts not thinking of business!

"Well," interrupted the nephew, "I suppose you are beginning to recollect that I have come back from Canada?"

"Canada—ay—Canada! Bad voyage. Cunard line?"

All this was quite unlike Jacob Dwyorts.

"What the devil does it matter—good or bad voyage—or what line? Here I am, and with d——d bad news!"

"Bad news! What?"

"Do you want your money for those engines? Do you expect those debentures cashed or paid interest? for, if you do, by the L——d, you'll be disappointed!"

"Don't walk about the room. I detest that. Sit still. What's your news?"

"There was £120,000 of mine lost in that steamer that nobody has heard a word of. You know that; and that I never insured it; for who would think of such a ship being lost? You know how that squeezed me, what with the inundations in the south of France, over my part of the contract for the new line; and that my chief hope was to keep things straight by getting the Canadian Legislature to renew the guarantee; which would have kept my shares up. They won't; and I've had to stop the works there, and have lost my start altogether; and now I'm here to raise every shilling I can."

The old man looked steadily at him, and rang the bell.

"Quills, give me the account as it stands between John Dwyorts of Liverpool and me."

"Where's your memory? £46,000 for rolling stock shipped to India and Canada; and $24,000 in debentures on the Canada line."

Mr. Quills brought in the book—a small red book, specially devoted to John Dwyorts. Jacob examined it, and returned it.

"Mark that," said he, quietly, "a bad debt!"

John Dwyorts sprung up, his face convulsed with passion, unable to articulate.

"Stuff, John! I saw it long ago. You can't retrieve. You're finished. Stuff: listen! There are several suspect

the state of your affairs; they'll be down on you directly. I tell you, you can't stand. Money will be awful next week. Tut, man! I've seen many a fellow go in my time, and know the symptoms."

He was so wise from old experience. The nephew sat down again, glaring, but making no answer.

"Is the Irish estate you bought—what silliness!—settled on your wife?"

"No!"

"What did you give?"

"£60,000!"

"I'll give you £1,000 for it. Tut, take the money! Leave all else to your creditors, and go to America. What with the bad debt you leave on my books, you will have had a fair price for the estate."

"I tell you, old man, I'm not ruined—nor near it; and I'll fight through!"

"Very well, try. (He rung the bell.) Mr. Quills, don't make that a bad debt! Sue at once. This afternoon begin!"

"Why, gracious God, Jacob Dwyorts! am I to find my hardest creditor in my own blood?"

"Your father did not keep blood in mind, John Dwyorts, when, because he was stronger than I, he beat me at school."

"Why, you have a memory! Do you remember your quarrels as a schoolboy?"

"Not a bit—not in anger. I only show you that on *your* side there is no passionate love for the same blood. I am to remember you are of my blood because I can do you a service. What would you do for me if I were poor? Tut! Stuff! Business is business. We have dealings together; and I forget relationship. When they are settled we'll talk of relation-

ship. I've given *you* advice, which is more than I would do for most men. I offer you £1,000 for land that, if you don't take the offer, you will never get a farthing for; and that £1,000 would start you again in America. £1,000! I had £600 when I took the Works here."

"And they say you are worth a million! The command of £30,000 now would save me. Come; you can't live long —you never enjoyed your money—or cared to see your muffs of sons enjoy it. I never asked you a favor out of the way of business before. I was too proud. Help me now!"

"You know me well enough, John Dwyorts. No!"

"I don't care for myself. I have seen clear enough the scampishness of the world, (especially of the railway world, and I need not care about any other,) to mind one curse the cry they'll raise when I'm down. If it was choice, I'd go to the furthest hunting grounds in America, and be happy—happier than here: and I'm strong enough yet, for I've got the Dwyorts' constitution. I don't ask for myself, mind, Jacob Dwyorts. I've got a son—a son to be proud of. I've made him a gentleman, brought him up to equal dukes, and he feels like a crown prince. He's married a spooney girl to please me. It would kill *him*—the fall!"

"John Dwyorts, men must stand or fall by themselves, and take the consequences, on all sides, of their own acts. You've been too fast, as men are now-a-days—too speculative; and you are gone. Don't squeak out. Three times, John Dwyorts, have I been near bankruptcy from my own fault—for breaking out of my fair business, and speculating. I fought through. If I had fallen I wouldn't have cried. I'd have begun the world again without flinching."

"We think so—I did—when I was prosperous and safe,"

was the half-suppressed and broken answer of the ruined man.

"Stuff! It might happen me to-morrow—d'ye hear that?—and I'd do what I say."

The old man rose excited from his chair, and fell back exhausted.

John Dwyorts walked away.

Chapter XVII.

Dinner and Desert.

"Mr. Quills!" announced the servant at the Palmerston Hotel, giving ingress at the door of Mr. De Vere's dining-room to that important personage of the Jubilee Works.

"Welcome, Quills!" said De Vere, who was standing with his back to the fire awaiting his guest. "Serve the dinner, you chaps! Look alive! And how's Mrs. Quills, and all the little Quillses? That's all right. Take a glass of sherry? No? Sit down! Eh!—L—d! I have been doing nothin' since I saw you but thinking of that rum old customer at the Works. He *is* the devil!"

"Yes, sir!"

"No 'sir' to me, Quills! Jack, or John, if you like, or Wortley, to you. De Vere to the flunkeys."

"Well, Mr. Wortley, I was going to say that he is rather an eccentric gentleman—old gentleman—Mr. Dwyorts. But he means well."

"Does he, now? Well, when a man means well, the more he means the better. But that fellow only means well to himself. 1—8—0—9: that's the figure; but it's the *first* that *he*

looks at. Here's soup! Sit down. Now, white choker, champagne—slap!"

"Before the fish, sir?"

"Ay—and after the fish, and alongside the fish, and all round it, swim the fish! Ay—say, this soup is what you may call hot."

"Mulligatawney, sir; Sir James Hogg gave us the receipt."

"Did he? What did you pay him, then? Here, take it away! I'd as soon swallow red-hot coals. What do you say, Quills, old fellow?"

"Oh— it's very good, this cold weather!"

"Glad you like it. A glass of wine? Waiter, a full 'un. I drink the Queen. Be loyal, if you're nothing else. It's easy, with drinking. It excuses the glass. Like the lass. What's the fish? Turbot. Better than red herring. White choker, you're not to laugh at your superiors. Champagne, Mr. Quills? Frappy, is it? That's the grower, I suppose. Doesn't it look like melted gold, with bits of diamonds jumping through? Nice nip is champagne. Another glass, white choker, and now take one yourself!"

"Waiters never do that at dinner."

"Don't they? Fashion to take it afterwards? Very well. Quills, look after yourself. Here's the groaning board—that is, it would groan if it wasn't well bred."

Quills began to talk. Slightly abashed by the waiters, but conscious of his superiority to the young savage opposite him, he sipped his wine with the air of a man of experience, and cast the conversation on fashionable life.

"Been moving much on town—in the *haut ton*—Mr. John?"

"Been up to Hampstead in the trap. High enough, that. Here's the scraps."

"*Entremets*, sir."

"Ay, ay—what was left yesterday, done up as nobody can see 'em. None for me, of that style of thing. Don't try to choose, Quills. Shut your eyes, and take your chance."

"I assure you, sir," said the waiter, "they are freshly prepared dishes. There's pigeons in this, sir, and a——"

"Oh, ay! names enough. But don't tell me that I'm to eat them, when I can get a steak or a joint. Beef and mutton for me. What is there?"

"Turkey, sir."

"That'll do. Bring him up, and then I think we'll do—eh, Quills? You've got a good appetite, Quills, for your age. You're just about the age my father would have been, Quills. Just. He talked a good deal about you, Quills, when I had the pleasure of seeing him. The old chap gave you and him just the same salary—£3 a week each."

Quills had paled at the mention of old Wortley; but reddened in his grey hair as this allusion to his circumstances took place before waiters, who looked capitalists: as waiters should at the affluent Palmerston, as being, if not the rose, near it.

"Old skinflint, old Dwyorts is, and no mistake! I don't know whether you remember that he only gave me twelve shillings, though I was handy at drawing and working, and invented a new hammer-handle, like a genius as I was."

"You were a sharp boy. Wild, but sharp. A glass of champagne, shall we have together?"

"Your health."

"Some hock, sir?"

"Hock?" (In the deep voice of the delicate young gentleman, the wine sounded portentous.) "By all means. Ah—h! that's the tipple! Ay, white choker, this is what I lived for. Another glass. I never tasted that but once. We were a party going across the Rocky Mountains to Californey. Ay, listen and you'll laugh, waiter. We were starved almost, as lots were outright in those days. No water for three days, and the horses were nearly done. We came at last on a little encampment—a broken wagon, dead horses here and there, two men with shots in their bloody sconces: they'd killed each other, in a friendly duel, you may call it—better than starvation; and there was, worse than all, a little girl, with tiny feet—dead, too. Well, we ought to have cried for pity; but we thought of nothing but rummaging their stores. Not a morsel to eat. Saddles, but we had *them* for ourselves. There was hardware in the wagon, not as good to swallow, you can guess, as this pudden. But there was a case of something to drink; and didn't we drink it! It was wine, like this. We poured two bottles into a bucket and gave it the horses—mouthfuls. Well, then, hadn't we a caper! The horses were drunk. Lord, didn't they lead us a game! And hadn't they a headache, and was in favor of Father Matthew in the morning!"

This anecdote over, the gentlemen were shortly left to themselves.

"Now, fill your glass, Mr. Quills," said the host, his boyish look going, and his manner steadying into more coolness than ever; "and I'll tell you another story. When I was in Mexico city I met a chap named Flane—Robert Flane. I see you've heard the name. He had been trying a store there, but had failed; and I lent him money to get back to the States with, and what's become of him the L—d only knows.

What name I went by there I don't remember. I have a curious taste in names, and, as a freeman, take the last that hits my fancy. But I said one day to him—Robert Flane—that 'I'd shoot somebody or other that had done me, as sure as my name was Wortley.' 'Wortley?' said he. 'Yes,' said I; 'and a good name it is.' 'I once knew a Wortley in London,' said he. 'Did you?' said I. 'He was a clerk at Dwyorts' Engine-House,' said he. 'The same,' said I—'my father.' And then he asked me about my father; and I told him of his death. He knew all about the transportation; which you remember, Mr. Quills. Take a glass of wine—you are nervous. Well, things went on, and he got smashed, and when I lent him tin he got confidential; and, afore he went, he gave me some letters. Don't shake the table, Mr. Quills. You know the rest of the story. You and Flane did the swindle, and it's under your own hand. You murdered my father and my mother, and you soiled an honest name: and now, I rather think, your time has come, old gentleman!"

"Think of the years that have passed! On my knees I ask mercy! Pity my grey hairs! I have been a miserable man since Flane led me into that villany. I knew he had the letters, and that this hung over me. He had mercy on me. He considered my wife—my daughters. Oh, God! have mercy on me!"

"Ay, I should think that you haven't slept easy, afearing this would turn up. Flane said as much as that he led you into it, and that you was a poor humbug. I can't find *him*—and, besides, it is not to punish I want. There, don't whine! I will consider your wife and daughters. They sha'n't want money. They are not guilty; but you are. I don't want vengeance, I tell you. If I did, I'd have asked you to a less

public place than this, and cut your throat, you hound! But I want my father's name cleared; and so now I ring for the policeman I ordered to be here at half-past eight, which it is."

It was soon over. It made a great noise in the London papers. Quills was locked up in a warranted unhealthy penitentiary. Jack kept his word about the unhappy family.

When the scandal was settled, he put "Wortley" on his visiting cards. Of these he had a vast supply, having a large acquaintance at the Jubilee Works. The Works had a grand banquet in celebration of the result of the trial; and, under the influence of public opinion, Mr. Jacob Dwyorts returned the £1809, which Jack funded for the benefit of decayed and sick persons connected with the Works.

Chapter XVIII.

London Hermits.

Mr. John Dwyorts of Liverpool was a gentleman who was not very like other gentlemen, without any happiness, but he never had any pleasure.

"Plaisir est le bonheur des fous,
Bonheur est le plaisir des sages."

No doubt; but when a gentleman is neither a fool nor a philosopher? Mr. John Dwyorts did not tremble at the thought of ruin, for he had never been ecstatic in his prosperity. If he had any feeling on the subject, it was an out-of-humor feeling.

Ruin is relaxation to some Bohemian people. After years of struggle, in perennial brain fever, the certainty of there being no hope—the repose of a prison—the *Lasciate ogne speranza* lounge in a commissioner's court—are sensations of relief. Mr. John Dwyorts was not one to feel these. Of vast energy and little reflection, he had got on as steam-engines do: it was his nature to get on. If you stopped him he would burst. Work was his only gratification: scheming, combining, corresponding, interviewing, managing committees, contriving chairmen.

When other gentlemen have closed their business in the counting-house of an afternoon, they have something to look forward to: domestic bliss, the concert, the theatre, dinner-party, love-making, cards, horses—something. Mr. John Dwyorts of Liverpool was without a taste, except for work. His wife he had a horror of: which was very natural. His son he wished to make happy, and he thought he did that by giving him plenty of money, and letting him do what he liked; which, in the case of the youth, happened *not* to be to remain at home, as Mrs. Markham or Mrs. Somerville would approve, for the sake of enlightened conversation with his male parent. So, as Mr. John Dwyorts walked away from the Jubilee Works, what principally occupied his mind was—supposing he declared "to smash," how he should kill time as a ruined man.

When Mr. John Dwyorts was puzzled and had to reflect, he walked. He now walked across Vauxhall bridge, which was a high-road to Bohemia once upon a time: he walked through polite Pimlico; he got among great squares; he was where he was seldom to be met with, in the west end. Every now and then he stopped at corners, to the astonishment of the policemen, and mused grimly. He at last seemed to have settled on a plan, and thought of inquiring where he was. He was in the district between Regent street and Bond street. "Sloth street!" Sloth street was Job Walworth's address. Well, he would call on Job.

"Job Walworth, dealer in cigars," was the legend over the gate of this Englishman's castle. It was the darkest shop in that dingy but fashionable street. But it was a very thriving concern. Job was a student of human nature, and was of opinion that a certain class of Englishmen, possessed of means,

will take dear things because they are dear; and that another class of Englishmen, with or without means, will have good articles whatever their price: the result of his calculations being, that in his "store" there was to be found only two sorts of cigars at one price, and that a very high one. It was consequently an exclusive shop. This was what Job Walworth wished it to be. Not that he had a fancy for "aristocracy," as he described the public he dealt with; but with whom he seldom interchanged a word, confining his treatment of them to shoving the box of cigars over to them, and watching the number they put into their cases: they themselves being bored by the mental occupation of counting. But that he had a distinct taste for as much solitude as was compatible with earning his living, Job was eastern and epicurean in his aspirations. He was not energetic. He wished to be left alone, to read, to smoke, to dream; and his view was that the cigar store presented the only chance of getting rational existence in the fretted civilization around him. His dingy street was to him a monastery, in some measure; and his shop a cell. Sometimes he went into the street, to look up and down it, and ponder on the advantages of living there out of the din; but for weeks and weeks he never left his shop.

John Dwyorts and he were old school-fellows and old friends, so far as John Dwyorts could be said to cultivate the emotion of fraternity. Job was the only man to whom John wrote letters, now and then, not on business; and John was the only man to whom Job wrote to at all.

"Why, it's three years since you called, John."

"I've been in London often, but never got this far. This is not a region that suits me. I don't know why I am here now, very well; but come into your back room there: I want to

rest. Give me one of your pet Cabanas. Could you get me some coffee? I'm down, and want stimulant."

Job placed his boy, like a watch-dog, over the two trunk-like cigar-boxes, led the way into his innermost retreat, which was a shade darker than the shop, and prepared coffee with his own hands, by one of those bachelor machines which are the born enemies of the female. That done, and pondering the while upon the strange demeanor of his friend, he got upon his bed, crossed his legs, and smoked interrogatively at Dwyorta. The boy, peeping beneath the red curtains, satisfied his mind that he was safe, and proceeded to spoil a cigar by an imaginary smoke, curling it between his lips, holding it in the most approved manner of the century, between the two middle outstretched fingers; walking on the stage of the shop with all the airs of a swell of 1856, and mimicking that "aw, yos" species of conversation in which that personage indulges.

The London boy is the natural enemy of the swell. The London boy does not philosophize. Repose of manner is the sign of high breeding: breeding produces self-respect, self-reliance, calm and collective energies, not to be crooked by the fuss of petty affairs; and the swell is a fine social symptom. The slowness and breadth of his speech are but admirable exaggerations of the serenity of his nature.

"You're getting old, Job."

"So are you—faster, John."

"Well, reason why. I have troubles enough."

"Well, who told you to be reasonable, years ago, and when you'd got enough to retire on, to get into a corner? Not you. The middle of the rush and the crush for you. And all for what? Lord, Lord, what fools men are! I do believe,

John Dwyorts, that you have as much enjoyment out of that Mocha and tobacco as you ever had out of any thing. You don't care about wine, nor fine dishes, nor mistresses; and I never saw you wear 'purple,' and I'll be bound your 'fine linen' is the forty-shilling a dozen shirts that Dives would have given to Lazarus for bandages. True enough, you *say*. Well, then, why don't you *do?* Give up. 'It's your son?' Always the same. Lay up for your children; and your sons will spend it in the inverse ratio, and your daughters cut off with a broad-shouldered fellow who calls you the old governor, and only cares for bleeding you as soon as they can. Ha, John! you always thought I wasn't as clever as you; but who's the wisest?"

"That's all wrong, Job. You liked quiet, and I liked rattle and fighting. Just now I haven't got the best of it; but I'm used to squeezes. What do you say to the word ruin, Job?"

"Can't be. You lent me the money to start this place after all my failures, and I've made £7000—that is to say, I've saved that; and it goes to your son, any how. If the father wants it first, the son will let him have it, I suppose. Besides, I intend to live to get the great Wortley property, you know: only the two old Methodist women left."

"Not come to that yet, Job; though I know you mean what you say. It's a tidy sum to have made out of smoke. But I *knew* you'd turn up on your legs some day, when you got over wild schemings."

"They weren't wild. They only wanted capital. I haven't given one of them up, and I've got dozens more. If I was such a fool as to exert myself, you'd hear of me. But I like the thinking better. If a great capitalist comes to me, I'll do the thinking for him. I'm the most suggestive man in Eng-

land. Ministers of state might come here, and not lose time. Lord Clarendon does come, and fills his case very often; but, as he never speaks to me on foreign policy, I don't advise him."

"We all know you have got deuced fine ideas at times, but in advance of the age—eh, isn't that it, Job?" (Job assented, with a shrug suggestive that the age was not much to speak of.) "You see, Job, it isn't merely to have the idea, but you must have fellows to work it out. I've heard men say that a steam-engine model was made two hundred years ago, but nobody had the *nous* to apply it. Gad, think of men missing *that* chance!"

"Things are not brought out till they're wanted; though, to be sure, there are a good many things *not* wanted—such as tobacco."

"And nephews! That's what I came to you about, I think. Your brother's son has turned up—the boy advertised for so long by the old woman."

"No mistake?"

"Not a bit."

"Then my chance of the property goes! Not that I care for it, or want it. If Bob's son is worthy, it's all right."

"Not at all. For *my* chance goes! Old Mother Wortley left the property this way, didn't she? It was to go, being her husband's, to her husband's relatives first; and, they failing, it would go to her own kith, being females."

"That's it."

"Well, I calculated that Lord Slumberton's daughters would come in after you and the old women: not calculating upon there being a fourth Wortley alive; and so I and his lordship had transactions, and to settle them we spliced our

children, his eldest daughter to my son, Diego. Now, of course, that's a failure!"

"Well, but if there was love, and she's a good girl, why not? If the tin comes to me, it shall be passed on to your boy."

"There's no chance. The young chap won't give you the chance."

"Is this what you meant by being ruined?"

"No! I have had losses: things have gone wrong; and I'm in the west end, to tell the truth, in doubt if I dare go into the city."

"Take the £7000."

Hesitation.

"Things are worse than you admit; perhaps than you fancy. If so, £7000 is a trifle; but, if you play as you have generally played, the card may help."

"I'll take it, Job, if I want it. But what I want you to do is—see the nephew. I want to get hold of him. I'll tell you why by and bye. Let him come to me at my hotel as soon as possible; you'll get his address from the Jubilee Works people, no doubt. Suppose he doesn't know for what fortune he's in. What can the old women want with him, advertising as they have done?"

"To take care of his religion, and to make him scientific: one, one thing; and the other, the other. They'd have taken me up, if I'd have let 'em."

John Dwyorts was emptying his coffee-cup, and asked—"Has the natural-philosophy old lady been spending any money in book-publishing lately?"

"I see she has, by an advertisement. She's done a treatise to prove twenty colors in the prism, and dedicated it to Mr. Gladstone."

Chapter XIX.

Philosophic Gossip.

The old tobacconist got to his old chair and old book, in the old misty corner, behind that counter barricade he had erected against the world. The merchant strode through the streets to his hotel to concoct plans, carry on correspondence, and combine against his bad fortune. Each thought the other very foolish.

Some people make a good life of it; and other people make a good story of it. Other people, again, do neither this nor that, and yet argue with one another which is the most wise. When they sum up their sad philosophy, they resent the follies of mankind in the mass, and pity their own individual sins.

We are informed, on scholarly authority, that the purposes of Providence, in allowing the Romans to flatten out the historic earth into a good desolate *tabula rasa*, was in order that Christianity might start under favorable auspices in reproducing confusion. So also, no doubt, we Anglo-Saxons, who know not very well what we do, are engaged in God's business when rooting out other races in all climes; appropriating the Indies, the Americas, the Australias: and it must be a comfort to us to have a destiny, though we do not comprehend it. Conquering and colonizing by instinct is unpurpose-

like; but is done very well, notwithstanding. When we put a bullet into a Kaffir, and give *delirium tremens* to a Red Indian, we have military, missionary, and merchant at him at once: each in his vocation. The ants, and bees, and beavers have not an Adam Smith, that we hear of; but their manufacturing interest is very prosperous. Let us trust to our instincts; those who have given up having leaders, either for this world or to the next. After all, instinct is perhaps more potent than the intellectual civilized person would like to confess.

As I write, this spring, my canaries in the cage opposite to me, are chirping charmingly to one another. It is flirting: singularly like human flirting. I never saw a young lady of our Puritan land bridle and toss, and twist and ogle, under the eyes of admirers, without wondering how she would blush if informed that her manners and deportment are innocently natural; that she is as gracefully and exquisitely sweet a little wild beast as a fawn, a calf, a tigress, or a lap-dog. Calisthenic exercises are not as agile and as alert as Satan—whose chief dependence is on our being human—on our being saved from artificiality.

John Dwyorts, like the Anglo-Saxon race in general, does good without knowing it. The scream of the steam-whistle is surely a blessing in the American forest; and, as an Irish landlord reducing or raising a pastoral race to the severe material prosperous British standard, is he not a blessing to the wild country on which his capital has alighted? He employs clerks and artificers; he is an Anglo-Saxon energy at work incoherently. The cohesive selfishness, and intentness, and blind doggedness, have made the race. Our Constitution is so perfect for all governing purposes, because it was never designed:

because each class struggled against one another into a sensible balance against each other; each taking care of himself, without other theory than *that* was *the* point, and so arranged best for the whole.

Thus, we are a great country because John Dwyorts is laboring now hard at a mass of letters and figures in a little sitting-room in a city hotel; quite uncognizant who lives and works in the next number, what the parliament is at that evening, what the queen wished for, who are the majority, and what are the rights of a minority—the minority not being of ONE! He was working for himself and his family.

He did not believe in any one being likely to go to work for him, and loved no one so well as to work for the world. The destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race he did not understand. The will of God in respect to commerce and railroads he did not know. If parliament attacked him or his interests, he'd turn politician. Meanwhile, he catches the post.

A defect in one physical quality is a lucky thing for the rest. If you are short-sighted, considerate nature gives you an extra allowance of hearing. So with moral qualities. If a man be destitute of the bump of conscientiousness, his bumps of ingenuity are alarming. We know that when a girl is rather ugly, other girls can tell you she is *so* good; and when a girl is pretty, she is such a silly thing. We English have no imagination, faith, or aspiration, as a political body; and see how we gain in business!

List, a wise German, has written a great book on political economy. Its principle is the duty of selfishness in nations; and he warns the Germans against the English tendency to philanthropic and universal systems. Poor List! He did not quite understand us.

Chapter XX.

Idle Busybodies.

When Mr. Diego Dwyorts was informed by his progenitor that money was scarce, that the future was uncertain, and that Mrs. Diego's chance of the Wortley property was gone, he naturally lost his temper. The teasing silence of Therèse as to her intentions, had disturbed the natural serenity of his nature when perfectly prosperous. His affections were not definite just now. His mother was a savage to be avoided, he decided: pitied, perhaps; but at a distance. The question had occurred to him, should he love his father, Dwyorts senior, sinking in the world, and having bungled Mr. Diego's married arrangements? Of his condition in respect to Nea he had doubts. She was a perfect little wife to show about, with pretty face and winning manners. She was gentle, assiduous, obedient, and placed herself entirely at his mercy, at his feet. But he could not altogether comprehend this: a human being without will of her own, passionless, subservient! She didn't amuse him; she had no set to bring about her to amuse him; and he began to leave her: with shame at first, knowing her loneliness. She saddened more at this, and wrote more and more to her sister; and began to tremble in her bed when he

came in, in the depth of the night, feverish, sullen, irritable. But, then, Mrs. Triste had settled her, and she knew she ought to be grateful.

Diego met Jack Wortley every where, now. Jack Wortley had patronized Diego's father in his usual way: done business with him, advanced money, and entered into a sort of partnership. He overwhelmed Diego with easy dogmatism and blunt inquiry. He replaced Diego, in that sort of set, as the young Timon of the time, and afflicted Diego by casting him into the shade. Bellars got Jack into several clubs, and steered him, as much as such a craft could be steered, in the shoals of the London Demi-Monde. The Bellars Hall estate had been mortgaged to Jack (whose useful acquaintance the embarrassed Mr. John Dwyorts had duly made), and Jack told Bellars that, when it fell in, his friend should have it cheap. He would advance Bellars money to fight the county, or to start a morning newspaper, or otherwise to get on. Bellars, as of wont, giving consideration to each suggestion, and biding his time, as he said—a favorite expression of gentlemen who don't know what to do. Every one was delighted with Jack; and he did bills for a great many, but without subjecting himself to consequent patronage, being pronounced a "devilish cool hand."

There was no end to the money. Where did he get it from? He patronized his uncle, and sought to bully him out of the dusky shop, and into an extensive trade, and only gave up when the uncle threatened to appeal to the magistrate for protection from his benefactor. He went down to call on Mrs. Foreman Dwyorts, who had five sets of twins, kissing each child, learning all their names, talking housekeeper with the mother, and staying to smoke a pipe in the evening,

and to chat the condition of England question, with the father.

Foreman Dwyorts, being of the Jubilee family, apologised for not getting beyond a four pound a-week state of life himself, considering that, generally speaking, twins had kept him down: not that he was unhappy, except that his love for his offspring was of a very collective character; he not always being able to tell one from the other, and trusting to accidental bruises and measles to establish identity. As regarded the Works generally, why, there was plenty of work on hand, and all those who were at work were content; while the fellows that wanted work were not content, you see: and it would be the same with the others when jobs fell off; and, if bread rose, you'd have Chartism and Socialism the same as ever, be sure of that. There was this to be said, that a strike wasn't likely to be tried again, whatever the grievance: they had had enough of that with old Jacob, who'd no more give in than Gibraltar: and, while things went on pretty decentish, they were a happy class of men; for, you see, what money they make goes to their real comfort. They aren't like clerks, who are making very little more than artisans, but who love to keep up appearances; working men could live in small houses in small courts (which might be better sewered to be sure), and wear barrigan, and their wives could wash and cook, without any thought of what was genteel: and that was something; and a man enjoyed his pint of beer honestly, and read his paper honestly, and talked out honestly, and was no social sneak or poor humbug, going in for appearances. Would he leave the yard and start in some business for himself? No. He was part of the yard now—chairman of the benefit fund; and he got enough to live on; and though his good-woman

did go on sometimes because Uncle Jacob never sent to see the twins—they might be threes, for all Jacob cared—yet he got on and was steady, he was, for life there.

Then Jack Wortley came down on the Clapham villa of his cousins, the two old maiden women at present in possession of the Wortley money life interest, which was devoted to ministers of religion and professors of ologies. He kissed them with decorum, and sat out many an afternoon with them; accepting their counsel on all points with great respect, and pleased to make them happier. But the ministers and professors he played havoc with; jesting them into frenzy, and interrogating each as to the amount per annum they got out of the "old ones." They declared he was an infidel and an ignoramus, and attempted to set the old ladies at him. But the ministers and professors were beaten; for each sister believed the other was cracked about her own pursuits and favorites, and each aided Jack in putting the truth before the other. He read the tracts and the treatises poured on him, conscientiously, to find out what all the noise was about; and he so obviously improved his mind, that he was permitted to clear the house of the theological and scientific priests, and to become tyrant over the spinsters. They needed guidance even in small matters, and it was lucky for them that their heir, an honest young fellow, took them in hand. The pretty maid-servants of the villa were delighted at the change, and were eager to open the gate to the cavalier, and to receive his smiles and presents as he came down that way for his afternoon ride.

Where he was least successful was in his intervention in the affairs of the Dwyorts family. Crowe Dwyorts having made acquaintance with him, laid his grievances before his new friend; the old friends being weary. "I am neglected by my

natural guardian and protector," said Crowe, "and where am I?"

In the Queen's Bench, undoubtedly. Would his grandfather do nothing for him? Perhaps he might, out of shame, if a stranger set at him; and, if he didn't, why the detainers would come in pretty fast: and, meanwhile, would Mr. Wortley favor him with the loan of a £5 note? Of course he would; and the little sum went to the other little never-to-be-paid sums, which torture, and debase, and degrade the debtor who is proud of owing large sums—who goes through the Insolvent court with a high hand and a respectable schedule, but in secret groans that he cannot pay a sovereign here and there,—that has filled in the interstices of the ruin. So, Jack called on Mr. Jacob Dwyorts, and introduced himself to the granddaughter and Bob, and opened his business straight-forwardly in the family council. The old man was getting rather feeble now and withstood the attack spitefully rather than strongly; but still with a vehement scorn that made the girls pale and the sons frightened.

"Now, Mr. Dwyorts, don't get into a passion. I come here, at your grandson's request, which gives me the right to come; and, being here, hear the truth you shall. I represent public opinion against you, old gentleman. They cry out at you—the whole town: that I know; and I agree with 'em, you're not doing the thing that's right. You must do something for the ladies and gentlemen you've brought into the world, first or second hand. Here's delightful young females, I'm sure; why haven't you married 'em and made 'em mothers and jolly, stead of pale and puking?—'cos you don't let the young chaps know that you'd give 'em tin. No girls get married without tin, little or great. I would not marry myself

without some. And here's a nice old gentleman: he's down in the mouth.' I see—you have broken his heart; bullied him out of hope. There's your other son in the city, not bright, but regular—why didn't you give him a partnership, and he'd not have married a barmaid: he'd have thought of the family if the family had thought of him. As to your nephew, John Dwyorts, why, if you worked with him, he'd have been a Rothschild, and an honor to you. There now, I've done. I'm the last trumpet *pro tem.* to tell you your duty; and good afternoon; and ladies, I looks towards you. A family row is a bad business; but I hope I'll do you all good."

"If I were not old, you jacknapes, as you know, I'd throw you out of the window! If Bob there were not a fool, he'd have done it. The young villain—he has made me ill. Now, do you mind—you girls and Bob—let that fellow's name and Crowe's name never be mentioned to me. A glass of water—quick!"

As one grandchild and Bob hurried to tend the strange, indomitable old man, Jane followed Jack out of the room. She was very eager for air, being nervous. She begged his pardon, would he step a moment into the dining-room? By all means. Closing the door, she spoke hurriedly:—

"She could offer no opinion as to his interference in the family affairs. Gentlemen knew best what gentlemen might do. But she hoped what he had said, for Crowe, who never dared to speak up for himself—as how could he, his nerves being broken by dissipation and that vixen he married and that lived apart from him, in France, like—she meant only improperly—she (Miss Jane) hoped that what he had said would have some effect on the old man's mind, for really things were coming to a dreadful pass. But Crowe, if he was

going to *act* further—to keep up this attempt to get an arrangement for the family, so that they might know whether they were going into the workhouse on grandfather's death, and he was sinking every day—if he was going to act, she said, Crowe must know, and she would tell Mr. Wortley, as Crowe's bosom friend, what was going on. Now, Mrs. Chessey had been coming and going a great deal too much lately. She was wheedling the old man, that was certain. He had gone to dine at their place at Hampstead—which he had not done for years—and had talked ever since about the Chesseys' girl—red hair she has—being the living image of aunt Janet, Mrs. Chessey's mother; that was the only child he had ever loved, she (Jane) believed, and there was no saying what would happen. Mr. Chessey was obtaining influence over him. There was Paddocks, the solicitor, here, a long time busily engaged, and a great bag full of papers. If there was a will going on, what was it? She was a—a woman, and could not ACT. But Crowe was a man; and let him see to this. If he wasn't a MAN, and would not *act*, let the family know it. What the family had wanted, all along, was a MAN to face grandfather; and it was time he showed himself. He (Mr. Wortley) would excuse this confidence on her part, but"——Here she stopped, and took in as much atmosphere as would have appeased the great Nassau.

"All right! I see how the cat jumps, begging your pardon. But take a bit of advice from a fellow that sees the world. What's played the devil in your family, you see, miss, is, that you have been fighting one another, each to get on the old man's blind side; and he's rather too 'cute for that game. Now you must join together, and work together on the old gentleman; or he'll be sending his tin to the Charities, and

the Hopes, and the Faiths, and *do* you—of a dark color, miss. Good afternoon again, and luck be with you, and a husband soon."

And he went, his impudence and slang comforted, to dine with Bellars.

Chapter XXI.

Purple Glasses in Bohemia.

Mrs. Molly, born Smith, and last heard of as a Kimbletts, was not getting on very well. With an establishment over her head, as she phrased it, rather hard work had come on. Mr. Molly was assiduous in desiring her to get things done, and without his assistance, except as director and sovereign lord; and she was night and day in activity, her best reward to be permitted an occasional kiss from the youth on whom she had heaped her affections. It is hard to say which women like best—to have a slave and worshipper in a husband whom they do not love, or to be bowing down to and kissing the slippers of a husband who palpably does not care for them. At present Kimbletts was perhaps too infatuated to believe otherwise than that Molly was only odd, and bashful, and young. She was confident, no doubt, that, when settled down in marriage, he would be pleasingly uxorious.

As yet, marriage had decidedly unsettled the young man. Ritts had become his companion. Ritts had opened his views of life. He began to dress in high-colored ties, and bought a set of studs from Ritts. He walked in Regent street and the Park. He stayed late at billiard-rooms, and later at casinoes.

He sometimes washed his hands more than once a day. He began to mourn his hurried nuptials, and to read the wife murder cases at the sumptuous breakfast of boundless rashers which Kimbletts prepared to stimulate the appetite of this sudden but jaded man about town.

Mr. Brandt Bellars marked these symptoms of change in his landlord with cultivated keenness. Not having any pity on the respectable Kimbletts, he encouraged Molly. He consulted Molly as to the causes of the selection of so peculiarly plain a house-maid, and Molly was induced, on this, to insist on a remodelling of the establishment. Mrs. Molly narrowly escaped this danger. The cook who had accompanied her, as her dearest and nearest friend from over the way, had early regretted her desertion of an irregular and irritating but affluent establishment, and began to resent the meanness of Molly in the management of cold victuals; and now, going off altogether in a fury, after the manner of cooks; not without slapping Mrs. Molly's cheek, and offering to do the same to Molly himself, who quailed: a connubial compromise was effected, by taking in a plain cook that was good-looking, and who therefore appeared to be known to numbers of her majesty's forces, thence beginning to debouch in Frith street, to the consternation of the refugees; who are in a constant conviction that they are watched, but of whom the continental authorities are nevertheless entirely unconscious.

[That is a very long sentence: but we like to show that we could be tedious if we choose.]

Bellars resolved to give his first dinner for the season. His dinners were celebrated. He rang the bell, and desired an interview with Mr. Molly.

"Mr. Molly, I am going to give a dinner to-morrow. Now,

could you undertake to do what your mother used to do for me?"

"Kimbletts—my wife will—sir, all the same."

"Stop—stop! A very active woman and a very good wife, no doubt, and brushes and cleans well. But I don't think she has your mother's genius for managing these little dinners. How do you like matrimony, Molly?"

"Well, I don't know that I have made up my mind, sir. It's a useful thing to have a useful wife, sir, to take care of house, and let you go out with your mind free. But when you get out, sir, you miss another sort of wife—ornamental, and that sort of thing, sir."

"Why, you are a polygamist, Molly! You *do* like matrimony, only you want more wives than one."

"Well, sir, I don't know that."

"Never mind: you are newly married; you'll develope, I see. But about the dinner. Will you wait?"

"Eh, sir? Well, sir——"

"I see. You are becoming grand; get dressy and a gentleman. But you must not neglect business!"

"No, sir; but I'll hire a waiter, sir, and superintend."

"That's not the way fortunes are made, Molly. However, let me have good waiting, and we can manage the rest."

Molly took his instructions, and Kimbletts took her instructions; and, having decided on the dishes, Bellars considered who should be the guests.

Lord Roper—the Marquis of Roper—of course. Lord Roper and Bellars were cousins and companions; for Bellars had not always been a gentleman of indefinite independent income, living on his wits as novel-writer, play-wright, journalist—and Roper had not always been a marquis. Do you forget

the great Roper insolvency case, when Roper was Lord Robert Roper, fourth son of the not extraordinarily magnificent Marquisate? Lord Robert had been a Navy lieutenant, volunteer in an Arctic expedition, captain in the Guards, iron merchant, member for Hotchester, commodore of a Yacht club, Lord of the Treasury, and, one way or other, had got into debt for £40,000. He cleared it all off in the Insolvency Court, with a little imprisonment, and then went to a water-cure establishment, and reappeared in society with a good complexion, to start fresh. Unfortunately, his father and his elder brothers died off rapidly, and he became a Marquis, and then the creditors were down on him again; and at this moment, out of an income of only £6000, he is paying half to the repossessing duns:—he is disgusted with the Law of Debt, not fond of the House of Lords, and living a good deal in the society of the Friends of Bohemia, of which Bellars is a distinguished vice-president. Roper is very good-natured, and affects a horror of Humbug. Really, he is a terrible Tory; not only because he is a noble, but because he is a cynic. He is "a beauty-man," as the tailors call it, and would no doubt be terrible to milliners and housemaids, and that species of the fair sex, but that he likes men's society better. A provision of Providence!

Graffs, a contemplative connoisseur of every thing, sought for in consideration of his dreamy cleverness, and for leading the way in active drinking. Fassell, popular for his amiability and impressionability;—the proprietor of *The Teaser*, a smart weekly paper, in which this good-natured man could never refuse to insert your ill-natured things. Two or three members of the "Smollett" club, who had just brains enough to understand good talk, be an audience, smoke, drink, and

laugh. Crowe Dwyorts, who, when not on the subject of his own miseries, was a shrewd man, and who was a powerful man from connections, but a Bohemian by temperament. Lastly, Diego Dwyorts, and Jack Wortley.

Chapter XXII.

An Unexpected Guest.

Bohemians are always punctual—to dinner.

The party were together within five minutes of the hour named: each man taking his place at the unclothed white deal table, specially put up on these occasions; and seizing a knife and fork for himself from the pile—like a pirate's preparation for battle—in the centre of the board.

Some asked for the news, others asked for liqueurs.

"They say there was a row at the Cabinet Council this afternoon."

"They always say that of the Saturday meetings. It's the last thing invented before Sunday; the imagination for the week being exhausted."

"It's refreshed, I suppose, by a peep into the Bible on Sunday."

"Drink deep, or taste not of that spring."

"Pope might have referred to drinking generally. A little of any thing is a dangerous thing."

"Especially money," said Crowe. "What can you do with a five-pound note? It is nothing to your creditors. You spend it on a dinner—and the *après*."

"Out again—eh, Crowe?" commented Roper. "I wrote you to the Q. B. yesterday. Not got the letter. Wouldn't like to venture near the place, to look for it, I suppose? Yet it's very curious; I remember I used to do it. How fond fellows are of going near the dangerous places! I used to loiter opposite the sheriff's office, in Red Lion Square, for hours, defying the Bailiff. The weakness is becoming noticed, and many men are now caught that way."

"You and Crowe would talk of nothing but debts, if we'd let you. Here's the oysters—a dozen per man, mind."

"He was a bold man who first ate an oyster;" said Fassell, showing one.

"He would be a bolder man who took more than his share here," retorted Bellars.

"Who has heard the new woman at Jullien's Concerts?"

"I—and I!"

"What's she like?"

"Black eyes, yet fair hair: *petite*, plucky."

"But the voice?"

"Splendid and dashing style, but can't sing."

"She's a hit."

"Any body's a hit, now-a-days."

Roper doubted it. "There were the old sets in everything—parliament and elsewhere; nobody coming up."

"Why don't you start a new statesmanship, and lead the House of Lords, Roper?"

"Can't lead the House of Lords under £30,000 a-year."

Bellars thought that in the Commons they were better off. They like to be led by an "adventurer" there: wanting a salary, they know he works hard to get 'em in, or keep 'em in.

"The books that come out now are ridiculously bad," said a Mr. Smollett, who had several unpublished.

"But then they are cheap," returned Fassell, "and you are not obliged to buy them, as in the dear era."

"Bravo!"

"Very good, that."

"I tell you what's wrong about books," suggested Roper —"Thank you, I'll take some of the rough claret—in pewter, please. We, men, want men's books. Nobody dare write a man's book—a novel, or a poem, or a memoir. When a fellow writes, he considers what can go into a family—what virgin sisters can read. So because our virgin sisters are idiots, we get idiotic books!"

"We speak out in *The Teaser*," suggested Fassell.

Bellars quite admitted that—"I have often thought of writing a history of your paper, Fassell."

"Speak it," said Graffs. "Let it be up to the mark of this curry."

"Go on."

"Fassell might be offended."

"Not at all! Your potted grouse is too good."

"*The Teaser*, as first started, was the result of two eminent men—one political, the other literary—being so reduced in circumstances that they had but one hat between them."

"How the deuce was that?"

"Intense as was their fraternity, they could not both wear the same hat at once. They therefore resolved to send it round."

"Round where?"

"For subscriptions. They projected a journal, devoted to the exposure of the hideous practicality of the country; its

gross common-sense. They went in for pure democracy, pure religion, pure human nature. Old maids, who had heard of the fraternity of the two eminent men, how they lived in the same house in a moral Agapemone, with several neighbors and country clergymen—always eager for a speculation, and always getting their fingers burnt, as a foretaste——But I am hurting your theological feelings, Roper."

"Not at all! I am a cosmopolitan. That applies to the next world, too."

"These subscribed largely. The paper came out with a General Moan for Purity in Everything. A controversy between Miss Lutherah and somebody else—both agreeing that there was no God—whether there might not be a Devil. Letters from divorcées, against that monstrous anomaly—Marriage. There was 'speaking out' in every page. Why should we kill animals for food—fleas for sleep—and so on? These were the questions agitated. The clergymen subscribers, rampant to write, started each a series on the 'Naked Church' that they aspired to: you were to meet on Primrose Hill without umbrellas, and roar a protest against the universe by way of recommending yourself to the Creator. The eminent literary man reviewed Holywell Street, and wrote poems on the Loves of the Flies. The eminent political man wrote up William the Conqueror, Pizarro, and the Corsair, and said that Property was a fiction.

"Well, it made a sensation: it was fresh. London would like to be a City of the Plain for a day or so—as a novelty. But it got tired of the rant. The first number or two had exhausted the indecency, and there were no funds left for illustration. The two eminent men, again reduced to community in shoes for visiting days, sent a circular round that they must

stop. One of the clergymen, who had not half finished his series on the 'Naked Church,' came up to town, pledged the church plate, joined with Mr. Laburnumash, the atheist lecturer, and they kept the thing going. But they were dull; nothing but Theology, and that in opposition on opposite pages:—the two eminent friends being kept down rather—and the literary man avenging himself in his department, by epigrams on the proprietors in Greek—which the public 'took' of course.

"In good time a man of sedentary habits—Crowe will understand what I mean—took up his abode on the premises. Fassell here, who was just on town, full of money, a friend of purity and devoted to the two eminent men for their fraternal feelings towards him, took up the paper, and set it 'a-going' fresh. It made a great sensation again; for Fassell, it was soon rumored, paid well, and all the clever fellows in London wrote to him. He took their copy, was no hand at revising—and the 'Rubbish Shot Here' department, where any one could say what he pleased, startled the town by its grand diversity in blasphemy.

"When the Purity men had cleared Fassell out, and he had become somewhat convinced that elderly females with disturbed systems were not therefore good journalists, he got tired of the concern, and let it out to the last—that is, the most recent—friend he had picked up. This was a young Irishman, of an undisciplined sense of humor, who had won Fassell by caricaturing the former set, and proposed to save the paper by turning its battery upon all its former supporters, ignoring the Naked Church *and* Devil—the last gave great offence—calling every distinguished man an idiot, ridiculing the filth of the masses, jeering the Great Briton, and suggesting sensible

cynicism, an enlightened despotism, and cheap foreign wines. This was amusing; but herewith the paper lost one public without getting another, and, while it was going down, it got the last kick from the two eminent men who had started it.

"Fassell now looked to decorous views as a reaction, and he is now sprightly with a melancholy air, in his paper; which is democratic with conservative sympathies, and pledged to resist the Napoleonean system in France—otherwise coming home to our hearts and bosoms as a British organ in a very agreeable and readable manner. Fassell doesn't now lose more than £10 a week on it. That's the career of *The Teaser*."

"I wish you would keep a yacht instead of a weekly paper," remarked Graffs.

Jack Wortley "was negotiating for one, and would provide a cruise as soon as possible."

Diego "would be glad to go halves with him." (Applause.)

"It's very hard to get an amusement now-a-days," said Graffs.

"By the bye," asked Bellars, "is it true, the story of Sir Drinkwater Drinkwater—that he has taken that extraordinary mistress?"

"What?"

"Why, they say that, in pursuance of his view that women are necessary evils, he has gone to one of the hospitals, and selected a mistress who is deaf, dumb, and blind."

"Stuff!"

"And he swears he is devoted to her."

"Do you know," said the contemplative Graffs, "I have been thinking over that. When you see a woman, you see twenty-nine articles walking about."

"How?"

"When a woman is dressed for a walk, she has twenty-nine different articles on. First——"

"Never mind counting."

Roper thought the most beautiful dress for a woman was one robe. Fancy the mother of the Gracchi in a bonnet!

"You may dress stately figures in stately dresses; but the Parisian piquancy of nose needs the Parisian provoking apparel."

The talk of the men's party went on about women. If the skeleton at the Egyptian bachelor's feast had only been a stenographer, what hieroglyphics we should have got for the bewilderment of Ladies' Seminaries! But it is unavoidable, the beautiful sex may believe, that men's parties should thus talk: women are the only subject on which men agree.

It is a pathetical sight to see a squalid passenger stop and gaze into a picture-shop, and wonder at Dorothy, and Imogene, and the Princess-royal. Dorothy, Imogene, and the Princess-royal don't suffer from this cheap calculation of their charms. A beautiful woman is omnipresent; but, as her divine armor, she is unpolluted in the foulest places. Let a beautiful woman sometimes pity her unknown lovers.

A man's party (I am not speaking of the uncouth puerilities of collegians) proceeds, from talk of women to talk of their friends, whom they abuse; and then talk of one another, whom they praise.

The last stage being reached, Graffs became contemplative; and over coffee, the silent revellers, weary of chatting, began to digest, muse, and smoke. The windows were opened.

A sparkling, high soprano voice burst on them: it was from above.

"Can't be an angel," said Roper—who was a sceptic.

"It's the girl who lives up-stairs—a singer: but hush!"

"That's the voice we were speaking of," said Fassell. "It's superb!"

"Why not ask her to come down?"

"She's deuced haughty."

"I'll go and bring her down," said Jack Wortley.

A deputation was formed, and, when she stopped singing, they knocked at her door. "Eh, bien! she was tired of being above, and would join them. They would excuse her negligent dress? She would take Lord Roper's arm."

The little woman—with body and limbs like a child—but a face distinct, marked, finished, and startling, from the enormous black eyes breaking out of the dazzling fair countenance—say, to be poetical with a simile, like flies in the milk-jug—curtsied to the company an exaggerated curtsey. She and Diego recognised one another; she with a little scream, he with a coarse oath. The rest, staring, looked for an explanation.

"My husband, gentlemen! I have not seen him a long time. I hope he is well."

Graffs was in ecstasies. Crowe Dwyorts went to the window and whistled. Roper, a man of better breeding, said that he thought he must go.

Therese was not frightened, but amused: she thought how it would tell upon the stage; and she talked tactfully. But the party broke up. Diego, humiliated at a ridiculous position, requested a few minutes' conversation with her in her own apartments.

Chapter XXIII.

The Law of Divorce.

The character of a woman is subject to suddenness. Men reason about events in their own history, or forget women feel about these things; and one day often gives a tone to their lives.

Every marriage which is not extremely happy is extremely miserable, with such women as Therese. She had had the courage—not being surrounded by that public opinion of friends, connections, family, which restrains the moral world in that misery which is so useful to the best interests of society—to break away from a loathsome lot with a bad man; and she detested him because she had deluded herself, with the usual equanimity of an injured woman. Therese was greatly changed now from what she had been, when, experimentalizing upon her emotions, she had lived with Diego.

"Pray, take a seat, my husband," said she, as she seated herself at the piano, and began to play an air, and to hum one of those songs of mixed tongues which suited her mingled parentage:—

"Que je vous aime,
Das muss ich gestehn,
Prenez mon coeur pour vous,
Sonst hab ich keine Ruh."

"Do you remember when you used to make me sing that to you, Diego?"

"D—n the song, and curse the past! It's the future I want to speak of. A nice mess you've made for me!"

"The poor gentlemen down-stairs? Little me was a bomb-shell among them."

"I thought you'd never have come to England, Therese; and that, as I never intended to trouble you, you would never trouble me."

"Poor Diego! But I didn't marry again. You did."

"Would to God I hadn't!"

"Horrible! Hate her already? But, mon Dieu! you mustn't love me again."

"You're very pretty, Therese."

"So the journals say: and many messieurs. Read those notes in those baskets—such offers! It is a fury I have made in the cold English."

He cursed the letters.

"Be not mad! Allons! I will consult you which offer I accept."

He ground his teeth: and stood up, glaring at her.

"I have pistols—see! You shall not strike me, as you before did. No—never! Brave hero! Only I have seen you fight men, I would think you a coward—and a coward, mein Gott, I would kill him! Have you struck your new wife yet, monsieur?"

"Therese—it's no use talking this way. You can send me to jail—if you like. What do you intend to do?"

"To sing: to make Fury still—always: to save the money: —see, I live in cheap lodgings, and I would like apartments like cher Musidora's in 'Fortunio.' And then, when I am

rich, I will go and have lambs and birds, and a lake and a wood to myself, and die, alone."

"Why, then, did you tell these fellows here we were married?"

"Yasus! I never say but what is true."

"But what talk there will be."

"Good! More Fury—More money!"

"But you'll ruin me."

"I thought you were a millionnaire."

"Not so rich as we were."

"Poor Diego! It was well I stopped taking money from you. Do you know, Diego, you would be a very bad-looking man not rich?"

"You've told me that before. But what do I understand? You will not make any noise about our damned folly?"

"Be good to your new wife, and I will be a lamb—two, three lambs—so ruhig."

"I can't be good to her. She's a mere log round my neck. No passion of any sort."

"Poor Diego wants a devil! And there are so many. Eh, bien! I will see your new wife."

"You!"

"Moi."

"As what?"

"Therese Desprez, of the Crystal Palace concerts, and of the Opera here, when the Fury is very bad."

"It can't be done."

"Would the amiable whet-lock?—that is not a devil object to my profession?"

"No, not that! But she'd suspect something. It can't be."

"To-morrow, Sunday, I will dine with you. She, and you, and I—no more."

"I thought you knew I didn't often give way."

"Not often. Only sometimes. But at first you always gave way—you were so gentle, so facile. Ah, Diego! you were what the dear M. Jullien calls 'a cham!'"

He laughed bitterly. "It's time I should come out the real man, now that difficulties are coming."

"Your friends will be very surprised when they find no more the boy Diego, charming; but the fierce, cruel, selfish, Monsieur Dwyorts."

"I'm as good as the rest, I suppose."

She made no answer, but flung herself on the sofa, and took up one of the books that her table was crowded with. He stared at her, foiled, and not well knowing how to begin again. She looked, he thought, very pretty. Was it coquetry, or mere heedlessness, that made her fling off the slipper, and toss the delicate leg? Truly, he felt that he could love her again. Was she relenting? Regretting, as he did?

A knock at the door. "Entrez!" said Therese.

Mr. John Wortley opened the door, entered, and closed it.

Therese put her feet on the ground, and smilingly asked the pleasure of Monsieur. Diego muttered an oath.

"Hope I don't intrude. Thought, as there's something wrong between you two, I might be of service."

"Of none at all!" said Diego, fiercely.

"Ladies speak first," suggested Jack.

"The Monsieur was very kind. Would he seat? She had seen him down stairs? Yes! And he had seen her at the Crystal Palace? and she was sure he had applauded—so kind!"

"Why—yes," said Jack, making himself at home, "I think you are a stunner!"

"A what?"

"Well—that was to say, the right thing in singing. Didn't Mr. Dwyorts think so?"

There is only one way to end this.

"Here, Wortley, just come along with me: I want to speak with you. Good bye, Therese."

"Adieu! At six to-morrow, Diego.—Don't speak—I *will* come! I have your address. Adieu, monsieur!"

She hoped to see him again; and Jack was certainly flurried in parting.

It was near eleven as they got into the street. They walked clubwards silently.

"I tell you what," said Jack, "you take on too much. Lord bless you! I, that have lived in wild parts of the world, don't think any thing of a few wives extra."

"You're mistaken, Wortley; it was no marriage: it was all irregular and illegal."

"And is she—the little un—going to law—Crim. Con.—and so on?"

"The idea! Nothing of the kind.

"Well—you are a lucky one. Hang me if I don't think as you've got the two prettiest wives in London!"

"You looked as if you wouldn't mind taking Therese from me."

"Mr. Dwyorts—Mr. Diego Dwyorts—I never talk disrespectfully of a woman."

"Why not, if you think the disrespect?"

"Which I never do."

Chapter XXIV.

Night.

They walked on again in silence. Diego was turning various plots over in his mind. As he had phrased it, the real man was perhaps coming out. For a man in jeopardy, in confusion, losing the game, Mr. John Wortley was an awkward companion. So prosperous, content, and master of the situation: Diego, no doubt, felt hard envy. How had he attained to this supreme serenity of sensation? How was equal wealth, a like security, to be attained? Diego was very manlike. He was not the nature that sinks because it is oppressed—not before a hideous struggle for conquest of men and things again. Calculating every thing with vehement perceptions of his chances, would it not be worth while to make a friend of this Wortley?

"You are upset," said Jack, as they neared the club. "It's hot. Come in, and pour ice down, and we'll smoke and think. If you like me to leave you alone, you'll say so."

"Not at all—the reverse! My father told me to trust in you, and I will. Let us go in."

Deep was the obeisance of the porter at the club door, as arm-in-arm these two young gentlemen of renowned wealth

walked up the steps. Eagerly humble were the waiters. Flattering were the nods and smiles of the company, concluding a gossipping week in the languid smoking-room, cool with assuaging sling. Touchingly delicate was the perfection of the mixture placed before these two last arrivals.

They stayed late—late into the Sunday morning; with other gentlemen as good Christians. Diego, perplexed, had not guarded his potations, and was rather savage.

What a resource is a cab! But what an injured race are the cabmen! They are the sailors of great cities:—sailors in the uniformity of their reckless attire, and their countenances reddened and hardened by weather exposure, and in the peculiar slang with which, using professional terms, they speak of all mundane affairs. They are sailors in their republican contempt for worldly dignities and dignitaries. All sailors have deep contempt for all who do not understand ships, cabmen despise any intellect unconcerned with horses. They are sailors in their intense acuteness and decided inclination to swindle. Yet sailors—dirty, improvident, dishonest—have a poetical position among men; and, except among shipowners and captains, Jack has the merit of a jolly dog, innocent as a puppy, prettily playful. Jarvey has no novelists, and no Dibdins; for the street is not the sea, and we miss the sixpences extorted from ourselves. When we sit in the cab, and look at the statue-like heap of old clothes on the box, steering us through the traffic of London, we feel towards him as if he was the inevitable foe—as Cape settlers regard a Kaffir—as Christians once regarded the Jew. His affecting devotion to his horse, whom he drives slowly in conviction of the risks of a rapider pace, meets with no sympathy from us: we consider the quadruped as in league with his conductor.

It must be a painful trial to the Christian heart of a Prolocutor, or other circumlocutory divine, as he drives from Convocation to the Railway station in the cab. How he nerves his manliness and his dignity for the decided encounter with the cabman at the end of the journey! For he knows the cabman, reflecting as he goes, is arranging the overcharge; and his reverence can*not* love that cabman as he loves his bishop, his wife, and his other neighbors. The female sex must endure bewildered emotions in their transactions with the cabman. The cabman in this respect is like the Eastern eunuch: he has no feeling for, no pity for, weak woman. He may be a good-looking, brisk, broad-shouldered young cabman; but did any lady ever stop to gaze as he chaffed and whipped his way along the Strand? The Jolly Young Waterman of History naturally took to the cab business when the river was given up to the steamboats; but no account is given that he ran away with any rich citizen's daughter towards the close of his career.

Yet, what a resource is the cab! "Cab, sir?"—it sounds, that hail, as if the Good Samaritan was at your service for sixpence a mile. And, on the whole, it is much better to organize Good Samaritanism so that it shall pay.

At the hour at which they left the club, even capitalists must depend upon hack carriages.

"You had better get into a cab with me and take a bed at my house in Park Lane," suggested Wortley, always compact and quiet.

"I'll not go to your house in Park Lane, and I'll not take a cab! The air is cool, and I'll walk. I like walking the streets as the day breaks. Walk with me. See, I'm steady. Allons!"

When a gentleman who has assisted in suppressing Sunday

music in the Parks, retires to his couch on a Saturday night, it is, let us hope and pray, with a general notion that the Sabbath commences about the hour at which he will be looking for his breakfast next morning. Consequently, what to him are the Sabbath desecrations that set in at 12.1 midnight? The law and the police have closed the public-houses; and Mr. Jones is satisfied.

Yet a Sunday morning in London is a sad affair! As the light of God's day breaks, what sights are in the streets! Like the houses, which stand out in the air—free for some hours from smoke, clear, well-defined—Sin at these times is acutely visible—sharply ragged, distinctly loathsome:—well-settled sediment of a great capital—kissed by the sun like carrion. There the sinister daughter of Joy reels from coffee-house to cab: brilliant, as other beauties' clothes under gas; but now bruised about the gaudy bonnet, unkempt about the robe, tainted about the face. Don't shrink from her! She is a Priestess: a Vestal that came out to watch the gas: a servant of the state, according to statesmen over their wine. And, miss, when you go to Rome, go into a certain gallery, where you will see a piece of sculpture representing Venus trampling upon Cupid—you can usefully philosophise on that. The reveller who guards her, or jeers her—and, rather than not any notice, would she have insult: such is the strange craving of the class—is battered, too; glassy, about the eye, that in the morning is to meet that of mother and sister; jaded in attire, worn out in walk—a disastrous spectacle for the centre of the universe to flame upon.

What a row is here, after greasy debauch! Blood—blood distilled with gin—is drawn: a cry, "To the Hospital!" But one cab on the rank: the horse asleep with head askant, dream-

ing of when a lady rode him, when a fragrant stable held him, when pastures soft to the feet and sweet to the nose were caressed by his whilom white teeth. Where is cabman? asleep, inside; wrapped in all the voluptuous uncleanliness of that many-caped coat, which, like an oyster's shell, haply shows the cabman's years. "Cab, sir? yessir:" How glad is the gentleman who wears a shirt perfumed as he went into the opera box—now, alas! again otherwise perfumed—to get into the tent pitched on wheels, to place his curled locks in the corner, warmed by the occiput of uncombed Cabby, to sleep till he is landed at the door of his father's mansion, or his own retreat in solemn and suggestive chambers! Blessed arrival—he is friendly with Cabby! In all the meaning of the maudlin, he gives a handful of silver, and, as Cabby steadies him up-stairs, where goes his watch? Cabby drives fast by the policeman, on his way to the stables; for the policeman, solitarily pacing in the now empty streets, as a young knight watching his armor, would have conversation: at these hours there being a truce between the antagonists. The policeman gazes long down the street after the hurried cab, wondering would it be worth his while to run after it, and make a charge; and behind policeman creeps out at a favorable moment, the released lover from that respectable-looking house.

And, the while, bishops snore and statesmen sleep; and we all pay our taxes. And the cats slink home through the areas; and the birds reappear from impossible roosting-places, and begin to sing. The Lord has given us another day; and His providence is upon us. Lo! already—"Milk!" Let us arise and shave.

you would inherit £100,000; you know that: and it's a mistake. But my father, when he grasped at that, was on the verge of ruin. He is now, still. I had to give way."

"You then loved some one else? I was not so dishonorable: my heart was free, and I have tried to love you."

"All wrong: I liked you at once: I loved you, awfully, afterwards: and, if you were not so cold, I'd be loving you still."

She murmured, "I cannot be anything but what you call cold."

He was moving about the room, lost in his own thoughts, and plunging into brutal candor.

"Love another! Not a bit of it. It's worse than that, Nea."

"For Heaven's sake—what?"

He ground his teeth, and gazed furiously at her, as she again sank on the carpet.

"Why—do you hear? I was married to another."

She sprang up, erect.

"Do you dare to tell me, sir, that my family was betrayed —that I am dishonored?"

"I dare to tell any fact. That's the fact! Yes—that's the fact! That's the scrape; and now, will you behave like a sensible woman? Sit down on that chair—sit down, I say! Therese—that's the girl—is a demon. She could do nothing, in reality; it was a boy and girl freak; it was all illegal. All the danger is in exposure. She'll do that, if we provoke her. She wants to see you; she is coming here to dinner—to-day. Now, I know what she means. She hates ladies—women who are above her class; she is a singer, and she resents the airs of virtue. If you are haughty with her, she will ruin you.

If you play your cards, this secret may go to the grave untold."

"Have you done, sir?"

He was still furious. She would make no answer to his passionate enquiries, what she meant? She was dressing herself rapidly. She put a bonnet on; he tore it off her head. She moved towards the door. He pulled her violently back, and but that she caught a chair, she would have fallen. She then feigned submission: sat quietly; and he flung himself on the bed and slept soon. Then she rose; got another covering for her head; took a few shillings from her purse: looked round the room with tearful eyes, and went down-stairs. She opened the door carefully, shut it as quietly as she could, and fled—fled from her husband's house! Brave girl! Why did she look so guiltily back?

A change in the *dramatis personæ* of the streets of the Sunday morning! As that slim, light clothed, pure-eyed girl flies along, the policeman, aghast, stares, frankly startled. He does not know what to make of her. The coffee-stand at the corner is puzzled. The sedimental group, enjoying the grouts of Mocha, calls after her, jocosely inquisitive. The sleepy cab-horse of the isolated cab, lonely joint of the vertebræ of the rank, wakes up as she passes. The scavenger pauses over his labor: how came this gleam of God among the filth he traffics with? The sauntering courtezan, without bed, without money, without hope, wandering about till doors are open, turns and looks after the hurrying lady: mutters something: turns again, and weeps.

Nea is passing Westminster Abbey. The swallows are active there: like eminent statesmen, they are passing from one side of the road to the other, exchanging the new Palace resting-

place for the old Abbey resting-place. Under the grey sky, the blackened pile looks grand and sad, and Nea stops and prays a short prayer to the God to whom the Head Church was erected. Then past the white, daintily chiselled Parliament House, silent of M.P.s; over the old bridge that the old river sings under, and into Surrey. Through the miles of brick, unmodified brick, apparently tenantless brick—a city of brick—to fresher air in Surrey. It's a long walk; but, when a young lady is running away from her husband, her energies are prodigious.

Before Nea got to the end of her walk, the world was rising around and about her; and, as she was not dressed for any particular occasion, housemaids arrested mops and paused over pans to study her. She gets fagged at last, and purchases a drink of milk, and then refreshed moves on. At last she is before the villa of the Misses Holsom, her relatives at Brixton. One of the pretty maid-servants—it is nine o'clock—comes tripping out. Yes: the ladies are up, and at breakfast. She enters. The old ladies clasp their hands and scream, and then, being good old ladies, they make her go to bed: and she tells her story, and is left in quiet: and the old ladies send off an express for Jack Wortley.

"We must keep her mind off her misfortunes, meanwhile," said Miss Clara, a yellow old lady.

"Yes, we must occupy her mind," said Miss Bertha, a red old lady.

"I'll give her my treatise on the rainbow, I think."

"I would recommend, myself, Dr. Cute's 'Short Cut to Heaven.'"

"Really, Bertha, you are getting more beguiled every day."

"Upon my word, Clara, your narrow-mindedness is quite unworthy of you."

"What did cousin John tell you?"

"Well, well, he'll be here in an hour; and we can consult him."

"Ought we not to write to her aunt at Hampton Court?"

"Yes, and have her come and look down on us vulgar, moneyed people!"

"She does pride herself too much on her father being a peer."

"She's an old fool!"

"I think she is."

"Well, now, sister, kiss after quarrelling, and I'll go to church with you in the afternoon."

"We must tell cook to give the poor girl plenty of arrow-root, and have some beef-tea for her dinner."

"Yes! Did she say her husband beat her?"

"No; only tried to prevent her going out."

"I'm glad, Bertha, I never married."

"Oh, Heaven be thanked—yes!"

Amiable, admirable old maids! That Old Guard of chastity,—"Qui meurent et ne se rèndent pas."

Chapter XXVI.

A Mad Story.

Let us go out of town. Are you not weary of this towney life? its diseased, dissipated, fevered, intriguing, pushing, competing, objectless, unholy life? Of its men and women, scrambling, scuffling, scandaling, sneering? Pardon the presentation of such personages to you: they are blasphemously heartless. But they are human: and it is their side of humanity we are studying. One-half the world is ceaselessly engaged in keeping the other half right; and I am only suggesting to you that it is badly done. Suppose we leave them a little while.

You breathe freely as you get clear of the station at Euston. The engine seems glad to get into purity, and rushes with delicious ferocity. See—out of London!—clear of that veil of smoke that Providence has placed there to hide the doings of Man from the Angels. Look, we are under Harrow church! Boys are perhaps playing cricket: certainly there is freshness left in the world. Do you remember—you always do, as you pass—how Byron used to sit on a tombstone up there, and wonder at Nature! Throw yourself back in the carriage: sit on that likely deathbed—your seat in the train—and muse.

Wolverton! The soup is excellent here; only a little too hot. We are going on a visit to Miss Mary Dasert, in Staffordshire. I'll tell you her story as we go. It's a long "shunt," as Mr. George Hudson would say: but it's interesting.

About thirty years ago, among the Surrey hills, on a broad heath, stood the only house for many miles around; a vast red brick mansion—half palace half farmhouse. It had been commenced by a Turkey merchant retiring from business, and it had been finished by a farmer-smuggler, who rented the heath, and who supplied London with French goods landed on the Sussex coast. It was, many years ago, occupied by a great physician, who was making a fortune by taking care of the wealthy insane. The Turkey merchant's graceful corridors served as wards; the smuggler's vast cellarage served as dungeons. It might have been built on purpose: as the great physician, returning from his regular ride, constantly soliloquized on the Surrey hills. It was a capital madhouse. In those days the lonely situation was not the least advantage observed by the great physician: who had made his money by observation.

Many, many years ago, then, one Christmas eve, all was dark without: the restless rain drizzled against the big house. But there was much light within: the upper part of the house was brilliant. Below, every entrance was barred; but above there were pleasant windows; and these windows now threw sheets of light from within upon the dreadful night. Standing close under the walls, you could have heard music; peering up, you could see figures flitting athwart the light. It was very strange; for this is a madhouse: a madhouse thirty years ago.

This great physician was a great Reformer. He knew nothing of his art, as Forbes Winslow knows it; but he was a large-headed man—and was possessed of common-sense and energy: and his common-sense had taught him how to manage the mad; and his energy had enabled him to press his views generally upon a connection formed by his pamphlets: so that he was making a fortune by his common-sense. Ahead of his time, in his department, he startled: but he was winning; and he was working out his theories in this lonely house on the Surrey hills.

This theory was, that gentleness and kindness are, after a first cruelty or two, more efficacious in keeping patients quiet than blows and bludgeons. He did not believe in cures—he always candidly told his employers so—but he would keep the afflicted creatures quiet: "and quiet," he'd say, "is a great deal, my dear sir." And the dear sirs groaned acquiescently.

But this great physician, who was also a great Reformer, was making a fortune; and, as the keeper of a private Lunatic Asylum, he dealt in *lettres de cachet:* relatives, he said, must know best; and when a patient was brought to him as mad, he took for granted that the encaptured individual was mad: and he treated those brought to him according to his theories for the insane.

The great red brick house is therefore not full of the really mad: there are others who are merely weak or silly, and who have been got out of the way by afflicted relatives not possessed of money enough, and desirous of centring family property in their own persons. Very dreadful: but such things were, thirty years ago—when the Reformed Religion had been some time established in this land: and such things, to

some slighter extent, are still—when locomotives have whirled great civilization among us.

The doctor divided his establishment into three departments. The dungeons for the raging; the ground floor for the restive and the impulsive; the second and third floors for the moody and the contented—the quiet classes. There was an established system of promotion. The doctor saw every patient, as he or she came in: and generally alone; for the doctor was a strong man. Most were violent, at first; but, whether violent or not, the doctor walked up to them (the men) and knocked them down. Some wrestled and struggled; but the doctor always conquered: he had much practice.

This, he said, was the first step in the right direction: he established his own physical and moral supremacy; and his theory was, that the mad naturally like those who can beat them—that the slave most needs, in his human wants, a master. When the knocked down was picked up, he was taken to the dungeon—as were women likewise—and there talked to: examined—ascertained. As long as the violence continued, so long was the residence in the dungeon: as the doctor always told the violent—through the trapdoor. Some were never calmed: in fact, the dungeons were nearly full; and many had already died miserably during the doctor's stay, and had been buried on a "consecrated" bit of the heath.

Those who calmed and made promises, got taken up to the ground floor and smelt the air again; and they liked the better treatment and better food so well, that they seldom had to be knocked down by the doctor's fist, or crushed by the keeper's leaded stick. Some of these, however, did not

get well enough to go higher: those who did, rose to the next floors; but there they stayed—there was then neither rising nor falling: none, in the doctor's time, had ever got out of that house. Humorously the doctor used to call his three floors his three estates; and he the king: he would compare his house to the world, and when he got new patients, chuckle over the sinister comparison.

One Christmas eve, then, the doctor for the first time was trying a great experiment—throwing the second and third floor inhabitants together—appealing to their sociality: they were all of the genteeler classes, and had relics of fashion and manner about them; so he was offering them negus—inducing them into music—setting them to cards, arranging them into dances.

The men and women had been confined in separate wards, of course; and now, brought together, they stared at one another, were shy, uneasy, and kept apart, and did not speak when the doctor forced and pushed them into the dance. Their common subjects of conversation were certainly scarce; and, as each had been tamed enough by the burly doctor to know that they were in a madhouse, there was a shame in the sensations with which the one sex encountered the other, somewhat inimical to the success of the experiment now being made upon them. In truth, the experiment was not succeeding. The rooms were alive with light, the holly was abundant, the refections overflowing; and the music—some of the patients, and they were the least unhappy, playing themselves—was not allowed to cease for an instant. The doctor was moving about in every direction, like a warm host at a country ball; joking, laughing, flirting; urging, roistering, appealing: he merry and brisk and jovial—with

a dreadful fear at his heart that he had been too venturous.

But that the men and women kept apart, talking and staring, in different corners, and that music played even when the compulsory dance was over, and that the doctor's wife, cowering on a sofa, did not look the hostess, this ball-room was like any other ball-room, and the thirty or forty persons there, like any other thirty or forty persons enjoying at that time of the year, the dissipations of British society. Still the keepers—six stout strong men, with leaded sticks—who were sitting in an anteroom, and who, one by one, had peeped at the festivities, whispered and grinned knowingly at one another, and had a superior contempt for the great physician, that night.

The doctor struggled on for an hour, perspiring, despairing; and had made more negus—a keeper had brought in the hot water—and then sat down by his wife, to wipe his forehead and think what should be the next step. His wife said, "You see they do not understand it: better let me get the females off to bed;" he replied, "No, no! perhaps their strangeness will wear off: let us wait and see further." Yet still he thought his wife was right.

All eyes were on the strong doctor. Madmen and madwomen wondered what he looked vexed for, and what he expected them to do. The card-tables stopped, too, as with one accord: without agreement. The three mad fiddlers gave in; and the mad lady at the piano left off her country-dance, turning round to look at the doctor. The blind, hired fiddler gave in, too, then; and put out his hand for drink. He had been one of a band which for an hour had been playing contrary tunes simultaneously; and as a professional man he

was wearied and disgusted: resolving not to get drunk, lest he should never find his way across the heath.

There was silence—odd and unpleasant silence.

A young man came forward. He had a bulbous head, and black, bright eyes; the glare of which menaced. Tall and graceful, and very strong, but stepping forward unsteadily—with the tread of a lunatic; "Doctor," he said, smiling, and bending his handsome head in deep reverence to the doctor's wife—"I have been asked to sing: you know I was famous in my regiment for my voice: have I your permission?"—"Delighted," cried the doctor, springing up: "how is it that we never thought of that before? Sing, my dear fellow, by all means." The young fellow—he was called the captain, in the house—smiled acknowledgments. "I will sing a Scotch war song," he said: "it is professional." The men crowded up to the doctor's sofa, and then the doctor invited the ladies, and brought them over.

"I must sing in character," said the Captain. "Miss" (to a delicate, weak-faced girl), "will you lend me your scarf? Thank you. Doctor, lend me your gold-headed cane: it will be a sword. There, now, I've a tartan round me; my claymore is in my hand: by God I feel a soldier again!" He walked up and down the room, fronting the company, his head down, thinking, his hand beating his forehead: new thoughts were coming in. He had forgotten a song he wanted to sing. But an exclamation told that he had hit on what he sought for; he stopped suddenly; fire and force in his eye and countenance: and in a rich round voice, with a shout that made the keepers spring up in their den, he commenced—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

And as he sung, he marched, gesticulating vehemently, lost in the scene the song called up. He was furiously mad: as bad as when he was first taken to the dungeons; and, when he swore that he was "The Bruce," the doctor quailed. "The Bruce" had called him "proud Edward" when he first entered the house. Should this old idea return! Ah! it had returned: the lunatic had stopped in his pacings opposite the doctor; and the crowd was between the doctor and the door.

But the doctor was a bold man; he kept his eye on the madman.

The song had warmed the blood about the hearts of the other madmen; their breasts were heaving—the madness was becoming contagious.

The doctor's wife leaned back, fainting; the madwomen were pleased, and were beating time with their feet as they stood.

"This must be put a stop to!" The doctor arose—quietly. And, as he arose, the Bruce realized the vision of proud Edward. The gold-headed, but leaded cane—his emblem of the sceptre, the doctor used to say—came down with a fearful crash on the bald head. The blow was fatal: the doctor fell dead. And the Bruce went on—

> "Lay the proud usurper low,
> Tyrants fall in every foe;
> Liberty's in every blow,
> Let us do or die."

The Bruce planted his foot on the slain—renewing, raising, the mighty chorus of his song. And the wildness had mounted and spread: the other madmen roared louder; they had clearly taken the doctor's death as a matter of course—

as part of the play they were acting. And the doctor was the proud Edward. He had given them a glimpse of liberty, and they knew they had been prisoners.

The doctor's wife fled screaming; the keepers rushed in—appalled—and ranged themselves near the body; from which the lunatics, at the rush, had fallen back: still singing, however, and gesticulating. The keepers were very puzzled. The head keeper said, "Bring out sticks;" three left the room to carry out the stratagem.

The Bruce, now yelling his song with hideous emphasis, saw the whisper—saw the expression of the faces. He leaped forward with a bound like a tiger's. Heavens! He had shot back the massive bolts of the strong door: only three keepers were in the room, and fifteen raging lunatic men.

The Bruce was armed. Waving his heavy claymore, and standing with his back to the door, he defied the English and summoned the Scotch to his side; and the Scotch gathered round him. The women had retreated, and were playing with the cards on the card-tables, or were looking idly and wonderingly on.

It was a moment of horror to the keepers. They roared, "Break open the door!" The door was beaten with heavy sticks, and cries were heard, "Open it!" Then the singing ceased.

The Bruce felt his responsibilities as a general, and was almost calm—quite in earnest. One of the lunatics, an old man, was seen to stand on a chair—he pulled down a curtain pole. Three curtain poles were down in a second. The Bruce pointed to the fire-place; bars of iron were seized in a second.

Bewildered, the keepers had stood still, this time; the enemy had got the advantage. The pealing at the door was

louder, and with heavier blows of something massiver than sticks.

The Bruce resumed his song; the chorus was renewed; there was a rush at the keepers. Well—they died like men, or rats.

Then the door was opened; two men-servants had come to the aid of the three beleaguered keepers. But the madmen's blood was up: there were no fire-arms, and they were the strongest. Two of them had sunk, horribly bruised; but they had been avenged. Those keepers who were knocked down, were beaten or poled to death. One of them fled, the Bruce after him; he reached the yard, on his way to the heath; there was a wrestle; the Bruce crushed him into a well, and he was heard of no more.

That Christmas eve, the big house on the Surrey hills was in the possession of a small army of madmen.

The Bruce took command of the castle. He fastened all the doors, and all the windows; and the female servants caught in the kitchen, fainting over their swooned mistress, were taken prisoners to the ball-room. The madwomen were very polite to them. The mad ladies had entered into the spirit of the business: that is, those who were really insane, converted themselves into the Bruce's Scottish court; the merely weak were too frightened to do more than stare astonished: they were not quite alarmed.

"Spread the tables!" ordered the Bruce. They were spread. A supper was laid out from the materials already collected in a near room. "Who knows the way to the cellar?" "I! I! I!" "Go, all three; fetch your king some wine, and let us drink to victory. Ladies, take your seats. Beauty should banquet with valor!"

The doctor's and the keepers' bodies were removed out of the way. Guards were set over the women of the house. The wounded were consoled. The banquet of about thirty madmen and women was in progress. These people must be excused; of course the ladies got excited, and, when they did, they began to neglect etiquette. Such a symposium as this never before took place in the world.

Characters now came out: before, it was but a crowd. There were more kings than Bruce, and every king proposed royal alliances. The *dramatis personæ* of lunacy are well known—they are at every asylum—they were here.

There was little acquaintance with Scottish history among the banqueters, and Bruce did not get on well in inducing his knights to answer to their names. His tone, as he drank, became too high; and the other drinkers began to protest. Each announced himself: every maniac was now inflamed; and all talked and screamed at once. The women sang, laughed, and cried.

An old man sitting at the end of the table most distant from Bruce, rose, and said, "Mr. Speaker"—this was his madness; he was in the House of Commons. The odd address secured a silence in the din; every face was turned towards him. He was humored: lunatics can see one another's follies, and several said, "Hear, hear—Oh, Oh!"—"Sir," said the old gentleman, "I believe, as the doctor has frequently mentioned, and not confidentially, for he had a loud voice, and I may repeat it,—I believe, sir, I say, if you will allow me, unwilling as I am to keep the house from a division, that there are three estates in this house"—(hear, hear.) "Well, sir, why should not all the estates come up to supper?"

It told: there was a screaming applause; men and women

rushed from the room and poured down-stairs; they were on their way to open the dungeons! They were going to let loose the wild beasts!

Guards and all; so that the servant-girls got away, and by back-stairs out on to the heath—flying, scared. Bruce rose last from the table; he had been crowned with holly, and was mad with wine. "Let me lead you!" he shouted, still with his claymore. But they would not stop. The yells, and laughter, and songs of the banqueters could be heard in the rooms below. So the Bruce was left to follow, and he followed.

As he reached the passage, inflamed, and reeling, and uncertain, a young girl touched his arm. She was the young girl he had taken the scarf from at the ball. She had been sent to the house by afflicted friends as an idiot, and the doctor had taken great pains with her: and, though she had not understood the scene which had passed, she had shrank from it—had been chosen as a partner by none—merely been a spectator of the banquet. She had heard the doctor speak of the dungeons; she had a vague horror of the inmates; and, when the rush down-stairs had taken place, her soul was filled with fear, and she trembled.

The magnificent figure, the song, the leadership of the captain, had struck her. She felt nearer to him than to others, and she advanced affectionately to consult him.

He knew her again, and his bright eyes grew larger and brighter with delight. She had not calculated it; but then she did not know he was so very mad.

A singular idea struck the maniac Bruce. He would be married!

Now, there was a clergyman in the house. His Bishop and his wife had sent him there, upon a pretext that his (since

called Puseyite) views on the regeneration by baptism proved his lunacy; the pretext being supported by his general manner and conduct; which were rather imbecile, and, in that respect, justified the medical lettre-de-cachet.

The Bruce collected a small company of ladies and gentlemen, charmed and further excited at the idea of a wedding—as indeed sane people are—and the trembling girl was married to him, according to all the sacred forms, and there was a wedding feast.

It was two days before the magistrates collected their courage and their military to march upon the mad fortress.

On the second day there was a great battle among the garrison. The dungeon demons warred on the Bruce; the house was set on fire, and many were burned to death.

The Bruce escaped, with his wife, and hid for three days among the hills. But he had been severely wounded, and bled to death at a farmhouse. There assistance was ridden for, and there he was found, with the girl; who—herself singed, bruised, and now almost mad in reality—tended on him.

The gossips—there were gossips then—talked that Christmas more than gossips ever talked before.

They told how, when the Bruce was at his last gasp, he whispered to the girl, in a hoarse whisper that made the flesh creep—

'Welcome to your gory bed."

What most perplexed them was, that the victim-girl turned out after all quiet and well-behaved, and not at all the raging lunatic that she ought to have been. She was nursed into health by a beautiful brunette lady, who came from London

to that farmhouse; and who, it seemed, was very fond of her, and did think her better than she ought to be.

Miss Dasert of Beechton, Staffordshire, then an orphan, rich and handsome, but mourning the madness of this Bruce, to whom she had been engaged, went up to London when she heard of this dreadful affair, and adopted the wife-widow of her lover. The poor young creature died in giving birth to a daughter, and this daughter, taken possession of by Miss Dasert, was at twenty-five years of age left by that lady as mistress of that snug little property, Beechton, and of £50,000 in the funds. The will described the young lady as "my adopted daughter," and that was all the solicitors or the county found out; for Miss Dasert, during all the time that her adopted daughter was reaching twenty-five years of age, had lived either in London (for "masters"), or with her abroad, and had concealed the story. The young lady had been christened Mary Dasert, and now was, in her turn, Miss Dasert of Beechton, Staffordshire.

Perhaps, among the many theories which afflict and confuse mankind, there is no greater delusion than that *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, and "Murder will out." There is such a thing as a secret being kept sometimes, and of permanently successful dishonesty, and of undiscovered murders. In the plots of three volume novels every thing is revealed in the last chapter:—the "who killed Cock Robin? I, said the Sparrow" form of fiction requiring these unities. But, in life, are we not aware of knowing one or two things about our families and ourselves which we never mention—not even to the wives of our bosoms?—For every pickpocket who is taken, ten pickpockets escape; and why not apply the calculation to other modes of thieving and outrage on conventionalities?

Bigamy is very common, but few are brought up before a magistrate for justice; though we may be sure the criminal is deeply punished for his sins, by private torture at the hands of his second wife, thus made an agent of Providence. It is the minority who are found out. We know very little of one another.

Miss Dasert, deceased, was intensely religious, by temperament and conviction, nature and logic. Her Christianity, after her great sorrow and sacrifices—not that she did not become a perfectly contented and happy middle-aged lady—was without flaw, carnally or morally. But she kept her secret about her adopted daughter. The main object of her life, when this young lady had reached her eighteenth year, was to see her happily married and settled; and she accepted for her the addresses and attentions of numerous gentlemen of rank, or respectability, and honor. To all inquiries with respect to the young lady, she answered that she was the daughter of a dear friend of hers, and that her father and mother had died in the child's infancy: and she gave a wrong name, and utterly baffled all traces of the real fact. I suppose this was very dishonest of Miss Dasert—she did not think so.

And as nobody, not even the girl herself, ever heard what Miss Dasert could have said as to the fact, so Miss Dasert never heard what people, piqued, did say in a guess. They said young Miss D. was old Miss D.'s natural daughter. That was the universal faith on the point. The reader, now acquainted with the circumstances, can appreciate the justice of the world. If the world had advertised, or made a pilgrimage to the Surrey hills, to see the house in which Dibdin lived and wrote the songs that conquered the French, they would have got at the truth from an old woman, to be seen any day in that

neighborhood. The world prefers to guess, and then applauds the novelists who declare that *Magna est veritas et prævalebit,* and who represent their murderers as invariably possessing bloodshot eyes and a restless manner.

I never knew but one murderer, and he is a very pleasant, gentlemanly, easy-tempered, calm, unregretting man. To be sure he is French ; but French nature cannot be so very different from human nature, as Mr. Addison and, since, Sir Edward Lytton have represented.

Chapter XXVII.

A True-Love Story.

When Mary Dasert was nineteen or twenty years of age, her mother, guardian—whatever you please to call her—resolved that she must be taught German, and took her to Footunder; as the best German-speaking city in the Fatherland, and as possessing some traditional knowledge of English cookery, which had been taught to all the court cooks by his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gobble, when viceroy of Footunder for his brothers Fuddle and Diddle. The ladies went to a fashionable boarding-house, which was on a garden, as Germans phrase it; and thither one day, during their stay, came a certain Mr. Saxon Wornton, *en route* for Bierberg from London, and idling in the capital in order to pick up a few words with which to face that dreadful university. He engaged a room, took off his hat to everybody about, and strolled into the garden, feeling very sad and lonely; so young among so many strangers, the most accomplished of whom, so far as his first introduction had gone, only knew, of the English language, that the Vicar of Wakefield "vash always of hoping on dat, &c., &c."—meaning to quote, as Ger-

mans will, from the first lines of the great Irish poet's beautiful book, which is the first lesson in English for all foreigners.

As he strolled about the extensive garden, he saw a young lady unaffectedly up among the branches of a cherry-tree. She was eating the ripe cherries with great assiduity. She was showing her ankles and stockings in a shocking manner. Her mass of golden hair was all in disorder, strewn over her stained muslin-covered shoulders, and entangled in the branches of the tree. Her grey eyes were startlingly, purely bright, as she stared down at the stranger. The fair sweet face would have struck you, even if you met it in the proper way, in a ball-room. Saxon thought of pictures he had seen, of nymphs lying in Italian landscapes among bunches of red grapes, and clusters of black Bacchuses, and heaps of green leaves. He thought, he says, in telling the story, of a variety of things which are more or less credible.

"*Wollen Sie?*"—said she at last, after a long, calm, unruffled stare. She held out some cherries, thinking that he might like some.

She thought he was a German, and he thought she was a German. He shook his head and said—"Can't speak German."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "an Englander! What a comfort!" And she sat down on a branch and left off eating. "Except to the chaplain in the king's chapel" (this was in Ernest's time, for he adhered to the forms and ceremonies of the faith of his father George the Third, and would never go into the Lutheran churches of his subjects), "and his wife, I haven't spoken to an English person for six months."

He did not know what to say. At his age, gentlemen are

not at ease with ladies. We get over it; but a youth's horror of a woman should guard him in his manhood!

She took another stare at him, while she tied up her hair, and that done, she said, "Please help me down. Minna was to have come, but I won't wait. She helped me up."

There was no bashfulness about her. To get her down, he had to put his arms around her, in the way that Paul carried Virginia across the rivulet, and so land her; and when her feet were on the ground, she said without the least confusion—

"Thank you! You are stronger than Minna. Am I heavy?"

Heavy! He was only too happy. To find a countrywoman—unexpected pleasure! So beautiful, too.

"They say I am pretty. I am glad you think so. How did you come here?"

He explained—just arrived—brought there by the commissioner from the British Hotel. How rejoiced at his luck!

"I'm glad you're come. So will mama be. Come into the house."

"With pleasure—will you take my arm?"

"Oh, that is not done in Footunder! They'd think we were engaged lovers."

"I am sure I wish we were, then," burst out the boy.

"Do you really? That's strange! I should like to be engaged to you. Let's ask mama."

Saxon was overwhelmed, and felt the blood in his head with stinging suddenness. Here was a young lady, whom he had not seen five minutes, accepting a compliment of the idlest sort as a proposal of marriage; and he was being straightway led into the presence of that young lady's mama. His first

impulse was to run away back to the hotel. But his character was adventurous, and he resolved to see it out.

Perhaps there was no resolution in the case. He couldn't help himself. We are always talking of our resolutions when we relate our accidents.

She walked by his side up the long walk, looking a great deal at the ground, but a great deal at the young gentleman. His comely English face was a novelty to her. Before they reached the door they were arm-in-arm.

He whispered—"Had you not better delay mentioning any thing to your mama?—She will be surprised."

"Yes, she will be surprised!" was the answer, quite collected, unaccompanied by any laugh. "But I'll tell her, of course."

The directness about this young lady abashed Mr. Saxon Wornton.

They passed into the house and up-stairs, entered a room in which sat an elderly lady dressed in half-mourning. There are women who are always in mourning, and to whom the garb looks natural: this was one of them. She was a little old lady, with black bright eyes, massive black-grey hair, surmounted by a little slate-colored ribboned cap; long white hands. She was writing—copying music.

The young lady went up to her and kissed her. "Mama, here is a young gentleman from England; come to lodge here. I was glad to see him, and I thought you would be. He said that he would like to be engaged to me."

She sat down on a stool at her mama's feet.

"Engaged to you! What is this?—Tell me who you are, sir, and what you have said to my daughter?" She rose astonished; and when ladies are bewildered they are rather hot and angry.

Saxon had a tendency to run down-stairs. He felt like a fool, and humiliatingly confused. He had never met such an imposing little lady—so powerful in the dignity of the thorough lady.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know how it happened. I meant no wrong. I helped your daughter down from a tree, and she was so frank that—I suppose I was indiscreet."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am Saxon Wornton, ma'am. My father is Mr. Wornton of Wornton Hall, Staffordshire. I have just come from Hamburg and am going to Bierberg. There are my letters, ma'am, to Mr. Blind, the minister here."

"I take your word, sir, of course, for the letters." She was quite mollified. "In fact, as you are the son of Mr. Wornton, you are the grandson of the Mr. Wornton who was my trustee, and we are great friends. Very odd to meet you that way! But, pray, explain how you came to propose to my daughter? You cannot have known her half an hour: it is not so long since she left this room to walk in the garden. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! How did it happen?"

"I—I—have no notion. I don't think it was a proposal altogether—I wouldn't have been so rude, so soon: merely a compliment."

The young lady now took her fine eyes from the young man, looked up into her mama's, and repeated the precise words of what he had said, and what she had answered.

"My dear child—how extremely wrong! what childishness! Pray, sir, how old are you?"

"Nearly eighteen, ma'am."

"Why, you are younger than she is!" The old lady smiled, and was thoroughly amused. "What a pair of inno-

cents? Come, sir, sit down and let us talk. Do you know who we are?"

"Haven't the honor," said Saxon, seating himself, and feeling more comfortable.

"That's excellent! You proposed to a lady whose name you did not know. Talk of first love, indeed! There never was any thing like this."

The old lady laughed happily, till the tears came to her eyes. Saxon joined with great zest. The young lady did not laugh in the least.

"But, mama," she said with great deliberation, "you have often told me that first love is real love. You want to see me settled. If Mr. Saxon Wornton"—she had caught the name very accurately—"wishes me to marry him, and I would like, why do you laugh?"

The laughers were immediately grave.

"Will you go into your bed-room for a few moments, my darling?"

"Yes, mama!" and she rose. He rose, too, and she went over to him and offered her hand, which he took and pressed with confused gallantry. She then left the room.

Miss Dasert, the elder, had no great knowledge of the world. She was not shocked by her daughter's behavior, and saw nothing in it to shock any one else. She had no conception of the bewilderment of Saxon. Sweet, foolish, Miss Dasert!

"You will of course understand," said she to him, "that I cannot sanction any conversation whatever on what has passed, until you have made inquiries in respect to us. If you stay here you will see a good deal of us, and you will always be welcome in this, my part of the house. Young marriages

(she spoke musingly) are generally the happiest, I think. We shall see!"

And then they gossiped about the house and its inmates, Footunder, England, German students, German dishes; and in half an hour the old lady was in a state of enchantment with the boy, while he was quite happy.

When the ladies, after his departure to his own room, conversed together, the indiscreet old gentlewoman expressed her charmed astonishment at the interview in the garden, her admiration of the young man, and her perfect faith in his moral character and respectability of social position. This inflamed the simple girl; and, when she went down to the table-d'hôte, she considered that a great change had taken place in her life, and that she was a "Verlobte." In Germany all girls are, and she took it as she had taken the most natural transitions in her physical life.

He occupied, at a dinner, a seat between the two ladies. The gentle creatures almost waited on him in pressing food, and were further delighted with his tone of talk. He was so smart in his sayings, and took such bold views of things, that to the young lady his conversation was like the acquisition of a new language. Such a beautiful, bold lover! she was quite content with him: and the content was thrown to him out of her large caressing eyes. She was very happy, and ate very little, and was very rude to the company in general. Saxon was puzzled that she only laughed with her eyes; but he admitted that he had never before seen such grand eyes.

After "Essen" they sat at a table under the linden and took coffee; and Saxon, in that new scene, on that gentle summer evening, with a beautiful woman in love with him, thought that God was very good.

And they stole away to a walk among deeply-leaved trees, and the serpent arm crawled round her waist, and he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her mouth and eyes, and looked up to the saddening sky, and swore to her that he would be true, and would strive for her, and would try to make her happy. When he said this his eyes filled with tears; and she wondered at him, but adored him, and was calmly very happy.

The poetical have no right to complain of the above matter-of-fact account of an event which doubtless is susceptible of poetical treatment. It could do no harm to make our lovers talk the traditional ecstatic idiotcy in vogue, at any rate from the time of Mr. Shakespeare to that of Mr. Alexander Smith. But this is a report, not a poem. It is doubtful if Mr. Shakespeare addressed Anne Hathaway in the manner that Mr. Romeo addressed Miss Juliet; though, clearly, the man who could conceive Romeo and Juliet, had the poetical materials in him with which to explode in a very passable frenzy. Anne Hathaway would not have understood it; so he probably said, after a few kisses, that her eyes were good, and that it would be convenient to put the banns up.

Disingenuous and well-behaved young persons will not credit that a young lady could behave so absurdly as Miss Dasert (the second) is represented to have done. They must however consider, that "the young party" was quite unaccustomed to love-making, and had been brought up to think honestly, and to tell the truth. Making all allowances for the Italian nature of Juliet, they do not believe that a young lady could ever have been so rapidly affectionate as Juliet was; and they have some reason for their distrust on the point, since the authentic Shakespeare makes the nurse and mama talk grossness to the young lady, and gives us an impression that she foreknows her

functions as a spouse; while she herself confesses her conviction, that the process of declaration and acceptance was generally much slower than she and Romeo made it. Shakespeare has not made Juliet innocent, and it is only an innocent girl would be so extremely silly as the poet tells us she was. This must be Miss Dasert's excuse. She knew nothing of the art or of the statistics of love—no mother, grandmother, elder sister, or female friends were there, in her case, to render her knowledgeable. Is it incredible that there might be a woman under twenty years of age with a soul unsoiled by any speculation either as to the sentiment or the sensation of love?

Minna, being sent to look for her young lady, found her seated on a garden seat in the remotest corner of the garden, leaning her head on the shoulder of her lover. Minna was thunderstruck; but, in giving the old lady's summons, suppressed all comment. Minna, like all women, was charmed that her mistress had a "Schatz" (a Beloved); but Minna had had many in her prosperous time, and knew that this swift besieging was against all the rules.

"Ah, mama!" exclaimed the young lady, after she had said her prayers at the maternal knee, and was setting her pretty head on the pillow. "I am so happy! He is so handsome, and kind, and wise, mama—I should like to sleep all night with my head on his shoulder!"

"Oh, my dear Mary! you must not say that till you are married; and you must not be certain that I can give you to him: you may have to wait—he is very young."

"Dear mama, you must let me say, now as ever, the thoughts that come into my head. I only want to have him with me. To be married, and to live in a house of our own together, that is not what I care for—I can wait. But you must let me

him with me always—him and you. Dear mama, I love you, I think, more now, that I love him, too."

And the old lady philosophised, as well as she could, about the tender passion, and the duties of a young maid suffering from it; but the truth is, she knew very little about it, and thus she did no good to her daughter. They were such a very innocent pair:—and the eldest was, on the whole, by far the most flurried and excited by this new development in their lives.

There are young females, even in excellent circles, who do accept and plunge into passion for the first smooth-faced or smooth-spoken gentleman that addresses himself to their hearts; and such young ladies might be disposed to make excuses for this tenderly bred and sweetly spoiled child, Miss Dasert. But it so happens in her favor, that she had no less than seven very good offers; not to mention the bad ones from two successive singing-masters, who, deceived by that gentle pliant nature, thought that it was without will. She had refused them all, quietly, without understanding what they felt or affected to feel; and only now and then experiencing some regret, because of the incessant talk of her mama about the necessity of settling in life. But her mama always told her, in her old-maiden romantic manner, that marriage without love was a sin; and the young lady had been waiting patiently for the divine visit of passion.

The Misses Gobus would consider that one so innocent *must* be a fool. When they did meet her, they said so; for she didn't understand their coarse theories at all, and didn't blush when an impropriety was said; not knowing, poor girl, the catalogue of improprieties. Girls who have had boarding-schools, French governesses, French novels, elder sisters, and

flirtations since their fourteenth year with young gentlemen in their fourteenth year, set down simplicity and idiotcy as identical mental phenomena.

Miss-Dasert had never bought shoes or dresses for herself, or cooked or bought meats, or made any sort of worldly, mercantile, or domestic calculation. She had been brought up like a pet, a plaything: most useless no doubt; and, when she lost her mamma, was very helpless on earth: all the more so from her fortune.

These facts explain the unfavorable impressions she produced on smart women, in England, France, Germany, and Italy, who, at the same time, were not quite so pretty as she was. They likewise explain why elderly men could not understand her at all, and never will; and why the boy who made love to her in a childish way, won her at once. And yet, from some points of view, she had pretensions to considerable cleverness. All the accomplishments of a modern lady had been mastered; several instruments; all the right languages, including Latin. Taste, memory, and sensibility distinguished her. She had read all the books that her aunt would allow her to read, and they had been very numerous, and had given great insight into literature and human affairs. She could draw exquisitely, though she could not caricature. Her love of flowers had led her into much study of botany, and she knew so far the theory of marriage—the espousals of petals. Had she been a school-girl, she would have been the boast of professors, but her mama was her governess, and never boasted; and Saxon was the first to discover the resources of her intellect, as he was the only one who had ever touched the treasure of her heart. She wanted the manner of society; could only sing in a room; and when she sang, thought mere-

ly of giving simple pleasure. For she was not a young lady who sought friendships or alliances, who giggled and flattered. So I suppose Miss Gobus—who would think it indelicate to read the Bible, and has Paul de Kock by heart—*is* right, and that Mary *is* a fool.

Chapter XXVIII.

Marriage against the Mode.

Beechton is a pretty place: the prettiest in that ugly county, Stafford. To be sure there are only 600 acres of it, park and all; but it is in a ring fence, it is undulating land, unlike the flat country generally: and it is wooded—over-wooded, people say—with emerald green beech now, beech of every color by and bye. The little park, once so in reality, that encircles the small square stone house, is laid out as a garden—a fragrant, various, English garden—from which are gathered daily, countless posies and nosegays; which in our shocking Gallicism we call *bouquets*.

At work in the garden there is a lady about thirty years of age, thin, almost attenuated. Her hands are covered with horticultural gauntlets; but these are a defence against prickles, and not against the sun, for, see, that old straw bonnet has allowed a great deal of freckling on that deadly white skin. The lady has quiet grey eyes.

Entering at the neat lodge gate—Minna is there with several children, whose "Müttersprache," however, is that of their father John, the elderly British coachman, to whom Minna has been married—rides, on a noble bay, a gamekeep-

ing looking man. He has a coarse Scotch cap on his head, which brings out his countenance fully. It is an embrowned, healthy, but not happy face; it is full of knots and lines; a little ill-tempered. Minna curtsies as she opens the gate that the bay would perhaps prefer to leap: this gentleman is an old friend of Minna's. It is Mr. Saxon Wornton, who, in the fulness of time, has succeeded to Wornton Hall property, a very splendid property. He is a great man in the county, as great as Lord Linchpin or Lord Ploughby; for he, too, is to be a peer one day—Baron Slumberton, of Slumberton—in the next county.

You suppose he has jilted Mary and married some one else? a natural supposition about a man. But not at all. He had been a very wild young man in his day. He had travelled, like better persons, in Bohemia: taking kindly to its encampments, its *pot-au-feu*, its deficiency of dinner service, and its lap of beauty. But he had sown his wild oats—the Jews getting more than the tithes. He had been ambitious, and had tried a short parliament as county town member; but had made for his home in disgust, partly caused by finding that public speaking was not his vocation—he therefore contemning government by talk. He had taken of late to doing his duty as a country gentleman; as a sagacious and sympathetic landlord; as an anxiously kind employer; as a discreet and temperate magistrate; and he was tolerably satisfied with his function and his station on earth. He took in *Bell's Life;* and sport appeased his energies, as it does those of a mass of Englishmen, who, if not so employed, would be devoting their turbulent and excitable emotions to politics, and playing the deuce with the constitution.

But he had never changed towards Mary Dasert, as she had

never changed to him. Why, then, is their romance not rounded by marriage? Alas! can you not guess? Mary Dasert, deceased, had left to her heiress a statement of her birth and parentage, to be opened before she married any one. Mary showed this to Saxon Wornton within a week of the wedding-day; which had been delayed by a quarrel with his father, ending in prohibition, touching a better match proposed.

When he had read the document, she said—"Saxon, I will never marry you."

He knew her now, and made no answer. So they had startled Staffordshire by breaking off the marriage, and yet by maintaining close intimacy. Thus they had lived four years.

Mary had become a county character, like her lover; she effected social organizations of all sorts, that did great good, and gave much comfort—schools, hospitals, reformatories, emigration funds. The people adored her; though all the clergymen, out of whose hands she strangely kept these organizations, were not profuse in praise of her. She was very independent. She subscribed to the *Teaser*, and read German and French books that utterly routed the clergymen. On the whole, she and Saxon led healthy human lives; and the world did not lose that the happiness of this odd couple was not perfected.

Dismounting, and giving his horse to a groom, Saxon strolled towards Mary,

"Mary, I have come to consult you."

"You do that very often, Saxon, but seldom do what I advise."

He undid a knot or two of his face, smiling, and switched

away some rosebuds with his heavy whip. She took the whip out of his hands.

Another knot or two gave way.

"Why, in this case, Mary, you are likely to be wiser than I. There's a woman in the business."

Very visible were the freckles, as she alternately paled and blushed.

"It's this. Some ladies, living in Brixton, near London, have written to me, as a relative, to say that a Mrs. Dwyorts, who is a daughter of old Lord Slumberton, whom I am to succeed to—and who, by the bye, wanted to get money from me—that this young lady has run away from her husband, to the care of those ladies, who are also relatives, at Brixton; and they charge, as the reason of her running away, that the husband, Dwyorts, has a former wife living. It's a bad affair: and as Lord Slumberton is in the West Indies, a governor out there, and there is no time to communicate, they appeal to me, as what they call the head of the family; though I never met any of them."

"What do they want you to do?"

"They ask only for my advice. I suppose they want a prosecution of the scoundrel."

"Well, I suppose you must go up. Poor woman—what a blow for one born and bred in the conventional class!"

"Well, hadn't you better come with me?"

"I! what could I do?"

"Why, you see, the young lady may want—the fact is, Mary, I think you understand bruised hearts, and you could bring her back here and hide her till we hear from her silly old sire."

"Very well. But might they not think it an intrusion?"

"We can see that."

"When shall we go?"

"There's a train at four this afternoon."

"I'll meet you at the station."

She gave him back his whip and kissed him, and he went off; and at four they started in a *coupé* for London, and talked about county business and some new books; and projected a tour together in Germany, taking the broken Mrs. Diego Dwyorts with them.

Chapter XXIX.

Contrasts in Toilets.

When Mr. John Wortley, not having been long in bed in his sumptuous mansion in Park Lane, was roused by the Misses Hobson's express, he certainly cursed and swore in a manner suggestive that in his time he had seen very wild life indeed. But it was calm, concentrated swearing; and, having requested a few buckets of water to be put into his shower bath, he dressed and got on horseback, cleanly looking and equable, and went down towards Brixton; dazzling every one on his way by the brightness of his linen and the effulgence of his shirt studs.

When he got to the villa, the old ladies were sitting in a high state of expectancy. Nea was up-stairs, sobbing and longing to be with her sister—to have her sister with her.

Mr. John Wortley listened to what they had to tell him, and then whistled a nigger melody.

"John—John, don't whistle on a Sunday."

The less scrupulous Clara asked—"And now, what shall we do, John?"

"Keep it quiet, ma'am."

"What, let such a villain escape?"

"I don't say Yes or No. But the young woman is excited just now. So are you. You might regret bringing the law in, if you acted in a hurry. Give her time to think. It's an affair for her family. Her governor's a tip-top chap. Write to him. Meanwhile, I'll go and keep Master Diego quiet. You see it may be managed. Diego says that the other marriage was not a regular one."

"What, you knew it, then?"

"I did, late last night, when the first wife came into a room where we were dining."

"Oh! what's she like?"

"Why, she's a beauty—that's what she is. Why he couldn't keep to such a one, *I* don't know."

"And she doesn't know that she also is betrayed?"

"Doesn't she, though? Ay, all about it: and takes it cool!"

"Why, she must be an improper woman."

"I don't know. It's all a matter of temper. Besides Diego sticks to it, the first marriage was no marriage at all: and it may be settled. Send for the relatives; and I'll see Diego and the first wife. Write at once."

A clear-headed young fellow this.

"And—give me some breakfast."

Clara and Bertha talked about the relatives as Jack walked out of the room and went to order his own breakfast. The servant girls giggled greatly at and with him in the kitchen, and on the spot he undertook to be the godfather of all their children, when these blessings arrived.

"The only relatives of hers that we know," said Clara, as he returned, "are an aunt, living at Hampton Court, and the Wornton in Staffordshire, who succeeds to Lord Slumberton's title."

"The last will do well. But bring the other in for form's sake."

And he proceeded to eat a very effective breakfast. The old ladies were not altogether unhappy in the excited activity of the sad event. And poor Nea still sobbed.

The aunt from Hampton Court came down on her in great state in a hired fly; rated her, in stiff English, for her indecorous marriage; abused her brother, Lord Slumberton, with that stately sense of superiority which an old woman naturally acquires who has outlived desires, and finds things go on comfortably in the great Palace of the Peerage's Paupers, while there is understood to be a good deal of confusion going on outside; and then began to talk of her own marriage, some forty years previously, with the Honorable Mr. Mull, who appeared to have been addicted to snuff much more than to his wife.

"And what do you advise should be done?" asked Clara, as the Honorable Mrs. Mull, having paid a visit sufficiently long, left Nea's room to nibble a luncheon, and prepare for a return to the No Workhouse, in the genteel fly.

"Oh! madam, don't consult me! I wash my hands of the business. I am sufficiently disgraced already. Publicity is not to my taste, I assure you. They did not consult me about the marriage. I wash my hands of it. You can write to my brother, and ask him. But it is distinctly understood that I wash my hands of it. Quite. Oh no! I have no place to receive my niece; and as you are so kind, and don't wash your hands of it, as I do, you will no doubt retain her until my brother answers your letter. I suppose *he* cannot wash his hands of it. But you may tell him that I do."

And she took a napkin, as she set about eating, as if to dry the hands after the complete lavation. A dreadful old woman

the Honorable Mrs. Mull; toothless, tottering to eternity, but still intensely selfish, unsympathetic, and with all her staggery soul in the meal that she now chewed. Drive her back fast, badly-liveried driver of the genteel fly:—assuredly she is of no use outside the Pauper Palace. Her gentility is so frightfully perfected, that humanity can get nothing out of her. But don't jolt her, driver, as she slumbers uneasily on the seat, hard to her fleshless age—no, and don't smoke; the whiffs would get in between the crevices of the clattering glass window, and titillate her into activity that would inform on you with your master, dependent on genteel connection. Land her gingerly at the Pauper Palace; and oh! domestic there, take care of her. Help her up-stairs to her own cosy cell. Remove her Indian shawl, costly covering of that withered frame; take off her front, and give air to her heated scalp; exchange those easy shoes for easier slippers; let her rest on the sofa; give her refreshing Bohea; listen, maid, with deference to her cross gossip and garrulous complaints; put her to bed, to her downy bed, in good time; mix her negus nicely; hush, as she dozes. For, surely, God has some purpose in having such beings on the face of the earth;—and tenderness to the inscrutable. Mystically perfunctory perhaps is the Hon. Mrs. Mull.

She lived a pious life, according to the Decalogue. Well off, she repeated the eighth commandment with unction. The seventh she gave out with a clear conscience—at her age, with safety. She was quite satisfied with herself. "After all," she said, "I think the drive to Brixton did me good; I slept well after it." Besides, she had something to talk about to the other genteel pauper old ladies; and the Hon. Mrs. Mull began to get invitations to tea parties.

When Mr. Saxon Wornton, afterwards introducing Miss Dasert, made Nea's acquaintance, he found that the best counsel he could give was to wait for advices from Lord Slumberton. But Nea, understood by and understanding Mary, eagerly agreed to go and wait for the letters, down to Beechton. The Misses Hobson suggested that it was very odd that Miss Dasert should live unprotected and alone in a country-house; but they did not make much resistance, the doctor telling them that Nea needed change of air and scene.

Saxon remained in town, and saw a good deal of Mr. Wortley. Very indelicately, that gentleman invited Therese to dinner one day that Saxon dined with him. Men, however, easily get over these things. Saxon was delighted with Therese, and took her to Greenwich and Richmond.

The club—patent machine for hatching *canards*—talked a great deal untruly about Diego Dwyorts and the story of his bigamy; and Lord Slumberton's name got into it, and took the story to other clubs; and the Quidnuncs exclaimed, as usual, Who would have thought it? "Stick no bills here," ought to be written on the inside walls of clubs. London, by means of the clubs, lives in public. As the metropolis expands, town concentrates. Canards are the media of exchange in clubs: you can't expect to get a story unless you give one; and thus every thing becomes known about every body. One result of this is, that satire is dying out. You meet every body, and cannot laugh at every one. A great inconvenience!

Pleasant are niggers; for if we had no niggers we should have no sugar. And we should have had no niggers but for

Ham's sense of humor: for he, the first satirist, was cursed! In these days, a Ham gets into a club—and advises his father about wines and clothes.

Chapter XXX.

Men of Business.

When Mr. John Wortley called that Sunday at Mr. Diego Dwyorts' house, in Round Square, that gentleman was still in bed; but there was commotion in the servants' hall at the absence of the lady of the house.

Jack listened to their representations, and walked up-stairs; entered the room pointed out to him, and locked the door. Diego awoke and stared stupidly.

"Feel that some one has been putting pickles in your mouth over night, don't you? Exactly. Like hock and soda water, eh? I'll ring: I suppose you have got it? Tea instead? well, that's better. And now get up and take a bath, for I want to talk to you."

The only satisfaction we have in being made of clay is, that we can keep our exterior pure and polished as a porcelain cup. Diego washed away dissipation, and reappeared rosy and sensuously strong. Mr. Wortley lolled on a couch, smoking, and picking to pieces, in a moralizing sort of way, the fragmentary bonnet torn from Nea's locks that early morning.

"Now, Jack, what's the matter?"

"Nothing much. Your wife has run away."

He bounded out of the chair into which he had thrown himself.

Hoarse and rugged came the words—"You have done this!"

Jack had in his time walked up to a panther. He put Diego down, and told all he knew.

"So, I think, she'll keep quiet: and now you must make arrangements. I'll go, if you like, and see t'other, the pale-face squaw in Frith Street, and get her, if I can, to sign a declaration that the marriage with her was not the regular thing. Money'll do it: so you must settle with your father what he'll stand."

"He'll pay nothing. He is in difficulties."

"Well, I know he has overdone the thing a little: but perhaps he'll turn the corner. If there is a blow-up about you in the newspapers, it would harm him and his credit; and he must try and get her off with a few thousands. Come. I'll lend 'em on his security."

Let it be recollected how sudden had been Diego's knowledge of such a thing as want of money, and his rage may be conceived while undergoing this pecuniary patronage.

"By the bye, Jack, you are young to have made such a mass of money—how did you manage it?"

The two men interchanged looks which left them enemies.

"That's my business, Mr. Dwyorts. If your governor clears the corner by the Spec I put him up to,—and backed with £100,000 on the mortgage of the Irish estate,—you'll now guess that I got my tin by keen trade. Howsomever, that's not the point. You see, I came to you because the old ladies sent for me, to ask my advice; and precious surprised I was to find myself some sort of a relation, in a roundabout way, to your

wife. I've given *you* my advice, as well as them. I never keep back my advice from any body. Every one's always in a fluster, and lose their heads in scrapes. Now, I'm always cool, and can take sensible views."

"My dear Wortley, accept my sincere thanks. Yes! I must take your advice. See Therese——"

"That's the pale-face?"

"In Frith Street. I'll write to my father. He is in Liverpool. It must come to his ears when old Slumberton explodes; so I better begin. But Therese won't, I fear, take money. You must work upon her generosity."

Diego Dwyorts had been told by his father, that the life of a Prince had ended: he must begin at trade; and he had been dabbling of late in speculations. Self-reliant and sanguine, he thought he saw his way. His father had refused him money, and he was hard pressed for funds to go into the city with next day. When Jack went off, Diego walked many hours about the dressing-room, calculating his position. He ended by writing two letters; one to Nea, entreating her mercy, in case Therese refused an acknowledgement of the illegality of the former marriage; and another to his father, bluntly stating the case. Then he took out a bill stamp, and across the foot of it he wrote the name, "John Wortley." If a certain speculation succeeded, he would take up this bill; if it didn't he would fly to America.

This decided, he went to the club and dined, calmly.

Mr. Diego Dwyorts had very white teeth—and society was not to know that they were very tartary behind.

Chapter XXXI.

Keeping up Appearances.

It is understood to be a great sight to see a good man struggling with adversity. It seems to me that, whether he is good or bad, the spectacle of a combat of that sort is tenderly interesting.

Of course, there are different species of wolves, according to the doors they are allotted to. Little Red Ridinghood's is vaguely lupine: something in the dark, with a harsh voice and a horrible fang. Mazeppa, for a young man's sins, has his pack. The unromantic wolf at the door of the poor curate or poor clerk, with their parturient wives and nine children—not one of whom would they throw to the yelping monster—their small salaries and large necessities in gentility—he is but a poor cur. The wolf that sits like a supporter at the great park gates—he is more heraldic, in *or*. But in any shape he is an objectionable quadruped; and God help those, big or little, he has run down! Some day the land may be cleared of him, with other wild beasts.

Awkward, that case where a gentleman rises in the morning and hears, within one sensation, the rattle of the skeleton in the house, and the bay of the wolf at the door! St. Anthony look down on him: and, John, remove the razors.

See Mr. John Dwyorts coming into Liverpool to business. He is on the top of that nine o'clock 'bus that is carrying merchant princes to 'Change from suburban villas. That polished red face, with its clear, powerful grey eye, is well brought out under the black hat, above the glossy white linen. His arms are folded in easy, strong repose, across the Titan chest. Does he not look a respectable man? As he converses quietly and smilingly with the merchant at his side—it is a little scandal about Tom Fishy, who has left his wife and ran away with Mrs. Towers, the handsome landlady of the Bricks' Arms—you see that there is a prosperous man, riding happily at golden anchor in the world. It's all right about *that* craft.

What piles of letters await Mr. John Dwyorts! The American mail had come in as he slept at night. He stands at his desk, opens and reads with rapid comprehension. In the heap is a letter from Diego: he puts that carefully away, to be looked at last.

In about an hour he comes to it; reads it slowly; puts it down; reads it again; walks to the door; locks the door; returns to the letter, and re-reads it.

Affairs were very bad. He had no fortune for Diego. He, in a blunder, had hurried Diego into a crime. Altogether, things were failing.

The merchant prince put his head on the desk, and, when he lifted it up, he looked older. That great frame had shaken: were those tears? Not impossible. Tears, like frogs, are now and again found latent within stones and oaks. I have seen Fitzroy Kelly cry like the Honorable Mrs. Smithereens, who weeps at the opera on any occasion; and nothing is impossible.

But when Mr. John Dwyorts was on 'Change, shaking hands, he was much as usual. When he got into the express train in the afternoon, to go to London, he was much as usual.

One Manstein, travelling ages ago in Russia, heard a singular story. The Czar, annoyed at something or other, had a citizen seized, placed in a darkened carriage, a dungeon on wheels, and driven about the country—none to speak to him the while—for twenty years; at the end of which time, to none more unexpectedly than to himself, he was landed at his own old door again. Whether or not his wife had married again, his sons had dissipated his store, his friend had written his biography, the corporation put up a statue to him, or the townsfolk missed the statue, the story sayeth not. But I have often thought there are many of us have such careers.

Chapter XXXII.

Bohemian Language.

Brandt Bellars is leading a riant life among men, and books, and papers; enjoying indolence, the zest of which was a consciousness of powers and energies lying idly on the river bank—awaiting the tide that was to come in his affairs. He is very popular and very pleased. He does not do much good in the world; but then he does not do any harm. The men laugh with him, and the women love him; and he always pitches a penny out to the organ-grinder. Perhaps he would show greater benevolence if he made it a fourpenny piece. But, though a careless man, Brandt is not a reckless man. He has the instincts of a genuine gentleman, and is scrupulous in his fallen state to live within his income. So you see he spins that penny out of the window to the Piedmontese musician, because he cannot afford to be more foolish.

The new Roman Catholic Bishop, Emmett, is in London, on business that the evening papers are not informed about with any great accuracy; and he is breakfasting with his young friend, Bellars.

He broke his egg, and asked for the news.

"News, father? Why, what would interest you? Jog has lost £40,000 by the Derby."

"Literature—Politics."

"Oh! nobody ever thinks about such things. Let's see. Disraeli is writing 'Sibthorpe, a Political Biography.' Whately is editing Joe Miller. Lord John Russell has announced a course of lectures on Lithotomy."

"What is the state of the case about America?"

"Why, the government of Washington has resolved to attack Utah, and Great Britain is to defend the Mormons. Why not? We defended the Turks."

"Be serious! Is it true that Louis Napoleon contemplates another *coup d'état*, to marry all the heiresses in France to the sous-lieutenants?"

"Very likely. We'd praise any thing he did in our journals. Among the things you are required to render unto Cæsar, is his privilege to be something very different from a Saint. I wish the Pharisees were reconstructed as a profession: we have no one now-a-days to arbitrate between what's good and what's bad."

"There is some talk of a dissolution being imminent."

"I'm ready to stand for Oshire."

"But are you heart and soul with the Independent party?"

"Honestly. What we want in Ireland is a fair agrarian law, to protect the peasants against the landlords; perfect religious equality, both churches being disendowed; these, with the natural developement of the country, under the wise laws of the empire, would content us. But, to obtain these, we must coerce the English government: English public opinion will never meddle in our behalf. We must hold aloof then from English parties, maintain an independent party, and watch our opportunities—meanwhile, distinguishing ourselves,

if we can, in general debate. This is my policy: will that do, father?"

"Yes. I am pleased you are frank. I thought you had some republican purposes in your head."

"Yes—were they possible. But prosaic good government is all we can get: and I'm loyal."

"I want to see the Queen, Brandt."

"Come to the Opera to-night. There's essence of England to see there."

"Ay, but beneath all that splendor this England is rotten."

"You extract perfumes from flower-stalks: and our affair is with the perfume, not with the stalks. The opera is a nice, concentrated extract from humanity; gay and grand, with graceful, decked, dainty life; and I like it. Ah, those ladies! The best point about the British Constitution is, that the tendency of the oligarchy is to produce the finest women in the world."

"I'll show you as much beauty among the peasant girls in Ireland."

"Better constitutions, perhaps; but beauty—no! The world is but a rough material in the mass; here and there worked up. God rewards cultivation. There's the plain and the garden. In the plain, the flowers are pretty and fragrant. In the garden, affluently fine. Civilization is manure;—product the Opera. You'll come?"

"I will. But what am I to do till four o'clock, when I'm to meet members at the House?"

"We'll go to the Exhibitions."

They strolled into the streets. Brandt had studied London with care, and was a good guide in the great capital.

"If you were to stand at this corner for an hour, you'd see

two-thirds of the celebrities of England pass to or from the city, or from the courts, to or from the west end. See, there are beggars—a Laocoon group—entreating a banker, Grim of Lombard-street, for a copper, and he won't give it; and do you know why? He's a great patron of the Drama, particularly of Miss Hugger and Mrs. Mugger; but what he objects to in these beggars is the professional whine, and the artificial arrangement of the father and his children—as if mendicancy mustn't have its arts. If you'll watch those beggars (they are out now and brisk, because they know this is the time when the policeman is taking his beer into custody), they'll annoy a hundred other people paying fortunes to the poor-rates. It's capital fun to watch beggars."

"You're an unfeeling young man. You never were poor yourself."

"Oh, yes! I assure you. I was once kept waiting at Dover for a week, for remittance to enable me to pay my bill and the railway train. It was agony, that poverty; though the 'Ship' has very good sherry. One good thing came of the affliction. There was no book in the house but the Bible, and I read it nearly through—for the first time: actually nearly through, and would have finished it, only a man quarrelled with me, and we had a duel."

"Tell me who some of these people are that are passing."

"With pleasure. Do you see this stout gentleman coming along? That's Mr. Jacetick, the renowned parliamentary agent. He buys and sells England for the Whigs. He would not do it for the Tories! he's a party man. When you want to get into parliament on liberal principles, you go to Jacetick, and he says—'It will cost you £3000.' And you give him a cheque; and he lands you, if he can (and he generally does

what he undertakes), on the floor of the House of Commons, not eager to take the oaths, but frightfully anxious to get to a seat. He's the broker of our national disgrace—of our English decadence. He ought to be a villain? Well, he isn't. He says, on all occasions, that it's a shameful system, and that he's sick of it, and that he wishes it done away with. What would you have? It's his business to return members, and he does return members 'as instructed,' and by the well understood means of the day. He's an honest man. He would scorn to go into the House of Commons himself: he *knows* it. Catch it ever attacking him, in its most frantic purity-periods: he's got half of it in his pocket, and knows a variety of things about the other half. He's for the ballot. Why, do you think? The Christian says, 'Deliver us from temptation.' The profounder parliamentary agent says—'Render sin profitless.' His theory is, that you wouldn't give a bribe to a man if you were not sure to know in the end which way he voted. A low view of England, isn't it? Yet he does not look sad—walks proudly. See, the beggar has attacked him: a beggar can never stand: he looks about for the policeman, and will report the policeman to Bayard—I mean Commissioner Mayne."

"Who are those over-jewelled men, driven so dangerously past in that Hansom cab?"

"Socrates and Alcibiades—two great Greeks in the city. They have promised the cabman five shillings extra to catch a train: they are off to Constantinople on some great speculation by the Dover mail. English merchants would have taken a cab in time, and been at the station a quarter of an hour too soon. But five shillings extra represents the system by which Greeks are beating the English in every trade. The five shil-

lings does not fall on individual shoulders; it is charged to a Greek guild, numbering more members than Athens had citizens, and spread over Europe, and reconquering the whole of the Mediterranean trade, certainly. Their secret is organization. The competitive Briton, sticking to his small individuality, and with his old-world faith in 'connections,' wonders why Plato, a Greek corn-merchant on the same office floor, can drive a mistress in a splendid mail phaeton. They work together, the Greeks. They live together, too, in London. And they are all sensualists: they all spend the money they make —and they spend it in splendid vices. They beat the wealthiest of our aristocracy out of the field among the sellers of crack wines, crack horses, crack '*femmes entretenues*.' They are 'queer fellows' even in trade; which only half our traders are; but, as a guild, they are, like our corporations, without conscience as individuals. Living in a foreign capital, where the public opinion is not their public opinion, and envied, hated, and denounced, because of their opinions in favor of the Russian emperor's policy, they do not scruple to traffic with us, and exceed us, and humiliate us. They tried to prevent the war. But, as they couldn't, they have made more money out of it than our traders have. They supplied the army they wished to see conquered. Socrates can't read, and Alcibiades is very ugly. But Socrates is unmarried, and gets good invitations; and Alcibiades is famous for his cigars, having bought up one whole year's famous growth of Cabanas. Aspasia smokes them at his rooms."

"Who's that tall pale man the dirty little man is talking to?"

"That's Blemish, the great railway personage. The little dirty man is a lawyer's clerk, who has just served some

notice of action on him. Singular career, Blemish's! When those glorious facts, railways—which advance civilization, annihilate time, and so on, and which are now all rotten concerns, a dead loss of fifty per cent. to the original proprietors; which have created in London a district of villany—the railway engineers' district in Westminster—more really foul than Alsatia ever was; which have proved that, apart from his geographical position and faculty as a sailor, the Briton really is rather a simpleton, incapable of practicality—when railways first came up, Blemish bought a bog on a coast. Fact! Having bought the bog, he advertised that the water constituted a natural facility for the construction of docks, and that docks, and railways to the docks, advanced civilization. It was a hit. Blemish became chairman of the railway, and sold himself his own land; chairman of the docks, and sold himself his own swamps, and was rich. His character suffered, but that did not prevent him going into new speculations; and he's in every thing. They are beginning to look shy at his bills; but he'll turn up all right. My belief is that he has buried his treasure, and, if he goes through Basinghall Street, will buy a province in America or Turkey.

"Blemish only cares about material pleasures. He's an M.P., and they cut him rather about the House—he has done such odd things. He doesn't care. He lounges, with his hands in his pockets, about the lobbies, and winks at you, and dines with Socrates, and is a thoroughly happy man. I have met him. I never met an abler man—pure, genuine, masterly brain. Though very unscrupulous, he is very generous. He would lie awake at night to 'do' you out of a ten pound note, and he would lend you £500 to-morrow. At his own parties—a great house in Langham Place, where there are no men-

servants, but flocks of pretty female servants, in ribboned French caps—he gives you wine that cost ten pounds a dozen; and he perspires with agony of apprehension when playing whist at a pound a point. His only weakness is for marrying a peeress in her own right, and he has over and over again instructed his solicitor to look out for one: age no disqualification."

"Who's that? A bishop, surely."

"The Bishop of Bay. He rises at five every morning, and is never in bed before midnight, and will go into no society. What do you think his occupation is? Getting subscriptions—every bishop has a natural tendency to get subscriptions—for a Juvenile Reformatory. Arrange about the young pickpockets, and all will be right with his country, and after all these centuries the Redeemer will get attended to on the earth. But he won't stick long to that: he has a new philanthropy every year. His last was to collect ticket-of-leave men, and marry them to widows over forty years of age, and emigrate them to Australia—hoping that the counteracting influence, you understand, would induce the colony to receive them. He regrets the division in his church; but does not conceal his opinions, that if nobody made a row about a schism when it occurs the schism would soon be forgotten. He is not popular with his clergy; but you bishops can't expect that. They say he knows nothing of Greek, and he says it is much more to the purpose to know the statistics of the Birmingham jail.

"Look at that humiliated object, crawling along with his bent back, showing the bones protruding so as to endanger the skin and the cotton shirt. That's a Chinaman, you see by the Tartar face; picking up a penny a day from Strand pas-

sengers who knew him in his heyday, for he's had a heyday, and was a hero of the Strand. He came over in the junk that used to be such a sight in the Thames, and when the junk was a novelty and paid, the Chinese crew lived in fine style. This was the comic man, and was quite a lion of the day with the cabmen and women. But the junk has broken up and is gone; and you see John Chinaman, who formerly had plenty of money, and spent it freely, and was barbered daily for twopence into shininess, and dressed in all the colors of Manchester and was happy, has sunk in the world. That's the usual fate of the man about town: after a year or two, you'll find them all very much in the condition of John Chinaman. There ought to be a society for decayed men about town."

"Who's that?"

"A judge. Doesn't he seem complacent? He is famous for improper adventures: and all improper stories raised in London are invariably connected with his name. But it is edifying to hear him sentence a prisoner to death. I told him so once when I met him at dinner, and he said—'Ah! touched the chords of your heart, did it?' A pleasant man. The spring assizes have told a dreadful tale of the depravity, the crime, the moral squalor, of our British population. But he has quite recovered it, you see, and has been jesting this morning, as usual, on the bench at Westminster; of course, he's very sorry; but he takes the world as he finds it. Why should not there be bells on the black cap—out of court?

"There's the Duke of Beadleland. He lives in No. 1, Decencies Terrace. An upright, admirable man, who always wins the cattle club prizes. He has been raising his rents lately, in consequence of the extravagant conduct of the Marquis of Bumble, his eldest son, and many a hearth on his broad

estates has been made sad this year. But evidently now he has had a most satisfactory interview with Mr. Coutts, and the Duchess is bringing out two daughters, the fair Ladies Laces, this next season. See, he gives that beggar a copper, and rubs the fingers of his glove together, shaking away the momentary touch of the mendicant.

"Here's a man! That's Shylock, the theatrical man, who is a blessing to London. They say he is worth £100,000—and yet when I went, ten years ago, to see a friend in Cursitor-street, Shylock was a bailiff. I dare not give you an idea of what Shylock has gone through. Aspasia says she used to know him as 'an agent.' He kept 'Nighthouses." He was the proprietor of that Juridical Burlesque—the 'Wehmgericht.' He was the Longmans of unsightly literature in Diabolus-noster Row. What wasn't he? Anything to turn a penny—the dirtier the better: it weighed more. He now provides elegant entertainments for London; lectures on Shakspeare and is partial to musical glasses, and has Wilhelmina Skeggs as a bloomer in the bar of a Strand Tavern. He says that, if the bishops would put it in his hands, he'd make religion 'the popular go,' and fill the churches, and bring 'em down, sir. And so he would. He offered the Censor of Plays (a Marquis!) a £50 note, and to put him on the free list, to be allowed to bring out a play of Dumas Fils. He wants to know why he isn't allowed to play Mrs. Behn's dramas. 'What we wants, shir,' he says, 'is raal life.'

"There's Mr. Crowner, a veritable London man, as well known and as much part of the metropolis as Temple Bar, a famous man in London, and outside London unknown. For we have our parish heroes, just as Little Peddlington has. Crowner has lately got up a Commission of Chemists, and has

proved that all our tradesmen adulterate all their goods. That ought to suggest a revolution, ought it not? But it hasn't made much sensation; and Crowner hasn't been assaulted or poisoned. The fact is, we expect to be swindled in England. Our constitution, in which nothing is what it says it is, prepares us for that. We do not like what Shylock calls 'the raal thing.' A House of Commons really representing the people, and a sovereign really having power, would disgust us. When we ask for coffee, it is understood that we mean 'with a little chicory.' When we say a Briton never shall be slave, we mean that he shall never be turned black—that is all. It is a cant against the poor tradesman. The British tradesman, like the rest of us, sets to work in the spirit of the British Constitution. Ali Baba, in Britain, takes for granted, when he goes to market, that there is a great proportion of thief in each jar.

"Adulteration is self-defence. Sham begins and sham ends. The sham sovereign who has, or is supposed to have, no power, goes with sham beef-eaters and sham yeomen to open with a sham speech a sham parliament; a sham sword-bearer on one side of her, and a Lord Chancellor with sham hair on his head on the other. Peers there have a sham costume on; and some of the Peeresses have sham hips, sham heels, sham cheeks. They come and go, all there, in carriages emblazoned with sham animals, couchant and rampant over mottoes that are shams, and that nobody acts up to. The Lord Mayor's show, and his men in armor, and his barge, and his Temple Bar keys, are shams: and he's a sham, for he pretends to be a result of civil and religious liberty; while the real truth is, not that the Jews have got up to be Lord Mayors, but that the Lord Mayoralty, whom scarcely any citizen will take, has

gone down to the Jews.* Our Cathedrals are shams; we can't get into them without paying, and we wouldn't go into them if they were costless. Our be-pewed churches of the creed of human equality are shams; our be-epitaphed churchyards are shams. Our church bells are shams; the neighborhood uses them as dinner bells and luncheon bells. And nobody is ashamed of sham. Look into the window of that female garment warehouse. Look at the ostentatious display of 'silk hose' that are cotton to within six inches of the instep; at the bustles, and the crinolines, and the frizzes to swell the hair out. All we Bachelors get to women's toilet tables when we choose, by looking in at these windows. I've stood by the hour at this shop-door to watch women entering to purchase shams; and I never saw one lady blush yet."

"Who is that over-dressed old woman in that shining brougham?"

"Mrs. Carey, who deals in chickens. She has a grand mansion in Pimlico, which the Earl of Harridan bought for her. She is rich; those jewels about her are real. Like *The Times*, she has correspondents in all parts of the world to provide her with fresh canards, fit for a jaded market of old Marquises. Watch her pass Northumberland House. There is a recess there in the wall, made by the bricking up of a door, and there is an old woman in rags, standing there, having crept within the bar, and selling dirty apples to unappeased little boys. Doesn't that wretched figure look a dismal 'supporter' at the side of the porch of the Percies? Does it not signify a good deal of the veritable supporters of modern Ducal houses? Well, there is a legend that that old woman is the

* This was written in reference to the excellent Mayoralty of Mr. Salomons.

sister of Mrs. Carey. They began life together as beauties, in the same trade; but, you see, talents are divided in families. Mrs. Carey gives the apple—old symbol of love!—decked out on strawberry-leaves, to the most beautiful; her sister, Bet, sells apples to flat-nosed, frank little boys, and they very often take advantage of her barred-in condition to run away without paying. Her booth suffers like the rest of the booths in the Fair; but the county court avails *her* not. Poor old woman! I'll give her a copper next time I pass. She has been awfully wicked, no doubt; but I dare say has suffered enough. If I were Duke Dives I wouldn't have Mrs. Lazarus at the gate, but take her in, and give her a corner to warm in and a bone to gnaw. Or I'd give her into custody; of course, we know best: that the workhouse would be the best place for her. Yet she prefers, in a cold drizzly day, that prison there, where she earns twopence a-day! It's hard to manage the poor.

"There's a maniac, though he looks so quiet. His hobby is an odd one. He has been now to see the Committee of Exeter Hall, and has come away furious because they will not give him a room for a meeting. He is a friend of the savage, and he wants to get up a meeting for the conversion of the missionaries. Blasphemous, isn't it?"

"How is it you know all these people?"

"Oh! I am a member of the society of the Friends of Bohemia; it's our business to collect all such facts in order to establish arguments for the restoration and independence of Bohemia. Until the delusion of the power of humbug is dissipated, and Bohemia again influences the politics as well as the literature and art of the world, we shall never have a proper

state of things. Shall have great pleasure in introducing to you Perdita, our queen—a direct descendant, I assure you, of the Perdita who married Florizel, a prince of Bohemia, in Queen Hermione's time."

Chapter XXXIII.

A Stranger in Parliament.

The Bishop and Bellars went down to the House. There was a ministerial crisis, and the lobby was interesting. The new Prime Minister was ninety-five years of age, which was ten years older than the last, and the country had great hopes of the entering administration. The funds rose, they said on the Stock Exchange, to par.

The Bishop wanted explanations of the scene, which Bellars, an *habitué* of the House as the best public amusement in London, was well able to give.

The new ministers were very compressed and courteous, suppressing elation. The turned-out set were jovial and good-natured, and were a great deal in the lobby, affably talking to people whom they cut the preceding week; for, now, they had to get popularity again. Fussy members, who mistake activity for energy, were in and out; doorkeepers were bawl ing, for it was the Petition hour; and the police were incessantly trying to keep the crowd a hollow square: the front always being spoiled by the raid forward of some one who, seeing his member, rushed at his coat-tails. The metropolitan members suffered most in this way: "Who wants Sir Bumble

Bawl?" Every body did—his admirers, and his grocer and baker; and Sir Bumble smiled his copious smile on all, the shoulder of the British voter being caressed by the yellow glove of Sir Bumble. Lucky M.P. for the Orkneys—nobody ever wants him! Nice remote boroughs ought to go at a premium, Mr. Coppock.

"There's Mr. Ishmaeli!" Bellars was showman. "He has peculiar views about the Gipsy tribes. Does he not walk like a panther? He says that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret; but he has a tremendous taste for life—just as he admits that Port is made in Goswell-street, but still drinks it. That fleshy eye blazes in debate! His knowledge of mankind, and how to govern them, is supreme. Had he been born in Spain or Turkey, he would have changed the world. Here he can only be a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to be that has to affect Parish Toryism. He'll get tired of it some day, buy a Greek island, and write an epic or an epigram. At present a foreign adventurer without patriotism, he is engaged pleasantly in satirising the whole series of our public men, and teaching the people a total disbelief in public life.

"There's another great man, likewise suffering from a settled state of society. That's Mr. Bite. Cromwell would have thanked the Lord for Mr. Bite! You seldom get a real fighting orator. Cicero and Demosthenes ran away. Mr. Bite is a born orator, and a born soldier; eloquent principally because he is combative. But there's so little to fight for! He seconds motions for the addition of 100,000 votes to the constituencies of Britain, and sneers at the beef-eaters as barbarous, and would govern India on the principles of the British vestry. But his time may come. He incarnates the grand

energy and integrity of the English trading man: and, if ever the aristocracy give way, it will be to make Bite Premier. What will he do, then? He'll remove Parliament to Manchester, as Charles took it to Oxford; then, and free from the influences of the West end, we shall have—day sittings.

"That's Lord John Bussell. There's British phlegm, British spleen! Talent is the poor relation of genius; and that's Lord John's approximation to statesmanship. He takes his stand in the world—on tiptoe. He would preserve the constitution —in ice.

"There's Mr. Gables. He would govern the world by pure intellect. He only understands man as a reasoning animal. But he is a great light—a light-house; showing the shoals around, and standing still, with an alternation of red and blue colors. But, in spite of himself, he is very virile occasionally. When excited, he is animal, and impulsive, and illogical, and 'vulgar' enough to warrant the hope that he will become a great ruler. If he were a little less honest, he would be such a much better man.

"Lord Handy, son of the Earl of Ready. He is in favor of the British constitution, tempered by common sense; of first principles, with the last new idea of improvement. Against government by party, he shuns parliamentary and oligarchical corruptions, and proposes that we should govern in the genius of the people, by a few talented aristocrats like himself. He is very popular, for the people understand him. He is the youngest of the set of leaders, but he is no doubt the most powerful; meaning what you say is so rare and so magical. It is the mystery of the intelligible.

"I don't know if there are more leaders. There's Rosborne, walking about with the head of a man who has a right

to be in the world; and Room—Rhetoric, and tradition, consummate. Room, indeed, might be the greatest English member if he were not the greatest Irish member; but they are indifferent to all but personal, apart from party, distinction. As to the rest, they are a crowd, swayed by these men; some here because it is the right club; part of their social distinction, as wealthy landlords; the reward of a prosperous life, as retired merchants; the avenue to the bench, as vigorous lawyers;—all acknowledge their subordination to the men who give themselves up to parliament, and therefore induce parliament to give itself up to them. They are pursuing private ends here—but they are patriotic, too; and, if they only knew what it was all about, would be much more worthy of our respect. But the public doesn't want national government by national misrepresentation; so M.P.'s ask Hayter to dinner, and are anxious for tickets to the court ball.

"Look at those young M.P.'s, taking an iced drink at the refreshment stand. They have been playing billiards all morning, and will be flirting all evening; but they vote for the Conservative and Whig parties, and are they not as good legislators, thus, as Somers or Sydney would have made?"

"What a Babel it all is!"

"Yes: there are dozens of bills and dozens of committees to be talked about. Everybody is canvassing everybody for everything; except the great leaders inside, who are cogitating for any move.

"Give way there! See, what a plumed party of brilliant ladies! How members bow and cringe! Who is it? That's the Duchess of Motherland, with a few other Duchesses, her daughters, going up to the gallery to hear the forthcoming debate on 'our policy' in the East. Ah! her gay presence, in

all this din of black coats, reminds us of the reality of all;—it is the Duchess governs England. Sir Bumble Bawl seems a small Ruler after this."

The Irish member the Bishop had waited for at last came up. He had news for the Bishop—The Secretary for Ireland had seen the Foreign Secretary, who had spoken to the Premier, who had had an audience of the Queen, who had consulted with the Duchess; and the Foreign Bible Society and other proprietors of Exeter Hall, would be requested to raze that building on the approaching visit of the Pope to Buckingham Palace. On the other hand, His Holiness would be expected to go down by himself to dine at Blackwall on Fridays. Dr. Cumming had consented to go on a theological mission to Mount Olympus.

"Who's up?"

"Roebuck:—he makes it a condition that, if Egypt is to be annexed, the Sphinx shall be brought over and put up at Charing Cross, in order that the British people may have some recompense for the treasure about to be expended and the blood shed."

"These English," said the Celtic Bishop, as they passed across the Palace Yard among prancing horses, glittering grooms, and dainty carriages, in which were seated lolling beauties reclining in all the British voluptuousness of the comfortable—"These English are a great people! What a people they would be if they understood the art of government!"

"Why, they are great colonisers."

"Yes: that they understand to be the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race—to increase and multiply. Destiny of rabbits: mission of cats! They cover the earth, and that is

all. Compare them to the Romans. The English have been in India one hundred years, and, if they disappeared to-morrow, they would leave few traces of themselves. The Roman was not a man who could write perhaps—who never thought of establishing schools to teach writing; but see how he has left his mark on the earth! You can track him over the world by his roads, his aqueducts, his forums, his baths, his amphitheatres. When I was in the Ionian Islands, the people were beseeching Ward to build them a—lighthouse! In India, the British government extracts taxes, and imports Manchester—nothing more: they rule, they do not govern—they occupy, they do not conquer! Here at home, what a sullen people; hideously overtaxed, unamused, irreligious, without individual or national high aspiration! In Ireland—there behold the signs of English genius for government! It was the English invented slavery of the blacks—what a blunder! It was the English then invented emancipation of the blacks—what a blunder!"

"But the English constitution."

"They are a great nation in spite of it, not because of it. What institutions! The Church has no hold. The Court of Chancery is a curse. The Sovereign a domestic model. The Peers a sham. The House of Commons a club. Pauperism an institution!"

"Do you know, Father, you are a Radical?"

"I am of the Church of Rome—which understands government."

"I am of the Thackeray club—which understands lobster *rissole*. Let us dine."

The Priest was silent!

Chapter XXXIV.

A Widowed Life.

Just about this time Mr. Brandt Bellars made acquaintance with a charming widow "of property," it was said, whose husband had been a cousin of Lord Roper's. Roper was not fond of female society, and was much obliged to Bellars for taking her off his hands. Otherwise, no doubt, she would have been an inconvenience to Roper, for she seemed rather lonely in London. While the steamer is going and returning from Saccharinia, let me tell you her history.

Everybody loves Lady Beaming: that is, because Lady Beaming loves everybody. The capacious, complacent, warm woman's heart. Some tradesmen have been angry with her, but not long: she never had an enemy. What's an enemy? When a man speaks of his enemies, what he means is—the men I detest. "Whenever," says Thackeray, with easy profundity, "you feel that you do not like a man or a woman, be perfectly sure that they have taken a great aversion to you." I know omniscient G. H. Lewes, but I know nothing of animal magnetism or biology, and I don't know the reason of these antipathies. But that is a fact, as an American gentleman ob-

serves, when he is exceeding the truth. Your enemies are those whom you do not like, who do not like you, and whom it is your destiny to hate and thwart, and to be hated and be thwarted by; whom you shrank from, and who shrank from you, when you were first introduced. Mr. Disraeli has exhausted the theory of first love. His philosophy applies still better to first hate. It lasts for ever. It constitutes an enemy. When he or she can, they speak ill of you; and you at the same moment are speaking ill of him and her. You blackball him at the Deformed Club, and question whether *she* (his wife) is as fond of McCad as McCad fancies. You are cheerful when you hear he has been ordered to the Crimea, or to the Salt Lake, or to Basinghall-street, and when you see, in the saddest portion of the morning paper, that *she* has been married to McCad by the uncle of the bridegroom, the Rev. Phelim O'Ho.

Every one loved Lady Beaming. Two husbands did, whom she has buried with all the honors; and if you ask her to-morrow (having a competence), she'll (being disengaged) marry you: she is so kind-hearted she couldn't hurt your feelings by refusing. She's thirty-seven, she'll tell you on the first interview; and the peculiarity of Lady Beaming is, that she never thought a meanness, and could not tell an untruth. You will not admire her now sufficiently to ask her to marry you. She has become broad, if not stout; and her bust is too large, and the raven hair has thinned, almost become bald, over the temples; so that, with her prominent eyes and aquiline nose, she looks weird and wild, and, I must say, rather dissipated. "Oh, but wasn't she the beauty!" as her man-servant says: an Irish servant raised on her father's farm, who has never separated from the "misthress," and who is as well

known in Italy as the Pope. She's handsome, very handsome now; only she's dangerous-looking. As long as she retains that mouth and chin, Lady Beaming will be handsome. It's an individual chin, like Napoleon's. It is quite independent in its relationship to other handsome features in its neighborhood: take a cast of it, and put the cast on a table, and you'd say "Beautiful!" White, rounded, dimpled, it does not look in the least out of humor, or less eager for applause because Lady Beaming, encouraged by its success, has encored it with a milky rivulet of a "double!" As to her mouth:—It was a mouth that looked as if it liked food and fun; but the food of delicate dishes, and the fun without coarseness. It is always smiling. Not because of the little white teeth to be shown—not in the least. When Lady Beaming and I talked about her teeth, she vowed to heaven, which she was always doing on the least provocation, that she was twenty before she ever heard of a tooth-brush; and that early habits were so strong upon her, she often disused it for days and days now. Shocking! Healthy and comely, and with a taste for being happy, she seldom thought of herself, body or mind. She was generally plotting a felicity for somebody else. Her carelessness about herself was the occasion of her not wearing a front, and letting her reputation thin after the same manner.

Lady Beaming's history illustrated her character, which is a rare coincidence. That beautiful chin came from the butter trade, in which her family had been engaged for centuries, near the town of Wexford.

Her first marriage was when she was sixteen. The whole barony was frantic about her, and she was frantic about their frenzy. They broke one another's heads, arms, and legs, for

her. She loved them all, and would have married them all out of benign kindliness. But when they began anatomical experiments with cudgels on one another, she was afraid of taking a husband, lest she should hurt the feelings of the rest of the lovers.

One day there came to the inn of the village, facing her father's solid and prosperous house, an old lady, and a young gentleman of eighteen, the old lady's son. The old lady was travelling from Madras to Waterford, and stopped here, being taken ill. She had been in too great a hurry to bury herself where she was born, and where her relations, awaiting her and her influence, made by her husband in India, still lived: so she died in that village inn. She was three days dying, in a bedroom that overlooked Catharine's bed-room; and Catharine having heard of the illness and of the son's sorrow, looked too often, too piteously at the son, when he came to dry his eyes at the casement.

When the old lady was carried in her coffin to her own not remote village, and buried by the side of her father and mother and sisters, the boy returned to Catharine, with the mad and indecent haste of lovers, proposed, implored, and carried her off that same night. By the time that she had accepted him, and agreed to his hurried proposals, she had spoken to him fifteen minutes—about. But he was a beautiful boy, and she was sure had a good heart, and he told her that he was rich, and that she should be a great lady; and the adoration poured upon her by the country for the last twelve months had so vividly impressed her with the idea that it was her duty to get married as quickly as possible, that on the whole she jumped (physically) at this chance of avoiding a selection among the local infatuated. You may be sure it was a very

happy marriage that. Father Prout has described something of that kind of happiness in his lyric about—

"She was sixteen, I twenty, and
We dwelt in attic cell."

In this case the youthful pair were not under the poetical necessity of living next to the roof. They had plenty of money, and they saw Europe and astonished it; and Mrs. Tiffin, born Catharine, learnt languages and easy manners. Tiffin died at twenty-two, just time enough to make a substantial will, leaving his very substantial property in the funds to his wife, with whom he was violently in love to the last moment.

Mrs. Tiffin was (she hoped) heart-broken, and went into a convent of Carmelite nuns in Italy, where she stayed three years. Not that she wasn't utterly weary even of the comparatively free life she enjoyed there, but that she formed intense friendships there, and got into habits not easily abandoned by one who had no other home, and no family to fly to or appeal to: and that, in real truth, whenever she talked of going, of course, "only for a time," to settle some "business," the Superior and Sister this and Sister that wept and prayed in an extra manner, and intimidated the weak Irish beauty to stay, and be prodigal of her bonbons, her novels—on the sly—and the general sunshine, she carried with her into the cells of that over-treed retreat. As a milady of the first class, of the true religion, with a fortune which was always at the service of her friends and of the church, and of the poor over the whole state (Piedmont), she was petted by the placable Abatissa, and allowed to modify considerably the whole of the rules, conformed to in such cases, of a Forestiara; while she obtained by bribery, of the pardonable and of the improper charac-

ter, some extraordinary licences on occasion for the imprisoned young ladies: the poverty of whose families had induced them, having no opportunities on earth, to try their chance with heaven.

Mrs Tiffin had her servant, the Hibernian Œ, as he was called (being O'Hea), lodged in a cottage not far off, provided with a sensible steed, and kept constantly going between the convent and the not very distant city of Turin, bringing to the disconsolate widow, French, German, and English novels, as well as old standard literature of all sorts: for she had acquired a taste for reading, as the only taste she could gratify under the self-enforced circumstances. Besides the *Romans*, and the plays, and the classics of all kinds—all of which were carefully concealed, in going and coming, from the fiercely innocent ignorant abbess—there came bijoux, bonbons, dresses, laces, and the necessities of the superfluous toilette: and what with these dissipations, earnest prayers, excellent meals, and penance, birds and the beads, a flower-garden and fasts, the piano and expiation, altogether—with the society of some charming nuns, who were always eager to be told the stories of the *Romans* and of the married life of the story-teller—the three years of retreat passed with greater rapidity than those of Diocletian, Charles the Fifth, Prince Menzchikoff, and other famous Potentates looked after by Dr. Doran.

But the little widow was getting fat, and sure that she wanted exercise, and began to take in newspapers, and to wish to be again among the scenes the papers painted. She loved her new friends—the only friends she could be said ever to have had—with unmitigated and relentless affection; and she was sure—she assured herself—that she would come back when she was thirty years old:—yes, she considered it only

fair to give herself that time to be thoroughly conscious of the wickedness and hollowness of the world. Though she was quite independent, and her own mistress, and could make such a donation as would greatly facilitate her sin in returning to light and air, yet she felt the usual difficulties, in saying "I am going:" difficulties which grown-up sons feel when they have made up their mind to leave "Father" for Australia, and which even the most punctual-paying lodgers experience when they have to say to the kind-hearted though pilfering landlady, "By the bye, Mrs. Downstairs, you must put the bill in the window, as I am going out of town"—or "into chambers."

Mrs. Tiffin, who prepared for the campaign by loose doubts thrown out, and by queer books brought in, in an ostentatious manner, thought at first of gravely announcing that, entertaining objections to damnation, she had persuaded herself that it was her duty to go over (which necessitated a Cisalpine procedure) to the religion of Luther. But she was not dishonest enough for the ruse; and, if she had been dishonest enough, was much too good-natured to give uncalled-for pain to the excellent ladies of the St. Agnes Convent, who unaffectedly would have deplored that their dear Catharine should depart to everlasting torture, and that farewell kisses were impossible to so hopeless a heretic. She resolved to take the straight course; left off smiling for a week, fortified herself with tearful prayer, knelt to St. Agnes, and vowed, sobbingly and solemnly, that, no matter what the fascinations and entreaties of mankind, she would at all events not marry until she was thirty, and that, if not married at thirty-one, she would come back to her saintship. A foolish vow, no doubt: but we Protestants and Infidels in Great Britain do not understand these things; and it is necessary to observe that Mrs. Tiffin,

having a knowledge of her own weakness in her inability to say "no," was not altogether absurd in calling the superstitions of her Faith to the aid of her too flexible temperament.

Let us pass over the astonishment, the horror, and the grief of the holy ladies when they got the news of her determination; how these sensations somewhat subsided when presents poured in, and when assuaging occupation was obtained in preparing neat souvenirs of an affectionate though economical character; and how, eventually, as Œ got on to the box of the carriage which contained his departing and kerchief-brandishing mistress, the whole sisterhood of St. Agnes fell back and fainted—a condition in which they remained until the Lady Abbess, suddenly recovering, asked, when the sun was in his meridian, why the bell was not rung for the mid-day refection? Then, as in duty bound, every one answered at once, and the lay sisters were set to work, with great abuse at their forgetfulness and sinful giving way to feeling, and the mid-day meal was done with. It was the saddest afternoon for them all, and they broke out in fresh tears whenever they looked at one another; so that the convent was damp for days and days, and a beneficial reaction of colds set in.

When, some days after, letters for half a dozen of the sisters, with miscellaneous loves to all the rest, arrived from Catharine, there was new grief; for the little widow affected the most frightful sorrow herself, and at intervals, from month to month for a year or so, there were sad hours. It passed away like a dream, as all things do. Deaths occurred. Poor Catharine extravagant began to get short of money, and could not send presents, and then was ashamed to write. We all know how the eternal friendships we have suddenly sworn in our youth

die away and become shadows, and are not pleasant to measure.

Œ astonished the peasantry of Piedmont, as he got on to Turin, by the audacity and heartiness of the songs he sung, in the language of his own country, and whereby he gave vent to his feelings of delight. The remarks of the "Shan Van Vogh," whom he inordinately quoted, were not likely to interest the subjects of the house of Savoy; and indeed were not pertinent to the occasion. But Œ had been so lonely and miserable, now in a dirty village, now fetching and carrying for a "Misthress," whom he regarded with admiration as a saint and pity as a lunatic—unable to learn much of the language of Italy, or to impart any of that of Ireland, treated as a savage, and beginning to feel like one—that now, travelling in reality again, and promised a trip to Ireland, he was in a sublime state of spirits, and roared as loud as any of his forefathers had roared previous to the periodical rebellions. Mrs. Tiffin, strange to say, did not check his gaiety. Perhaps she understood it, and would have liked to join chorus. At any rate, she had done crying before the sun went down, and was looking forward with delight to the business of life; ordering rooms at an hotel; dining thereafter; engaging a maid to look after herself, and a courier to direct Œ; writing to Mr. French, her banker at Florence; and considering calmly and quietly what she would do.

The decision was a very difficult one. To go at once and see, and stay the proper time with, her own family, would not take long, for it was a motherless and sisterless family; and her father and brothers would not know what to do with her on the farm. She couldn't stay long *there*. Well—her husband's family, consisting of a scattered clan, had been so indig-

nant with her husband's marriage, that she had never seen one of them, and had no disposition to relent in the resentment of her slighted good heart.

A pretty widow of twenty-three, without available family, with no one friend, male or female, in the "world," with no security that she might not be put in prison as a vagrant and a vagabond, except the possible reference, apart from the convent, to a Paris notary and London solicitor, on one hand, and on the other to a Florence banker; alone in a Turin hotel, with a queer foreign servant, and a passport three years old, and not knowing the English ambassador, and regarded by the establishment with suspicion—a pretty widow, so placed, was in a position requiring force of character. At present, Mrs. Tiffin was without the quality, and it would have fared hard with her, but that she smiled on every one and paid every one—in excess. With great trepidation she wrote to the embassy, and an *attaché* called on her, to whom she timidly explained her embarrassments; an immediate local reference to an ecclesiastic in high position, then in the city, was easy. The *attaché*, who (they are not too busy in Turin) fell ruthlessly in love in the first seven seconds of the interview, rushed to the ambassadress; the ambassadress was amazed, interested, eager; the ambassador, amazed, interested, and eager too, went to the hotel.

Within thirty hours Mrs. Tiffin—having hired her courier, bought a carriage, settled with a French maid who had been dropped at Turin, and arranged with a milliner—was dancing at a grand ball at the Embassy; and the day after she was the rage of the city, receiving by noon four offers of marriage, not including that of the *attaché:* he took a week before declaring himself, and, being refused, got leave of absence, and was next

heard of as forming one of a scientific party exploring Jupiter's cradle on Mount Ida.

The ambassadress, Mrs. Mell, happened to be a countrywoman of the widow, being the wife of the late Right Honorable Richard Mell, the celebrated colleague of O'Coppers in the Banshee franchise agitation, and a great orator in the Celtic style; which rhetorical faculty was the occasion of his being sent to represent us at a foreign court that said "certainly" to his slightest suggestion, and never gave our diplomatists the trouble of an argument. The kind Mrs. Mell adopted Mrs. Tiffin at once, "as a daughter;" and when the poor little widow was at last driven from her protecting arms in consequence of the *émeute* threatened by the attitude of the ladies of the capital (not one of whom had received an offer, legitimate or illegitimate, since the plump relic of Tiffin had arrived in Turin) she had at least made herself safe in the world, by being now provided with letters which made her henceforth free of the best society all over the Continent.

What with her past experiences, her novel-reading, the couple of months at Turin, and her natural woman's tact, she had acquired a good deal of the requisite *savoir faire*, and got on very well; pronounced every where, by English ladies, "vulgar," but by every one else, including English gentlemen, "delightful." There was no doubt of her having £3000 a-year, with full power to dispose of it as she might think fit; and, as far as Italy is concerned, she made the greatest sensation since—say Corinne's day.

When she publishes her memoirs, which she promises to do in a few years—all this tale of rapid triumph will be told, and how many offers she had per annum. It suffices that I should state that she kept her conditional vow of not marrying. For

the rest, we can only surmise. Her success turned her head a good deal, and there is no doubt that in the winter of——, which she spent at Paris, she had become too boisterous, and too wild and reckless in her manner with men; so that certain strict houses were closed against her, and one or two austere lady patronesses—she had a faculty of getting under old ladies' wings and nestling there, and thence shyly staring at people—pecked her off. She tried London, but it was a dead failure, and her Dame de Compagnie was frank: "Madame, you must marry, or travel," said she.

She consulted her male acquaintance, who flocked to her rooms in Brook Street when it flew from club to club that she was in town, and they said "Marry!" Marry she would not—not yet. One Saturday, during this crisis, she was at the Royal Academy on a hot afternoon, making believe to see the pictures and to listen to the adoring youth who had escorted her, and who had fixed his hopes on this occasion. Her roving eye caught that of an Australian dandy, doing Europe in great style, and whom she had known well in Paris. He came over in a screw ship of iron inlaid with gold, gold dust for ballast. She liked him; and her excessive smile brought him to her—

"Isn't it hot?" asked he, as he shook hands.

"Frightfully! I am getting tired of these painted things—I mean the women as well as the walls."

Ha, ha! This colonial Crœsus didn't understand that the scorned ladies had other ladies in their society; and that Mrs. Tiffin, observing this, had been reflecting seriously for the first time that she was getting separated from her own sex. No woman likes that; though women, often foolishly, detest women.*

* Swift said he never knew a woman worth a fig, who liked another woman. The cynic!

"Ha, ha!" said Antipodes De Tin, Esq., "have you ever heard of Whitebait and Greenwich, Mrs. Tiffin? I was thinking of going down there to dine this afternoon. But I hate being alone. I wish you'd make a party, and come. Come, now, I invite—dine with me. I believe the hotels there are kept in ice, and that the Whitebait are minced mermaids, and that altogether it's remarkable. The Hotel Wallenstein is recommended to me. Do come!"

"Will *you* come?" she asked of her British companion, now Britishly sulky, and looking with the usual success in such circumstances, quite unknowing of the preceding conversation.

"Eh, ah! Beg pardon. Where? Greenwich! Oh! good heavens, no! Much too early: Whitebait not good yet: nobody there."

"Well, where shall we go? Let's go out of London," asked and proposed the lady.

"Spo-o-ken with your usu-al sa-gacity, M-issis Tiffin," moaned the Australian Baron.

"Oh—I thought" (the Briton thus speaking looked perfectly indifferent) "that you had decided to dine in Brook Street, and then go to the Greek Plays?"

"Too hot—never knew such a June—I cannot breathe in London. Come, let's go out of town somewhere. Do!" She smiled exquisitely on the Briton.

"I assure you, I have to vote in a division—the Hindoo Universal Suffrage question—to-night, and it's thought that it will come off at eight. I really could not—I am of young India. But if this gentleman will."

"Great pleasure!" said Potts, who gloated calmly, after the manner of his nation, over the crushed Englishman. The Australian war of independence was not long over.

The great Australian noble of the proud name, and Mrs. Tiffin, *did* go to Greenwich: what did they care about Whitebait, so that they could get an iced hotel? There was no iced hotel: but there was iced punch.

Mrs. Tiffin travelled. She was the ten thousand and oneth in New York and at Saratoga, and there she recovered her position among ladies. She went North, and dined with Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia. She went South, and charmed the amiable Empress of Rio Janeiro. Then the rage was on her, and she rivalled Madame Pfeiffer. She went to Melbourne, and danced at the President's balls; Mr. Duffy, hero of the young Republic, liking his countrywoman. She then went to India, and made out some of the clan of Tiffin the first; and what with her name and smiles took possession of the hearts of the services and of the natives: several Rajahs offered, in addition to the daily prostration of a Lieutenant, and the year she was there there were much brandy pawnee drunk, several duels fought, and irregularities of all sorts committed; and this was the beginning of that system which governor-general the Duke of York, twentieth son of Victoria, had at last publicly to denounce. She went to Persia. She did the East, and met Layard Pasha, who remembered his experience in the house, and abstained from proposing. From Constantinople she went to Odessa, and drove the governor mad; then crossed the Steppes, and reached St. Petersburgh, where she made a long halt, and was happy. She left the Russian capital in the suite of the Archduchess Knoutovna, and with her got to Rome; where the Pope said he was glad to hear of her continued good health, and sent her some sweetmeats and a copy of *The Saturday Review*.

Chapter XXXV.

Bachelor Life.

Permit me to continue her story.

She had attained her thirtieth year, and was now in danger. The Archduchess did not insist on her close attendance: and she went out to see her old friends the artists. Those Roman dinners! Merseyson, whom she had sat to, asked her to dine one day. Talk of Reynolds's free and easy dinners! Merseyson's were on that model; with the addition of ladies: whom you lent your fork to, if she could not find one for herself, and, *en revanche*, you drank out of her glass.

There were French authors, German artists, an English marquis, a Prima Donna, Father Dout, the great Irish wit and song-writer and song-singer, a French minister and his wife, who was of course cleverer than her husband, Sir Brassy Beaming, an English baronet, and Mrs. Tiffin. They talked in all languages, whatever came uppermost, and were a joyous party. Mrs. Tiffin sat next to Sir Brassy. After dinner, these two went together to see the Colosseum by moonlight, and Sir Brassy said "capital" when she, leaning heavily on his massive, manly arm, repeated the lines of Byron. He saw her home to the hotel of the Archduchess, and smoked and was silent much that night at the Café.

Sir Brassy Beaming, when he met Mrs. Tiffin, was aged thirty-seven: six feet two inches high: made like Hercules; in face the handsomest Englishman, still, of his time. His income was £500 a year, and that was almost of an eleemosynary character, arranged between his relatives and his creditors, when the Beaming property in Shrubshire was sold to Newlands, the Liverpool banker. It was a property which for a couple of centuries had made the Beamings the first baronets in England, and which had been in the family for many centuries before baronets were invented. The Sir Brassy Beamings—and every eldest son was Brassy—were undoubtedly the head of the Beamings. The Beaming who got his coronet at Bosworth was a younger brother of the Brassy Beaming of that day; and the present Earl of Beamingsby, Sir Brassy used to tell, owed feudal duty to Sir Brassy. Other Beamings have got into the Peerage; but, compared to Sir Brassy, they were nobodies; and this has always been admitted. The Brassy Beamings had generally been on the wrong side; they were at the Bosworth period, though not actually in arms; and, as they stuck to the old Roman Catholic faith, they had been kept down, and to their county—which enabled them to keep their estate—of course in troublesome times paying awful fines.

Sir Brassy's father died when the son was only fifteen. The estate brought in £18,000 a year. Pretty pickings for a minority! When Sir Brassy was eighteen, he availed himself of his great personal strength to throw his private tutor out of a window into a flower-garden, and the poor man was so hurt that the guardians had to settle £200 a year on him, and on his widow after him. Sir B. B. said that *that* was quite enough to throw away on education, and declined any further

expenses of a scholastic character. He went on the Turf instead, and into the Ring. He won a fight, which made a great noise, so that his portraits were in all the print windows, with particulars underneath of the width of his chest, &c.; and this so elated him—he was not quite twenty—that he backed the favorite for the Derby of that year with great emphasis, and lost £70,000. This was the beginning. He bought a stud, took a great London house, kept the most celebrated cook, No. 2 Pruday, and all things went merrily. He became a perfect gentleman of society, as well as a great judge of horses and races: dressed and became a fashion; danced and became a lion, and was besides the glory of his county, for spending £20,000 every winter in it. He was the friend of Count D'Orsay, Lord George Bentinck, Prince Louis Napoleon, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Sloman, and of other epicures in acquaintance.

Sir B. B. used to say that he had no right to have regrets: it lasted wonderfully long! When the great smash came, he was little more than thirty. How, or why, the property got sold, and he was hunted by bailiffs out of the kingdom, very few can tell. But it was sad—a Brassy Beaming a fugitive, and Beaming Castle, Shrubshire, gone clean out of the hands of the Beamings. Newland has been a blessing to the country no doubt; set mines going, and totally revolutionized the farming, and gridironed the country with railways. But there were people—believers in Eustace Fontenoy—who said—"Nothing like the regular old blood, sir. When will a Newland go to the devil in so magnificent a manner? When they go it will be 'over-speculation,' and not a Cæsar-like defiance of the whole duty of man."

Of course, Sir Brassy lost his digestion; though to produce

that superb sound frame with which he had set out, there had gone some hundreds of quiet-living Shrubshire squires and squiresses, who all lived till ninety, and died in the very same room. With his digestion went his temper. There was a distinctly unhappy eye. It was not a noble irritability: for Sir Brassy had never gone through the experience of being in love, of loving in vain, or of baulked ambition; and all his unhappiness was that of the gamester who had risked too much dross, and lost. What became of him for some time no one knew; but it was supposed that he tried low life as a horse-dealer in France, and rough life as a hunter in America.

When he re-appeared, it was in Rome, where there were old friends constantly coming and going, and always glad to see him; and where his name, as that of a great English Catholic chief in historic eras, made him sure of the court's—the church's—respect, at least. He there declared his intention to turn sculptor of quadrupedal life, as D'Orsay had advised him, and he became pupil to a great artist, and occasionally worked and was encouraged; for he had faculties for art. But the idea did not last; and he merely lounged and waited an appointment from home to some good consulship, which he never got: for he was too proud ever to do more in the business than mention his wishes to Lord Boswain, who was his mother's brother, and Lord Boswain did not believe him in earnest, and, not hearing a second time (he generally attended to a tenth application), forgot all about the matter. The pleasant, loose, lazy life of Rome (with trips elsewhere in bad seasons), suited his wearied spirit. The wanderings had improved the damaged health; but the fierce eyes were still there, and the bad temper was sometimes awful. He forgot his fortunes, and only remembered that he was an English

noble; that his nature was of the grand sort; and that the wretchedly born, poorly built, and not heroic set he had now got among, ought to treat him with respect. When they did not, they were in danger of their lives.

Mrs. Tiffin married Sir Brassy. He made her do so. He was in love for the first time, and she was in love for the first time. She was afraid of him, and foresaw that his temper would quell her, and annihilate the independence to which she had got accustomed. She refused him on that account, while she cried her heart out. He would not take a refusal—"It's not true!" said he to her. "Be honest: you *do* like me, and you have no right to refuse me, and you *shall* marry me! I say you shall—shall! I love you—I never loved a woman before; though I have played love with more women than you have hairs on your head. You've no right to refuse me!"

And he took her up in his arms, while she sobbed, and sobbed, and kept the handkerchief over her face.

"You don't think," he went on, as he tenderly replaced her on a sofa and knelt down by it, looking down to her face, "that I want your money. I've £500 a-year, and Father Dout, who knows every thing about religion, says you have £3000 a-year. Pitch it into the Tiber! Baron Von Fünk says he'll get me a commission in the Austrian army, or I'll go and take a farm again in Tennessee. I see *you're* not a woman that cares for money—do you suppose I do, after droning here these four years, and having to calculate the number of cigars I smoked of a night? D—n your money! At any rate, it shall be settled on yourself—every pound of it. I'll never touch it."

Here he stood up. "Look here, Catharine, you may have heard odd things of me. I tell you—and I never told a lie:

not to a creditor even—that I've never done an ungentlemanly thing yet, and I don't intend to begin. I've paid every farthing of my debts in England—ay, though it took the giving up of the acres we had since King Alfred's day. Twenty shillings in the pound, city snobs boast! Why, I've paid a hundred shillings in the pound all my life; I do now: every one plunders me—they do here. They take me for a rich lord, and swindle me; and, though I know the tricks of the place, I let them. And I owe no money here—not a rap. If I can do that, I can do without your money. I'll go and live with you anywhere." The magnificent man was really in love.

She would not, or could not speak, and he grew furious. Worn out—in love—she plunged at last, and calmed him by putting her arms round him; and when the Archduchess's maid came to summon Madame Tiffin to the carriage drive, she found that lady seated on the lap of the last of the Brassy Beamings, and giving his marvellous, brown, British whiskers a new set.

Sir B. B. hurried the settlements as well as he could. Lady Beaming retained her property, which was all India and three per cent. stock, at her own disposal in life and at death, Sir B. B. also remaining as before; and then they were married by a Cardinal after the ceremonies of their forefathers, and went to live in Florence at first, and Œ was melancholy.

For some years Sir B. B. and Lady B. were rather quiet and tolerably happy, and not getting much into debt. He had never been so happy before; and he rejoiced that no son came. But he got tired of tame life at last; for there was prodigious energy and resource in the man, and he took to gaming. This needed Lady B. to sell out a good deal; and

she did so without a murmur. In the fifth year of their marriage he neglected her, and she refused to pay for presents she suspected were to be made to a rival, and there was a domestic commotion. He was broken-hearted about her sorrow rushed to Paris, to write her a farewell letter previous to going to Havre, thence to sail to America. He fell in with some old friends on the Boulevards: they dined: they drank hard: they adjourned to a gaming-house: he left off sobered, at eleven the next morning, having given his bills for £10,000. A brain fever was the result; but he recovered, and she, having hurried to Paris to nurse her tyrant, had to arrange about the money. While he was groaning on her shoulder, telling her of his repentance, she could make no complaints. The pride of his life—and she had partly caught it, as Lady Brassy Beaming—was, that he had paid all his debts. She paid his gambling debts, and they were preparing to start, in reality, for America, when he thought better, or worse, of it; grew despondent; wrote to Roper, asking that old friend and cousin to be kind to his wife, who was an angel; sauntered into a shooting gallery, and put two bullets into his highly descended and singularly handsome head.

Lady Beaming returned to Florence; in time recovered her spirits: flirted with men of all kinds and sorts; played: lost her character. She then left Florence and came to London.

Chapter XXXVI.

Facts and Futilities.

Mr. John Wortley lived in a sparkling house in Park Lane.

That airy street of closely wedged whims, in which conventionality seeks to individualize itself, and where the genius of architecture seems to have enjoyed a freaky reaction, after building its uniform way up from the east. Studying Park Lane from the long walk in front of it—laid out as a torture for plebeian pedestrians, that they may be near the tantalizing rose, to get the voluptuous perfume of full-blown fashion—one gets out of that most terrible atmosphere of London—the Trite. The houses in Park Lane are houses of cards rather than of bricks. The Englishman's castle generally appears a heavy rated donjon, dreadfully crammed with dark back parlors. In Park Lane you cannot conceive any thing behind that light pasteboard front but dainty drawing-rooms, gossamery and gilt boudoirs, semi-transparent statuettes, crystal lamps, velvet carpets, porcelain baths, with crisp beauties lolling, languishing, lavatory. Roast beef of Old England is surely never in these cages: can the singing-birds wear flannel petticoats?

You decline to admit the theory that the male sex may

occupy these feminine mansions: they are ladies' houses. A father of a family would look as ridiculous in one of those houses, as he would in a crinoline, or playing the harp. I would as soon see a beadle as a footman there—those flaming vermin of luxury. If there are such things going on there, it is an anomaly. There may be skeletons in the houses, rattling in the east wind, and closets to hold them on each floor. *Atra cura* may be lolling against the door-post, to mount after the brittle beauty when she comes down to ride her mare in the park. There may be a corporal's guard of wolves pacing in relief before the porch. I don't choose to see. What would the drama do without the "aside?"

When Actæon came upon a party of ladies with low dresses on, at a water party, he shouted—"What beautiful busts!" He was an ignorant young fool. Better bred in towns, he would have leaned over Diana as she sang *Casta Diva* at the piano, and pretended to see nothing but her hair bandeaux. We need our little illusions. Does it do Mr. Williams, M.P., worthy statistician that he is, any harm, that my wife believes angels are whispering to my child when the little thing smiles in its sleep? I like to believe in Park Lane; it is so pretty, so *bizarre*, so genteelly gothic. I daresay Clark, Farebrother and Lye, or Asmodeus, could undeceive me. I daresay the cook could, or the footman: granting a footman. But I walk up and down; and if a lady's maid were to brandish that sad materialism, Lady Evangeline's flannel petticoat, from the second pair front, I would shut my eyes. In an age of statistics and scepticism, which always go together, let us make fast our faith somewhere. *I* believe in Park Lane. I believe the houses are haunted by fairies, with assumed names in the "Court Guide. If the policemen would let me, I'd hire a

German band some moonlight night, and serenade them. They might be eating lobster salad, or concluding their preparations to turn in to bed: what then—who thinks, during the raptures, of catching a cold under his mistress's lattice?

Every one has his Park Lane, his Dream-land, beyond the bills of mortality and the beat of Z 99. What is gained by disbelieving in addresses not found in the Post Office Directory? Don't go to anatomical museums. Saccharissa, skinned like the martyr lady, would not be as pretty: but, nevertheless, go and purchase presents for her at Atkinson's or Rimmel's. Don't repeat too often that we must all die: lips are not dust at present. There's a glorious landscape stretching away before you; and what if there be snakes in the grass?—step out boldly. The sanitary reformer will tell Leander that it is bad for health to sleep with Hero's head on his breast, for that they—however they bathe—breathe poison and are killing one another. Don't attend to him, he's not a poetic; or like Sam Rogers he's partial to the flesh-brush and not fretting.

I don't see that the world is much wiser or much happier for facts. I think the Greek shepherd, singing under a blue sky containing to his eyes something more than gas, was happier and more reverent with his mythology, than our Socinian with his one God. I don't object to steam engines, but I would like to keep the superstitions, too. I don't see why astronomy and astrology cannot be alike satellites of truth.

Analyze the water of the Thames, and, instead of river nymphs, you would find feculent molecules; and how much better are you off? You scorn superstitions, and you come to adulterations. You reduce everything to realities, and you live in London or Manchester smoke. Put down barbaric pomp by all means; the Orders of the Garter and Bath,

judges' wigs, beef-eaters, javelin men, and the Lion and the Unicorn, heraldry, the *Honi soit*, the *Dieu et mon Droit:* but if barbarians are left behind? Don't believe that God's work, all these anguished ages, is consummated in the prosperity of the manufacture of cotton velvet by Spitalfields weavers, who starve the while. The electricity was not given merely for ordering a hurried supply of false hair, cut from Breton girls' heads for a few francs the *chevelure*, wanted for the Queen's state ball at Buckingham Palace. Professor Jones knows more than Thales did; but I can still credit a barbarian, with pupils more or less brought up as savages, though neatly clothed. And while the energetic Anglo-Saxon is extirpating the Kaffirs, I will enjoy my fetish in Park Lane.

Faiths are onions. The Rev. Mr. Spirtgong and his flock, who revel in crimson and sulphur panoramas of eternal torments, have eaten of the same onion, and the congregation do not object to the preacher's seasoning. The Park Lane onion has its party, too. It is an eschalot, a delicate onion, fragrant rather than mordant; it is not a string of coarse stinging bulbs, but a garland of refreshing buds. It does not bring tears to your eyes, but water to your lips. It is less a flavor than a *soupçon*.

Chapter XXXVII.

Sclavonic History.

A GENERAL faith in Park Lane need not be disturbed because Mr. John Wortley has a house there. He is a young and handsome light-limbed man. Tennyson's princess would not say he was altogether out of place in a lady's house. At opposite points the sexes are like one another. A young man is feminine in the feeding of his salad days; and, in another way, some old women assume a masculinity which suggests to a man what a very ugly fellow he is!

Jack got his sparkling house in this wise.

When the Earl of Varius, after a six years' minority, came of age, he resolved to be happy; and, as he had plenty of money, the resolution did not seem to be altogether absurd. There was an awkward story that his mother, from whom his father had been divorced shortly before his death—the death being somehow attributable to the divorce—was alive, leading not a very reputable life.

Sir Bulbul, who had seduced her from her allegiance to her lord, had thrown her off, and she had been some time with an Arab sheikh, trying to convert him to Christianity; and afterwards, appearing in London, she had played some public

tricks which lost her all that had fondly and sadly remained of the love of her family. But it was a considerable period since she had been heard of; and, as no one ever spoke to the young earl on the subject, and as his impression was (correctly) that his father had, in forgiveness, made ample settlements on her after the divorce, he daily thought less and less of the dreadful existence of the degraded lady. Thus, on coming into his property, he resolved to have a Bachelor residence which should be the talk of London; and having taken a house in Park Lane he painted and gilded and fondled it, and filled it with refined voluptuousness. He was resolved to rub off the bloom of his youth on delicate materials.

You entered a hall like the inside of an Indian shell, in which a fountain, decorated with a group of the Mænades destroying Orpheus, played perfumed and musical water. Passing through doors of precious wood, you came to a room of oak, heavy with armorial achievements, arms, and all the implements of modern manly pastimes, in attractive array: solemn easy-chairs of baronial capacity, but British comfort: In the centre a table, littered with books, papers, pistols, gloves, whips, billets-doux, bills. Here you waited to admire; and, passing on, you found yourself in a dining-room: the walls of a ruby color, heavy with blazing canvass of crouching nymphs and boisterous Bacchanals; the carpet soft as a bed of roses; the chairs hard as beauty's hand: the table adorned after the mode of Olympus on fête-days, groaning to be rifled of its opulent ecstasies; dim, religious, artificial light coming through flowered and gemmed glass upon the sacred scene, and a cloistered toll without when dinner is to be served. Beyond this again, to receive revellers when weary of wine, was a spacious divan, tent-shaped, supremely and sugges-

tively couched, where Odalisque waiters brought coffee and pipes.

Above these rooms was another single suite; a bedroom, silently serene; a bath-room, crackling with falling cold, or caressing with sighing hot, water; an attiring closet, that weaned man from life to lakes of looking-glasses; and a boudoir, pathetic and mysterious as love. At the back of this little palace, its glass roof rising to that of the palace itself, was a conservatory of gold bars, glowing flowers, bright birds, crystal fountains, and alabaster statues. You could enter the conservatory either from the Divan or from the Boudoir, and at the rear of the conservatory was an office which, by a secret door never pushed by sacrilegious Z 999, led out on the unfrequented back street.

The Earl of Varius gave a great party to a well-selected set of intimates. He desired to be happy by making others happy. There was the graceful orgie of vigorous young life. They were rioting in the dining saloon, ruddy with content, when a lady and gentleman, who had managed or had evaded the servants, entered arm-in-arm. The writing on the wall did not make a greater sensation in Belshazzar's time.

This lady was the divorced Countess of Varius; the gentleman was a Pole, whom she had picked up as her temporary prop.

She declaimed that she was starving; she reproached her son with his excesses, after her having written to him of her condition (he had never read the letters, which his solicitor had carefully suppressed); and, weeping passionately, she declared that a word from her as to his true father, would scatter all this profusion into chaos. An obviously ungovernable lady.

The company, as also the Pole, were still, paled, and horrified; pitying the gallant boy thus assailed in his pride.

He behaved admirably; apologising to his guests, whom he besought to continue the feast, he bowed to his mother, offered her his arm, and led her up stairs. What passed, none knew. He left England within a week, and is wandering: bruised, objectless perhaps. The house was advertised to be sold. The Duke of Hareemton made sure of it: but Wortley bought it over his coronet, pronouncing that it was "a tidyish wigwam." His Grace became ill, and declared the country was no longer fit to live in. He entered into a treaty with the Shah for the renting of a Happy Valley in Khorassan.

A select committee of the Society of the Friends of Bohemia dined at Jack Wortley's "tidyish wigwam." Excepting Diego Dwyorts, not invited, there was the same party that had met at Bellars' lodgings; with, in addition, Therese, and Lady Beaming: who, in the absence no doubt of Perdita, presided.

Roper was glad to see Fassell. Where had he been this long time? Why had *The Teaser* altered its principles again?

"I did not notice that," answered Fassell. "I have been out of town. I hope the policy has not been much altered, eh! Though perhaps the public likes change."

"*You* do!" said Bellars. "I see *The Teaser* office has broken out in a new place in the Mall. I should think you have had every house in the Mall, haven't you?"

"It's that infernal Law of Debt!" said Crowe. "It hunts you like a bear; and you drop garments, Penates, Lares, every thing to stop it, till you are run down roofless and togless."

"Poor innocent!" murmured Therese.

"Not a bad burrowing you have made here, Wortley," said Roper, with the cognizant survey of the man perfect in *savoir vivre*.

"I tell him," said Therese, looking kindly at Jack, "he sell his soul to get all the money and this palais."

"Cash transactions in souls concluded in Dr. Faust's time," said Crowe, in a melancholy voice. "The Satanic capital was used up by bad speculations in the mediæval epoch. Far better villains to be had in our period!"

"But how did you, so young, become so rich?" asked Lady Beaming, not knowing that she was on delicate ground.

"I'll tell you some other day, ma'am."

"I say, Crowe, is that a relative of yours, a Dwyorts, who has smashed?" asked Roper.

"Yes, a connection. John Dwyorts of Liverpool."

"How much?" asked Bellars.

"Seven hundred thousand pounds."

"Respectable. His health," suggested Roper.

"Is there so much money in the world?" sighed Lady Beaming.

"No: bills for the amount only," was Crowe's opinion.

"What a talk there will be about commercial morality!" said Bellars.

"Particularly among the nobles," said Roper.

"Is not your aristocracy proper?" asked Therese.

"Mademoiselle——"

"Madame. I am married."

"I forgot—yes: but, I say, Wortley, you are not cutting Diego because he is down?"

"Devil a bit! Only it's awkward for ma'am here, his wife, to meet him under present circumstances; there being nothing

settled as to how the marriage, or the marriages, is. Cut him! Not proper: never cut a chap for loss of tin. I've lost £10,000 by old Dwyorts; but I've lent the young 'un enough to start him—that is, if he'll take advice."

"And you've got my Oshire estate out of the cash," said Bellars, drinking sadly.

"Well, old chap, buy it of me. Cheap's the word."

"Do you intend to forgive Diego?" asked Crowe of Therese.

"What I tell her to do is to make all square, on her side," said Jack, sententiously. "Let her marry again, too, and there's an end of it. I've offered, but she won't."

A burst of laughter made Therese's marble little face furiously red.

"Don't talk of me: you big men find more large subject. You tell me, milord, of your aristocracy?"

"A bad set, I assure you, madame," replied Roper, leaning over for pine-apple. "It is to me a profound puzzle how the country stands such an aristocracy: rotten to the heart! Look at Lord Livard, whose case came out the other day—implicated in a Newgate calendar style of business, charged with something like murder, conspiracy, fraud—the leading journal actually putting it to the House of Lords whether they would re-admit such a man to take his place there. Well, is he down?—Not a bit of it. I watched all this season, and he was received all the better—ten times better—by our women. Never was so successful: caused two separations and broke off several matches, though he is bald, and sixty by Burke."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Talk of the profligacy of the Regency, ours or the French; why, we who are in the secret, know that ours is as bad as ever it could be. The fact is, we live as much in Paris as in

London, and have got the vicious peculiarities of two wealthy capitals. Fellow-talk in the papers of the low morals in politics—confidence lost in public men, electoral corruption—dead principles, confused parties, collusions, and connivances. But all that is just the consequence, the reflection, of the private lives and characters of the aristocracy—and the aristocracy includes the wealthy of all sorts."

"But nobody minds," said Crowe. "The Peer considers his Banker a rogue, and the Banker returns the compliment. We know that our grocer adulterates his goods—that our wine-merchant deludes us—that our tailor overcharges—but we go on: and when we give an order they never omit to calculate the great probability that we shall never pay. Sensible fellows! It's an awful world."

"I should have thought," said Lady Beaming, "that the example our Queen sets, would have made the aristocracy rather declare for goodness, and that sort of thing."

"Why, our court, you see," said Roper, "is very negative. It is exclusive and self-contained. Nobody knows what it implies in politics. It does not set a mode, or a fashion: it is without distinct style. Its etiquette is its own—it does not affect the general manners of the nobility. Well, then, though it is accomplished, it has no connection, personal or otherwise, with literature. In art, it has no school. It asks Landseer to dinner; but dogs and horses are going down in art. Dead game, on canvass, is a little too high for good taste."

"Well, but the Queen doesn't have improper characters at court?" asked Therese. "An actress that I am acquainted with—very popular, indeed—was complaining that she could not get to the Windsor Theatricals because Charles, Lord Kean, found out that she had a little baby at nurse at Margate."

"Pooh! the Queen is a sensible woman; she knows that she must affect a good deal of ignorance. Who has she more constantly at her dinner-table than Lord and Lady Oldlove? Well, do you suppose the Queen hasn't heard what every body may be said to know—that that couple were only married four or five years ago; but that the children of Lady Oldlove, born in the former marriage and now about in society, are so distinctly the image of Lord Oldlove, that the most ludicrous blunders have been made about them. The Queen does not encourage any lapse from virtue and decorum in her great subjects, and she may even be said to discourage the bad. If a Blessington or a Guiccioli turned saints as their hair fell off, she would not invite them to a party, and would not let them get at a drawing-room. If she hears of a Countess of Varius, whose viciousness is carried to insanity, she takes care to have her kept off: before, or after, a divorce. But what can she do if she finds an able man conquering his way into her cabinet, whose wife has been an actress, and an actress in days when babies at Margate were not a crime in an artist:—is she to cultivate the cabinet minister and cut the wife? Not a bit of it. Does she avoid an opera because the principal Soprano lives with the principal Tenor in an unhallowed but pleasant manner? No! it's all cant. The Queen is to be reverenced, and is reverenced; but she's in a political position, and it's not her business to do more than live as an example to Christian women."

And so Roper went on; like all such men, saturated with scandal, abusing a world that is not half so bad as it flatters itself—presenting instances for rules, and judging of the dull and worthy mass by the incidental derelictions of the clever and cynical minority. However, his talk is

always worth listening to, as the tone of the man of the day.

"The Queen!" gave Wortley, solemn as a lord mayor. Graphs awoke from a steady reflection on the universe, and drank to Lady Beaming by mistake.

"Lord Roper," said she, "how am I to get to Court?"

"Never mind Court: it's only a crush. Better stick to your plan of imitating dear Florence Nightingale: charity is more amusing than Court."

Lady Beaming pouted, and Bellars comforted her.

"I have good fortune," said Therese. "I will go to the Queen: she came to me."

"If charity is going on," said Graphs, "I've got a case. As I was coming here to dinner, I saw a poorly dressed, but decently dressed, woman leading a little girl of four or five years old, evidently recovering from a sickness, and taken to this park air—perhaps from a long distance—for exercise. The child was of singular beauty. But it looked strange among the gay, and healthy, and gaudy nurseries turned out around it. Pointing to a little lady, just older than itself, with a flaunting muslin on, it pulled its mother's robe and said, 'Mama, why don't you get me a frock like that?' The mother burst into tears.

This touched the women; and Jack said, "And what did you do?"

"Well, I accosted the mother, praised the beauty of her wee daughter, carried it about a little, got her address, and mean to send a frock and hat there for the next outing. Now, who'll subscribe? Let's have one happy child in London!"

"Cheaply," said Crowe—who could never suppress a sneer

—going round with a plate, and leading the way with his silver.

"That's what our charity comes to," said Roper—"we subscribe. Which of us would take the trouble to go and see the happy child?"

"Why doesn't the Queen set to work to make the country happy?" asked Lady Beaming.

"The voluntary system is the British system," said Bellars; "on that we let the people rot, morally and physically; but if a lord heads us, and a subscription is wanted, we are ready with our guineas. Poets very likely propel peers; but if St. Simon and Carlyle are neglected, and Lord Shaftesbury is attended to, I don't see that I am therefore a snob. There is a trumpet and there is a trumpeter, and it is my business, as an orderly member of such organization as it is, to attend to the trumpet. The literary man may be very clever in his way; but I prefer unlimited eating-and-drinking, and walking-on-the-Slopes-Monarchy, surrounded with incoherent institutions, to the republic of letters; for I know very well what the cliques would do—there would be a creation of Lord Bradbury and Evans, and the Duke of Longmans, within a week. They would write their speeches, and bring out monthly rival editions of the British constitution—and think of that!"

"This claret is very good, Wortley," commented Roper.

"Claret is like woman, seldom bad," said Graphs; "I would like to die drinking claret on Mount Lebanon."

"Not many fellows would be as frank," said Roper. "But what I want is truth—for fellows to stand on their characters, whatever *they* are. When men had real, downright natures (which was before my time), they stood upon them, and didn't keep them out of sight: good or bad, out the real man and

the real woman came. Do you think the hypocrisy isn't seen, in the long run? Of course it is. And the world is getting a taste for reality again: and, by Jove, I'd like to set the fashion of confessing yourself a scamp! We are facing facts. And I say, if we are to go, we nobles, don't let us go out as humdrums, but defying middle-class moralities and democratic whines, brilliantly and bravely—as a superior class, beyond the ken and above the laws of the herd—resolved to keep the mass slaves, for the slaves' good, as long as we can. Lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes be hanged!—it's not done well enough: we haven't got the talent for that—it's not in the nature of the class to have that talent: and we do ourselves no good by trying books—sure to be bad, like Manners' and Mahon's. Let the *litterateurs* alone, and let us govern—in the state and in society, leading—and fighting when necessary!"

What Roper might mean altogether, who can say? I am reporting the sort of talking of that sort of man.

"As to literature," said the contemplative man, "it has become a profession, a calling, and is done for."

"What do you mean?" asked Bellars.

"A man should not sit down to write a book until he has got something to say."

"Admirable!"

"But, nowadays, a man makes one success, and then to the end of his life he pours out three volumes a-year: he goes into his study as a merchant goes into his counting-house."

"You mean," said Roper, "that authors should be poets—men of passion and intensity?"

"Authors of fiction should live grand facts! fiction is poetry. I want a man's life to have poetry in it. When a modern novelist has done his three hours' work, he sits down

to roast mutton, just like his grocer, and goes to bed at ten. Byron, Alfieri——"

"Even Moore and Scott got into debt," said Crowe.

"The real life of a literary man was that of Beaumarchais. He lived a plot," said Bellars.

"I differ with you," said Lady Beaming. "The modern novel in England is the novel of observation, sketch, and satire. A man of the world, always observing, and supposing he has high literary faculty, can write the modern novel in calmness."

"Well, it's pleasant gossip, but it doesn't live," said Graphs.

"That's posterity's lookout," retorted Bellars.

"The fact is," said Fassell, waking up from a sleep which his gentle recklessness could not deny to himself even in the most agreeable company; "the fact is, the newspaper is swallowing up literature."

"And doesn't seem very well able to digest it," was Roper's remark.

"I am rejoiced the journal does not swallow up singing, too," said Therese.

"And the Theatre, and the Bally—that's the thing I like," decided Wortley.

"As to the ballet," said Therese, "I wonder women can be found to perform so nude: bah, abominable!"

Lady Beaming had a theory about that. "It's all custom. It does not follow that they are immodest because they show their legs. Fine ladies show more of their shoulders and bosoms; and, as a custom, without immodesty. In the East, the women do not show their faces; in Europe, the legs are hidden off the stage; the ballet girl may be pure as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple: for the stage has its own rules,

too. I knew a beautiful girl at Rome who sat as a model to artists, for hours and hours, nude; she had been brought up to it; saw no wrong; felt no shame; and inspired all with respect."

"Bravo!" cried Roper.

"Then, there's no such thing as female modesty?" inquired Bellars.

"The immodesty is not so much, perhaps, in the *danseuse*, as in the ladies who look on, and who know that the attraction to the men is the public exhibition of what is concealed in private." This was Therese's suggestion.

"Ah! we bring up our women to be hard and bold," said Roper. "This morning I visited my sister, who has grown-up daughters, and there they were in the breakfast-room, with the morning papers left behind by Papa; and yet the papers this morning were full, as you all know, of a revolting crim. con. case."

They moved into the divan, and chatted away an autumn evening. Jack—decidedly in love, but in a stern, self-sustained manner—made love to Therese, who liked his honest unconventionality. Bellars amused with lively talk the lightsome widow. Roper and Graphs, and Fassell and Crowe, smoked and talked politics.

A very grand mansion: but vulgar talk takes place even in such.

Chapter XXXVIII.

The Day of Rest.

The summer was parting in kindly humor with England, one mild October Sunday. The sun, though he stays so short a time, ought to look favorably on us; for we make prodigious exertions to make the most of him when he does benignly show himself. An Italian, a Spaniard, or a Frenchman takes him as a matter of course, as a child takes a father, who is but doing his duty in being good. But we know what sea-fogs and town-smokes intervene between our island surface and the blessed light, and we are grateful when the god condescends; our lymph leaps in unusual mood, and we almost attain the gay.

It is soft, in Frith Street, Soho, this Sunday afternoon. The Londoner makes great exertions in worship of the bagatelle on his Sabbath. He and his wife have been hearing the band in Regent's Park, partly out of love of music, partly out of hate of the aristocracy; mostly the latter, for how otherwise account that the least musical of races was recently on the point of civil war because he was deprived of brass bands? Young grisettes, in cheap splendor, are out walking with shopmen—swains who, with peculiar superstitions, always

dress in black on fête days. Hairy foreigners, with fantastic pipes and loud tongues, are out sunning sentimental sedition.

Big laborers in shirt sleeves are carrying their youngest born: they look uncouth, but they do not declare for an artistic *pose* among mankind; and that does not matter. Their wives in groups of slatternly squaws, are loitering behind, some of them talking about religion, to which they are prone, others about their children, others about their neighbors. They are dirty, though they have cleaned for Sunday, and they are ignorant and barbarous; but their husbands are as fond of them as most husbands are of their wives: they are just as happy as other squaws, having enough to content animalism: and, on the whole, do they talk more savage stupidity than characterizes the colloquialism of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson, when those ladies get into a corner to dogmatise their soulless twaddle? With these and other groupings in Frith Street, less in movement itself than as indicating there have been or are places of interest and commotion elsewhere, Frith Street chatters this Sunday afternoon; and, generally speaking, the non-locomotive inhabitants of Frith Street, with their windows up, are looking out on the brisk street. If they had dresses, or black coats, or children, and did *not* take a genteel *pose* in the world, they would probably join, too, in the wayfaring.

At Mr. Jacob Dwyorts' stronghold in this Bohemian street, there was the old outside pert polish, but, within, there were some changes. Bob had had an attack of paralysis, long coming on, and was now removed out of the way to a back bedroom; where, as far as his family was concerned, he would have been left to die, but that the doctor was obstinate in attendance; the cook was pitying, as women are; and Mrs.

Chessey called three or four times a week—as Jane said, "taking advantage of Bob's illness to get round grandfather." Ellen, whose faculty it was to snarl with her sister all day, and look out of the window at the same time, had at last fished something out of the street. This was the foreign refugee in Mr. Molly's top story opposite, who had offered that gentleman pistols when requested to pay for his lodgings.

The refugee had heard rumors of the wealthy British over the way; and, sure that the lady with the long neck was an heiress, he had solicited her affections—first by gesticulating and hitting his heart, next by little notes, and last by furtive interviews in the neighboring Pantheon. The poor young lady, so weary of Jacob and family egotism that she was rather eager for the fate of Elizabeth of Siberia, allowed her heart to warm towards the first man who, though in broken English, told love to her. She honestly assured him that she had no money, and was not sure grandfather would ever leave her any; but the result was that she eloped: perhaps calculating that the callous grandfather would only sneer and recall her, and give her spouse something to do; of which the spouse appeared to be greatly in want. The occupation of adoring her would not suffice for him: for as grandfather took no notice of her grandiloquent appeals, and Jane ordered the door to be shut in his face, he, soon after the nuptials, celebrated at an estaminet in Soho, drove out his beloved to sell her rings, and bring home (they had left Molly's) some bread, endive, oil, and tobacco. Altogether, therefore, the marriage was not happy on either side; and when poor broken Ellen, as her last humiliation, had to go afoot to beg a few shillings from her stepmother, whom she had so long flouted, things had come to a crisis. But, even then, the ex-barmaid, not

restraining a little triumph, behaved with that unaccountable goodness peculiar to women.

On this Sunday afternoon Jacob Dwyorts, his head fallen far forward on his breast, is sleeping gently, as one dead, in his arm-chair, placed before a huge fire, which has been replenished twice since he has slumbered. He has thus slept since noon. Of late he is always sleeping, even in the middle of bustle and business at the works. Jane is in the room with him, feeling very hot, and snorting for air in a way that would have awoke any man but Jacob Dwyorts. She doesn't stir out of the room, but watches incessantly. She starts as Jacob awakes: he is roused by the stoppage of a carriage at his door. Jane suspected, and was right: it is Gilbert Chessey, Esq., Mrs. Chessey, and the pretty little Miss Chessey, who have come to spend Sunday evening with them, and to see Bob. Gilbert has brought a case of real good port wine for Bob. Yes! kindly-hearted man, and he means to have a pint of it himself at dinner; for rather than drink Jacob's wine, he would forego his hopes of Jacob's money. Jacob, half awake, smiles and tries to remember, and says yes—he is ready for dinner, though he thought he had had it before he went to sleep. And when he has had dinner he goes to sleep again; and while Gilbert takes his pint, with the dignity of an elector of Middlesex and a prosperous Manchester warehouseman, Mrs. Chessey shows off Miss Chessey to Jane, and Jane kisses Miss Chessey repeatedly, who with difficulty refrains from biting her sour relation.

At his villa on the Surrey side that Sunday afternoon, Mr. John Dwyorts (John Dwyorts of London, not the Liverpool man who has smashed) is smoking a pipe in his garden with a city friend. Mrs. John looks on and over the palings; nods

acquiescence when her husband abuses, after his feeble custom, the "beastly selfishness" of his father; and smiles in spite of herself at John Wortley, when that impudent cavalier rides past, winking his way to the house of the old ladies at Brixton: who are more and more infatuated with him daily, and to whom he pays attention assiduously, from no other motive than that he sees he makes them happy by submitting to their affections.

Mr. John Dwyorts of Liverpool, the absconded bankrupt, is in a *café* on the quay at Havre, in a false beard and wig, writing letters: one to his son, full of disheartened fondness, so that tears drop on the thin paper as he crawls, asking him to join his poor father in America; but if not, telling him to stay and push his way in London: the poor father, who has kept two or three hundred pounds for himself, having left two or three thousand pounds for the son. Mrs. John, the wife of the absconded bankrupt, is prowling about London, like a lioness in search of her whelp—Diego; who has this Sunday gone down to Brighton (and is in very good company there) to avoid her. Diego has not the least intention of joining his father: and, as money enough has been safely settled on his mother to keep her in the uncouth comfort she loves, he does not understand why he should be bored with her society; and so he has told her. Diego has made some hits, and is using Jack Wortley's name freely: and in the city they say that the sins of the father need not be visited on the son—so long as the son can pay his way. At the club, and in his ordinary society, Diego holds his head high, and no signs of "cutting" have been given. There was something about Diego's iron jaw and cast mouth which did not invite insolence; and Diego was now giving his real, bold, ferocious nature full swing.

Down in Warwickshire, at Beechton, Miss Mary Dasert has commenced her wood-fires and indoor life in the evenings; and if you look in, after the fashion of Don Cleofas, this Sunday evening, you will see her lying back in her arm-chair, gazing with her gaunt eyes on Saxon Wornton, who is stretched on a bear-skin within the blaze; while Nea, pale, pretty, and mild, is seated on a low stool, reading to them one of Bossuet's sermons—those religious discourses which Mary said were effective, because French prelates in those days were men of the world, and knew the people they addressed. Nea, too, is beginning to understand religious discourses. There were depths in that gentle nature which have been lit up by the lightning of her sudden misery. She is getting stronger, with force to enable her to look at the shame to which she has been subjected; and she rejoices that she has been snatched from the dissonance and degradation of the harmonious conventionality of decent married life.

All that Sunday afternoon, a minister's private secretary was trying to find out where was Nea, or where were the friends of Nea, to receive the sad intelligence that Lord Slumberton had fallen a victim to fever in Saccharinia, and that his body, with the mourning Sabine and Mrs. Triste, had arrived at Southampton. The Lollypop question, with its details and debates, had been too much for Lord Slumberton.

Nothing had been decided by his late lordship, not at any time equal to a decision, about Mr. Diego Dwyorts' outrage on his family; and it now remained with Saxon Wornton, succeeding to the title, and to the responsibilities of the head of the house,-to pronounce judgment.

Meanwhile, he and Nea went to Southampton, and took

charge of Sabine; and the party went to Beechton as to a home. Sabine, browned by the tropical sun, had blossomed into great comeliness; and, as the belle of Saccharinia, had acquired a saucy air which puzzled Nea, and pleased the new peer. Mrs. Triste bewailed generally that she had not been able to settle Sabine in the island—not in the least affected by the rather inconvenient consequences of the precipitate settlement of Nea at home.

Chapter XXXIX.

Morning and Evening Calls.

Kimbletts was beginning to disbelieve in human affairs. Molly, dark and gloomy, and having lost his appetite, treated her attachment as a nuisance, stayed out for two or three days at a time, and sent Ritts, who had got a great hold of him, to tell her that he couldn't come home. Ritts made love to her, and was always there when Molly was there; and when Molly was there, he would smoke bad tobacco in the kitchen, to the indignation of the lodgers, and talk about Mormonism, and his views upon the Salt Lake Utah territory.

"Why should a cove be limited to one wife?" he would ask, "when he's made an hass of hisself, and married a woman—not that she can't cook well any little trifle—whose older than hisself."

"Ay, why not?" Ritts would reply, "and it's a good climate, I believe," said Ritts. "Salt, perhaps, but salubrious. But you'd rather run away from wild beasts, wouldn't you, Molly?"

"I rather think I would: but I don't see that they're worse than executions."

"Oh! I thought you'd settled that little matter."

"Perhaps I have, and perhaps I haven't. But I'll tell you what it is, Ritts, if I don't go to Mormondy, I'll take a public. A lodging-house is the devil."

"Is it really?"

Mr. Molly was unsettled. He had gambled away on horses and at billiards all the ready money; and though Kimbletts was working her legs off, as she had undertaken to do, it was with no heart or hope. She no longer dressed neatly: she did not mind going about without a cap, though her hair was not brushed magnificently; and her general reckless condition was indicated by the extent to which she shed hair-pins in all directions about the establishment—on the soup, drawing-room, stairs, every where. Molly drew all the money from her, and bills were in arrears; and the lodgers were getting dissatisfied. Ritts tortured her. She was sure he was her darling boy's ruin, in leading him into bad company, and had put "all these licentiate hideas about Mormonism in his 'ed." Ritts was a young "licentiate" fellow himself: what did he mean by coming and squeezing of her hand? But she shuddered as she suspected that Ritts had Molly under the financial thumb, and was afraid to speak out to her husband of the false friend;—besides that, she doubted if Molly would care, or caring, would fight.

So things went on; and the house came to be marked. The Hebrew Moth who floated about in the early morning—the moth with a hooked nose, subsisting on old clothes—had his eye on it. The tradesmen, wanting their money, sent in bad goods, and on these doubled the price they ought to have charged for honest commodities. The landlord used to stroll that way to see how things were going on. Queer-looking young men, in a great hurry, were wanting to see Mr. Molly

immediately on pressing business every half hour. When Kimbletts went out she did not tack, after her old fashion, but went straightforward, to get out of the way; carefully avoiding all the ancient neighborly eyes. Molly was raising the wind, and the gusts shook this tent in Frith Street.

What romance there is in a horse's hoofs! As they clatter on the road, how we look out to see what *preux chevalier* is pricking on. Bah! it is only the butcher's boy come for orders. Yet we go again to the window next time.

All Frith Street was watching the gentleman in mourning, who gave his horse to his groom's care, and knocked at Molly's mansion. He was calling on Therese, who was torturing the house and the houses on either side with her scamperings up and down the scale: for Therese was now working in earnest in her profession, with a determination to succeed Grisi.

"Ah, cher Monsieur Wornton! Wie geht's? A seat!"

"Thank you! As you call me Wornton, I suppose you have not seen in the papers that I have succeeded to a peerage?"

"The papers! I never read in the *journaux* but what they say of me. But what is peerage?"

"A title—Edelschaft, in your language.—I am Lord Slumberton now."

"A milord! Ah—that is more money! Happy monsieur! But you came to see poor me, a singer—so good!"

"Well, it is rather odd, but Mr. Diego Dwyorts' wife—that is to say, Miss Slumberton, whom he married, is a relative of mine: her father is dead, giving me the title; now it is my duty to act on her behalf."

"Ah—and you will hang the *pauvre* Diego?"

"It's not exactly a hanging matter. The truth is, I am obliged to do something, and I don't know what to do, and I came to you for advice."

She shook her little head.

"You may be as much injured as Nea is. What are your wishes? Be sure that I will attend to them."

"Do you know that Diego wants to run away?"

"No: though I wish he would."

"Yes! he is in love again with me. Is it not strange? Because I get applause, and am praised, and get offers from monsieurs who would give me thousands, Diego would run away with me—to Australia. I am to sing, and he—yes, I think that is the project—is to take *l'argent* at the door."

Saxon laughed greatly at her arch appreciation of the value of Diego's love.

"Then," said Saxon, "you won't go with him? Will he go without you?"

"No! He watches me. He is at all the concerts himself, with his yellow-black eyes so fierce: and his servant Kees—he is a *chat*, Kees—follows me everywhere."

"You can't like that?"

"*Au contraire;* it amuses me. I do nothing wrong. I go from here in the afternoon to Very's, where I drink coffee and laugh at the people; and then I go to the concert; and when I have left the concert, I laugh at the messieurs who are waiting for me, and come here back to bed to read. I am fond of bed. It is my tent."

"Well, then, what is to be done about this fellow who has married two pretty women and can have neither?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

He went on in an awkward way, teasing his boots with his

whip. "This Dwyorts swears, in his letters to Nea, that the first marriage was not legally completed—and——"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the little singer, throwing herself into Rachel's best attitude.

"Do, like a dear lady, listen to me patiently. Of course, I know your purity of mind; and pray, believe my great respect for you. I am only saying what he says to Nea, and I fully believe it is only one in his series of untruths. But the deuce of it is, that we, if we proceed against him to free Nea, must prove a legal marriage with you; get witnesses, yourself among them, and go to a frightful expense: and it may be a long affair, the continental law being queer, and English lawyers' treatment of continental law being still more queer. Well—then all your former life would come out, and it's a question how you would like all this publicity."

"I have thought all that. I did not care when Diego was a millionnaire, of a family of millionnaires: but that has all gone; and any talk in the *journaux* would be bad—bah, vulgar!"

The contented, compact, selfish view of Therese was fine.

"But still," pursued Saxon, "we are very anxious to free Nea. She is depressed now: but she may wish to marry again. May you not wish to be free also to marry again?"

"No! I have seen better men than Diego. But you are all like him: scorning women, only for your pleasures; refusing women equality, and independence. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*, you men shout among yourselves; but you all crush your wives. Why should there be marriage—marriage—always marriage?—Why not live each alone, independent?"

Saxon could have talked a good deal on this point: but he did not. He wanted to come to business.

"Then—I do not understand your intentions. You do not wish to move at all in the matter for or against this Dwyorts."

"No! I wish to see his new wife. If I had liked her, and she had been gentle, I would have held the secret for ever. Most women are what you call—haters of women. I am not. I have been good—a poet, hopeful, loving: and there are many women so; and, while so, I will love them. But the *bête* Diego himself told all the secret: and now, what can I do?"

"If we proceed, we must have you called as a witness."

"*Eh bien!* I must speak. The young lady will show no mercy to me; though I would have been good to her. So, always, is it."

"But it's different. Nobody knew you were married to the man you had determined never to marry again. Now, Nea is differently placed. She is dishonored: plenty of people in London know all about it; and the scandal will grow."

"It is true; but what can I do?"

"Do you know one Wortley?"

"The *cher* Jack? ah—yes!"

"He seems a very clear-headed fellow. He says that the marriage with you would stand in any court of justice in England: it appears he has asked lawyers about it."

"The *cher* Jack! He would marry me if I were unmarried."

"And that being so, he thinks we have only to obtain ample evidence of the facts; and, having satisfied Nea that she is quite free, we need not move farther."

"Admirable!"

"But Nea wouldn't be satisfied with that, I fear. You see she is dishonored."

What a shrug of the shoulders!

This was not satisfactory to Saxon. But he could obtain nothing more: and when he rode away, and Therese waved a kiss after him, how could he be angry.

Therese, soon after, went out of town on a provincial tour.

This was very lucky for her, as it saved her from many inconveniences brought about in the Molly mansion by the presence of bailiffs.

Molly had got "time,"—all that the poor ever get; but in debt, as in life, the crisis and the giving up of the ghost come at last. Ritts bought the goods a dead bargain, and conversed consciously with the bailiffs; who were of the Moth species.

"You see, ma'am," said one of these to Kimbletts, who had crouched in a corner of the kitchen with her apron shrouding her head, "all the worrit in this here world comes of people taking to superflutys. They will have things—furniturs and all sorts of gimcrackeries, and bigotries, and virtues—as is no manner of use to 'em, and when these is knocked down to a cove like Ritts, here, they cries their eyes out. It's gammon! Look at me. I've no residence to speak of: sometimes I'm here, sometimes there. When there's no execution going on, I lies under Moses' counter; or, when the fleas is very bad about July, I goes to a twopenny bed off Holborn. I've got two shirts, and when I changes I goes to the laundress. I've got the clothes I stand in. I gets shaved for a ha'penny once a week, and then I washes: which is included. I buy bread and cheese, or a bit of meat, as I walks, and I takes my beer as I stands. That's what I call a rational life. No superflutys! No high-rented house! No taxes! No four-post beds, fluted, with pallyasses and first feathers! No mahogany telescope dining-tables! No hor-mollu! No mirrors! No clocks!

No statys!—Superflutya. Ritts, don't tipple all that there porter!"

Ritts had certainly taken more than his share, and now sought to be gallant to Kimbletts. Kimbletts struck him a blow, with all a woman's desperate passion, and he fell heavily against his new property—the fender. He turned her out, and shrieked and gibbered at her with malignant ferocity; and she went into the streets of London, wondering where she was likely to find Molly, who had not been seen for a week. She caught him at last, and—not to lose him again—she was induced to join a party bound for the Salt Lake.

Molly became high in authority among the new community. There was an energy of intrepid indolence about him, which induced the calmest and grossest oppression of that sex which it was the main principle of the community to caress and crush. Kimbletts for the rest of her life hewed wood for the elder; and several other "seals" were employed in drawing water. And Molly poured down his Scripture on them like lava, till they were seamed and seared with submissive holiness.

Chapter XL.

Master and Man.

Kees was uneasy, but happy. There was something going on he did not understand, and he was excitedly furtive in finding it out.

The flight of Nea amazed him: and the suddenness of that poor Dove's escape from the £10 a week furnished ark, still further bewildered him: and he gnashed his teeth, in a soundless way, at his inability to ascertain her address. Her maid did not know it; and, as this maid went off with a solid quantity of wearing apparel, Kees only bargaining for one or two bagatelles in the way of rings, &c., perhaps the young person did not care to advertise.

Nea would surely not herself proclaim her shame; so that Kees still hugged himself in reticent style at the consideration that he possessed a secret which nobody wanted to be disclosed. For Kees was a miser: a heaper-up of small hoards in remote building-societies of the metropolitan suburbs, savings-banks in backest streets, and shares in mining property in the very centre of unknown Australia: and Kees some day contemplated a great *coup* on the Dwyorts property.

Yet he was not making so much money as he was accus-

tomed to, out of Diego. Loose silver was no longer found in the pockets of the coat flung at him at night. The pocket-books were no longer obese with indigestible Bank of England notes. The £10 a week furnished house was evacuated, and a faded set of rooms, odorous of the multitude of genteel families who, during half a century, had passed through them, was taken in Jermyn Street—that long corridor of sleeping apartments in connection with the clubs. Diego would talk of curtailing expenses in a grim way, that made Kees stand aghast. Hats and gloves and boots thinned in the supply; and a positive vulgar economy, such as valets scorn, was clearly setting in. Kees did not want to ask for explanations: he was finding out. And Diego was not the sort of young fellow who stands catechising from his servant.

When at last informed that Therese was in London, that she had come to no arrangement, and that risks were about Diego in this respect, Kees was dumbfounded. He would have fainted with grief, but that he was told to watch her: the prospect of spying, cheering him.

When Dwyorts, the father, came up to town, and sat in long and close and locked consultation with Diego, Kees gently tore his hair, and stamped inaudibly about the passages of the house—lodging-house passages, night and day all the year round, smelling of cold boiled mutton and hot female domestics.

When *The Times* city article announced that John Dwyorts and Co. of Liverpool had absconded, leaving behind a statement of his affairs which made it of very little consequence to the creditors whether he stayed at home or not, Kees lost all command over himself; and sitting in the quiet coffee-house, to whose dimmest corner he generally retired in order to look

into the literature of his country, he loudly, and to the astonishment of the other coffee-drinkers, exclaimed ferociously, "Well, I *am* damn'd!"

That day Diego, who would not go out or show himself until the first of the nine days' wondering was got over, was in bad temper. Moody and morose, he drove the usually quiet but now discomposed Kees into retaliatory language, and one day Diego took him by the throat with some vague view of pitching him out of the window. There was a quick apology, a reference to the harassing circumstances of the period; but Kees, craven, was revengeful, and from that day out, got into a custom of feeling his stock with his fingers—as if in reminiscence of the clutch.

Kees began to notice the care with which his master hid away all papers from him. He had bought a Bramah-keyed cash-box, and took it with him into the city in the day, and into his bedroom at night. Yet it did not contain money: Kees ascertained that by shaking it.

Now, Diego left one paper out in his sitting-room—the blotting-paper. Kees left a clean leaf uppermost every day, and every day Kees took away an inky leaf, reversing it and reading it against the light. It was covered all over with two names—"Jacob Dwyorts"—"John Wortley." Each was in a different handwriting, and neither was in the handwriting of Mr. Diego Dwyorts. Kees, with the sagacity of a magpie, hid and stored these bits of yellow and unstamped paper, declaratory of nothing but names and an idle moment.

Kees made two important calls.

Therese smiled on him, as he bowed the most abject deference. Kees was as good-looking as an uneducated, unrefined valet can expect to be, even in a gentleman's cast-off clothes.

Therese had frequently complimented him on his Saxon comeliness. Kees of late, as he had followed the little beauty from place to place, pondered whether his affections were not becoming engaged. Kees had trembled in the street as Therese, crossing the way, had unveiled the artful ankle in overwhelming shoe and silk.

Kees told her with candor-imploring secresy his instructions in regard to her. He did not like watching of her—that he didn't. He could be her slave—her black slave—that he could. The ground she walked on was precious-like to him; and what would she please to tell him to do?

"You are good, Monsieur Kees. Too good for my husband."

"Oh! he's a regular humbug, ma'am, I assure you. Why, he's poor! Really poor!"

"Miserable! It is a crime."

"That's what I think, and say to myself."

"And you are going to leave him, Monsieur Kees?"

"I haven't made up my mind, mammsell—ma'am, I should say. You see, though I say poor, he still has got something; and I've got used to his ways, and he to mine, all these years."

"You have a heart, Monsieur Kees."

"Ah, ma'am, it's all yours!"

Here Kees went on his knees, and looked beseechingly affectionate.

Therese was very wicked, and let him kiss her little hand, looking down intensely comic.

"Ah, Monsieur Kees!" said she; "now, if Diego were to see you doing this."

He leaped up, and retreated from her in an appalled con-

dition, scarcely breathing—"He'd murder me!" he gasped out.

"He would, Monsieur Kees. You saw him beat the French monsieur, who was so amiable as to send me flowers at Athens. The poor monsieur! Did he die? No, very near. *Eh bien*, Monsieur Kees, you must never kneel again to me, or I will—listen—I will tell Diego!"

"If he ever strikes, I will transport him for bigamy."

"Foolish Kees! they could only lock him up for a year or two, which would be nice—so quiet; and then, when he came back to the world again—so strong and in such good health—he would find you out, Monsieur Kees, and then—kill—murter you, number two!"

"You are laughing at me, ma'am. You might pity a poor fellow, though he is only a servant."

"Monsieur Kees, I am proud of being loved. The dirty cabmen say, 'God bless me,' when they bring me home at night, and I am pleased. But I like not Monsieur. You know I am Monsieur's wife, and you must say God bless—like the cabmen."

Humbled, but not angry, Kees asked would she complain of him; and being told that she considered him her friend, and would be glad of his visits occasionally, he crouched away from her laughing eyes. He sought solitude that day, and went to St. Paul's Cathedral to study the statues of those ugly heroes who frightened off all our enemies.

His next call was on a man who had invented a new profession, and who advertised that he was a spy. This person, experienced, according to his own statement, in the detection of crime and criminals, placed his acuteness at the disposal of that portion of the public disposed to pay to have dogged, the

steps of their wives to their lovers, of their husbands to their mistresses, of their sons to mischief, their daughters to follies, and their clerks to the turf. Rodes, the spy, was ready at any moment to show up any family: that basis of our civilization.

Kees, like every body else who went to Rodes, was a fool. Rodes was a dull creature, with a bemuddled brain, who was altogether unequal to any work clearer than following his nose in a straightforward scandal. If the suspected individual had broken his or her leg in the *faux pas*, and was to be heard of at the hospitals, Rodes was down on the fracture in no time; otherwise he shook his head, took his fee, and went to the public-house to meet official detectives, who were as great impostors.

Kees paid down five pounds, and Rodes undertook to find out what bills Mr. Diego Dwyorts had in the market, and what was the kind of business he did. That effected, Kees got leave of absence, too willingly granted, and went and passed a week at the Hotel de Paris, in Boulogne, at the table d'hôte of which establishment, he awed the travelling British tailor and bank clerk by his extensive manner, as a gentleman of independent means, who had journeyed beyond Paris and Frankfort, and who played with the hard names on the *carte* as Porson would have done with Euripides and a bottle of brandy.

Chapter XLI.

Brothers.

Parliament was up, and town was scattered over green Great Britain and greener Ireland; and the country was soothed after the scuffle. But Saxon Wornton, who did not like solitude, was uncomfortable in the lonely, crowdéd capital. He had sent a solicitor to Germany to make inquiries, as an excuse for postponing a decision of which he was incapable, and he did not like to return to Staffordshire empty of resolution and information alike.

Why did he not accompany the solicitor? He had not energy enough left; so he loitered over a late breakfast of maundering newspapers, and then rode out into the suburbs deep into the day, and dined at the Stuffy Hotel, and perspired among country folk at the unventilated temples of the British drama; these pure rustics chiefly abounding at the Adelphi where Mr. Wright revenges himself on the censor for stopping immoral plays, by favoring the audience with indecent gestures. After all, a lord with plenty of money may be dull amid all the amusements of London. The reflection reminds me of another that may here be thrown in for the comfort of democracy: some of the lords we love, may be loveable without our knowing it.

Lord Slumberton was a peer of the realm, in an unsettled state of conservative mind. Born with a capacity for tranquil life, as the easy hero of a domestic scene, the woman he had loved had, at once, sentenced him to isolation, and influenced him in attempting an ambitious career for which he had no taste, and therefore no qualification. Now, observing and analysing the mighty life of a great town, brilliant even in the night of its year, he more and more shrank with cultivated sensitiveness from the coarse conflicts both of society and politics. It is dangerous to be solitary in a great city: it is like a deaf man watching a crowded dance. To be apart from men is to be, in a sense, superior to men: and man is not strong enough for the emotions either of a deity or a devil. Saxon sneered sadly at what to him was confusion. How paltry were those interests in which he did not sympathize!

The first time I went to Paris, I knew but two human beings among the multitude. I called hopefully on the bright and virile Bluff, and his servant shrugged his shoulders and said, "Monsieur, il est assassiné—il est mort!" He had been killed that morning by his friend—my other friend; and, alas! that other friend had to run away.

What was the consequence? I walked alone, unguided, strange, through the superb city; through and through it, over and over it, till I knew it as well as a man knows a language in which he has had no master. But I got into too good health, and, sanguine and happy, I ventured recklessly on making an acquaintance. I went down to St. Denis, with Lamartine's chapter in the *Girondins*, about the mob's plundering of the Kings' tombs, fresh in my recollection. Interested and historic, I listened with deep pleasure to the chatter-

ing cicerone, as a large party, strangers to each other, we descended to the dim and dreadful vaults. The remains of Henry of Navarre were the guide's theme, and the tomby atmosphere was heavy and still with our attention, when a young Englishman, with that bold French which I feel sure had something to do with the battle of Azincourt, said, "I say, commissionnaire, do you allow smoking here?" I pressed to his side, squeezed his hand, and we dined together that evening. He ordered *du stout* at the "Trois Frères," and I passed the whole of the next day on the top of the column, in the Place Vendôme, in order to avoid the chance of meeting him.

Saxon, walking one day in Oxford-street, saw a Hansom cab dash by him containing two well-known faces. They were the last men that he had thought of as likely to be in town at that period of the year. They were the Rectons, twin brothers, who had been students at Göttingen in his own time, and with whom he had been intimate since. It was useless attempting to run after their cab; and, besides, Saxon did not like hurry and fuss. He would find them out and call. They were sure to be living together: nobody ever saw them apart.

They were a nomadic pair, and it took time to run them down. He had last seen them in the Temple, of whose society they were undistinguished members. They had thence migrated to a boarding-house near Fitzroy Street, whence driven by the pervading gigantic fee-faw-fum smell of the blood of an Englishman of a variety of nomenclatures, they had taken a cottage at St. John's Wood: then moved up to another cottage at Hampstead: then tried Southend, Essex: then Blackheath: and, within two years, had last settled down in a top

set of chambers at Gray's Inn. There was a rumor that they had passed part of one summer in a yellow show-van with a Norwegian giantess, drawn about the southern counties by a blind horse, who foraged by the road side, and occasionally swallowed a hedgehog. But this may only be malicious.

Lord Slumberton one morning called at Gray's Inn, led by a porter in a white apron—which the man wore for the palpably sufficing reason that he was always running messages.

A very ingenious trapdoor was thrown open in the centre of the black oak, as Lord Slumberton knocked with his whip at the fortress. The sudden, sharp slide of the wood startled him.

A ferocious, clearly disguised voice, from an invisible corner, roared, with grammar suited to the possible caller, "Who from?"

"Does Mr. Recton live here?"

"Which?" (More ferocious.)

"I want to see both."

"Who from?" (Inhuman.)

"My name is ——Wornton."

"Squire?"

"Saxon."

"Jingo! God of Gents—why didn't you say so?"

"Hurray!"

There was welcoming on the little square landing outside the door.

Saxon was put in an old arm-chair, the seat of dignity, and very friendly feelings and catechisings were interchanged. These men had been boys together, knew each other to the

core, and were very glad to see one another again. That is to say, Peter and Saxon felt all this: for Simon never appeared to undergo any mental process: whatever Peter did and said was enough for him. He was a part of Peter thrown off, as Jupiter throws off satellites which take Jupiter's shape, and move round him obediently and comfortably. They were only one man. Peter was Peter *plus* Simon; but, if Simon died to-morrow, Peter would still be equal to Peter *plus* Simon. Not that Peter knew this: he consulted Simon, and acted with Simon, but only as a part of his own brain, which somehow or another was not in his own skull, but in Simon's.

"Why, do you know, Saxon, Simon and I, not having money enough for our usual yearly rush abroad—we were going to do the Maelstrom this year—were very near going down to your Staffordshire place the other day?"

"Without intriguing for an invitation," said Simon, completing his brother's thought.

"And why didn't you come?"

"The Judge is not well—I fear, sinking—though in no pain, and not unhappy: and his head as clear as ever."

"And," added Simon, "though as you know he is not, as the world thinks, our father, yet he has been very kind to us, and we like to go and see him every day, when the doctors will let us."

"Yours is a very strange story," said Saxon; "and—confidence for confidence. I have unfortunately got a family secret now, and I'd like to tell you all about it. First: I've come into the title of Slumberton."

The twins started. They went through a facetiousness of

ceremony in congratulating him, and bowing to him; which Saxon understood, and which was quite satisfactory to themselves.

While Saxon tells his story to the Rectons, I'll tell the story of the Rectons to you, O patient reader!

Chapter XLII.

The Rectons.

It is a pretty picture, an English village community congregating in the village church on a calm, bright Sunday. From the town point of view the picture is pleasantly pure: for though modern science has obliged us with elaborate ventilation, and the "prie-Dieu" which the modern upholsterer advertises (the unholy fellow!) as calculated "to relieve the pain arising from the prolonged posture of prayer;" yet we civic people of the "vivaries" have all of us an instinctive thought, quite apart from our sanitary views on extramural interment, that a crowd worshipping God would feel more worthy of worshipping when made comfortable as to atmosphere; and that, generally speaking, the Temple of the Creator should be in the country which He created—should be among trees, and not among brick houses, which are of the town, towny, that man made. Your Chapel of Ease is too often a place of torture, the scientific ventilation notwithstanding: man in a mob being awfully, and, perhaps, to that extent appropriately at church, reminded that the body is very carnal. The Countess de Trop alleges that reason why, when in town, she does her devotions on the Sabbath in her bou-

doir, and near the *Eau de Cologne*. But the Countess in the crowd contributes carbon, though carbon of *pur sang*, with the rest—indeed acuter, finer carbon. She should subscribe to the building fund of the (what?) society, and help to put up great cathedrals in park-like grounds.

The parishioners of Broadford, Essex, congregated into their church one Sunday, many years ago (which I remember), light and gay in June Sunday garments, seeming placidly pleased under the influence of the young sun, healthy in the enjoyment of the salubrious air for which Broadford is renowned; and their periodical piety unaffected in the confidence that they would hear from the rector, excellent Mr. Baskinall, a sermon to do them good, and prepare them, comforted, for the mid-day dinner. But it was not altogether a village community. Broadford, very attainable by private carriage and fast coach from London, was the station of several stately country-houses of very eminent and rich town personages, who were all respectable, and who, therefore, were convinced that they ought to set an example to their poorer neighbors, by attending church with a regularity which familiarized all the poorer neighbors, greatly edified, with the fashions. They generally drove up to church in their carriages: not that they did not all live near enough to it to walk, but that they considered it desirable to give the horses exercise:—the opinion of Tworts, the cobbler of Broadford (who was a Radical, and read his paper while the swells, as he called them, were at prayer), that the gentry came up in that style to show that they were grand—being absurd; as every person in Broadford knew exactly who kept carriages thereabout, and, indeed, the average incomes of all the big houses.

At the same time, as I do not wish to malign Tworts, I

must acknowledge that another notion of his was well founded. Tworts, arguing the question of church-going (to which I wished to bring him), said, "Well, now, just look here. T'other Sunday I was carrying up a pair of mended shoes to one of the maids at Mister Dives's house—they were French shoes, by jingo!—the young 'oman's a reg'lar lady (and here Tworts blasphemed, in forgetfulness that, as a Radical, he ought to rejoice at those approaches to equality between misses and housemaids)—and what do you think I saw? Why, the groom and coachman (who were back from the church, putting up the horses till one o'clock) were playing the devil's own lark with the servant-women. The house was a pandemonium, while the family was praying like anything. And what's the good of that?" Perhaps masters and mistresses ought to take the servants with them. But then, thieves? The Rev. Mr. Baskinall admitted this difficulty, and did not press the attendance of the servants. Indeed, he very often dined at the big houses on the Sabbath, and it was not to be expected of him that he would interfere with the cook.

A very prominent equipage conveyed to this church, on this day, Mr. Justice Recton and his family. By justice I don't mean a county magistrate, but one of her Majesty's judges; whose health was delicate, and who had bought a nice little property at Broadford; to which he repaired, to repair himself, every Saturday afternoon, staying till Monday morning at 7 a.m.:—the family frequently staying there for months at a time. The carriage was a large one. Inside, sat the judge's wife, the judge's father, the judge's two daughters —girls in their teens—and the judge himself. On the box, and occasionally, though it was on the Sabbath, with a tendency to be on the roof, clung rather than rode two fine boys,

the judge's sons; seriously interfering with the coachman, and greatly risking the safety of the entire family, as the vehicle (on a good understanding with the pike-man, who touched his hair) dashed through a toll-gate.

They were the picture of a respectable family: in that glossy clean costume, so peculiar to the English well-to-do; so appropriate to their transparent complexion, which is the glory of the well-fed race: their carriage as if cut in china: their horses burnished from splendid keep: the harness like a lady's black satin ribbons: their servants like characters and costumes from an old Sevres vase. The Rectons looked domestically affectionate together: they smiled serenely on that Sabbath: they charmed every body that looked at them: they were charming. In the church they were the most elegant and most eminent group; profoundly pious in attitude and response, and dropping, as people do at church, all individual expression into sombre earnestness of listening and praying. Tworts, had he been there, would have admired. The Rev. Mr. Baskinall's mind wandered, as he read some divine homilies, into the thought—"Ah, these are good people: no mistaking their earnestness! But who can the old fellow be?" That was the question of the day all over Broadford: he had never, to any one's knowledge, been there before.

An account of him must precede an account of the other Rectons; he was old Recton, the head of the family.

"Dear Grace—wrote the judge to his wife, on the Friday preceding this particular Sunday: the judge being in town in his house in Fitzroy-square, and Madame being in Recton Hall, Broadford—"Dear Grace, my father has had to come up from Northwhat upon business, and though he won't stay

here, but sticks to his own hotel, he says he would like to spend Sunday with us, and so he'll drive down with me to-morrow. For God's sake, be on your good behavior, and for his sake and your own, take care to have no one there on Sunday! If there's any one in the house, get rid of 'em and countermand my invitations."

The letter was read in Lady Recton's room, where the two girls were sitting with her. "Here's a bother!" exclaimed the evidently annoyed lady, who looked malignant and ugly; though she had once been a beauty, and had believed herself, upon full assurances, an angel.

"What's the matter, mama?" said the two girls.

"Matter? that old wretch your grandfather is coming down!"

Now, here was not an expression of a Christian character for a mother to use to grandchildren; and, though these young ladies had been accustomed to plain speaking since they had understood anything of human talk, they were rather puzzled. Because they had always heard their father speak reverently of the "old wretch," the father speaking ill of no one belonging to him. The mother did not explain: the affair was not explicable to children: she merely left her daughters to understand that grandpapa was obnoxious, but must be endured. When they did comprehend the business, which was not till many years after, the comprehension did them no moral good: it was such a smart insight into family circumstances. The family is a fine social organization; but no institution is perfect: its disadvantage is, that people living together too much know one another too well.

The fact is, Lady Recton, wife of that distinguished justice Sir Sitley Recton, was a woman who liked a large position in

the world, and was ashamed of the connection with Recton No. 1. She had no feelings of hate towards the old gentleman: but as may be known by a perusal of her letters, or legal examination of good witnesses, she seldom lived a day without the wish coming into her brain that Recton No. 1 was dead. Sometimes we are very wicked: but I fully believe Lady Recton, unable to conquer that bad wish, was quite conscious that it was bad, and was very sorry that she could not get rid of the wish.

Old Robert Recton, of whom you can get any citizen of the town of Northwhat to talk to any extent, commenced life as a soldier. He bought himself out; nobody knew at the time how he got the money; but the son of his former colonel, having got into the King's Bench, received a very odd letter to this effect—"Sir, I once borrowed money from your mother, which I would long since have repaid to her descendants if I could have found them out. Hearing of you by accident, I now enclose you the amount, with interest, as I am rich; and, if you want money, I'll be very happy to lend you some;"—and as I happened to know, though the young prisoner did not, that the rich man had once been in the regiment of Colonel Cutts, I guessed that Mrs. Cutts had taken a kindly interest in the young fellow: her perception of his capacity for something better than drilling, being very creditable to her understanding. And her benevolence was rewarded; for young Cutts got out of prison with this mysterious money, borrowed two hundred and fifty pounds more, went to Australia, and had obtained the possession of a million or two of sheep, at the time that one of his shepherds shot him for—it never was clear what.

Mr. Recton, released from military life in the town of North-

what, where his regiment was stationed, resumed the trade of his youth; which was that of a barber. His connection with the regiment procured plenty of customers; he got a sort of private canteen up behind the shop, whose good-will he had bought for two pound ten shillings and a pot of ale; and he thrived. By degrees he extended his premises, and made a perfumery establishment and a ladies' hair-dressing room; and ere the regiment had left Northwhat, he had two assistants—one from the metropolis. His success was swift: he enlarged his trade, went into new trades, became partner in a wholesale trade in London, speculated, bought, sold; and, before he was forty, was Mayor of Northwhat, with half a dozen different shops doing different descriptions of business. He married and had a son: our judge, Sir Sitley Recton. At the period of which I am now speaking, when he was visiting Recton-hall, Broadford, he was the great man of Northwhat, with a great reputation as a wealthy man.

Then why did Lady Recton, his daughter-in-law, detest the connection? Why, Robert Recton, Esq., was eccentric; and having made, as he said, all safe his affairs around him, he devoted most of his time to the perfumery business, putting on an apron, and cutting and shaving on occasion. He said, "That there was the business as made him, and he was d———d if he'd be above his business!" Lady Recton knew that "the barber" was a delicious joke against her, and felt the slander—it was awkwardly true. She attributed to the barber the fact that she could not get out of mere professional into good society. But, really, the barber had nothing to do with it.

Old Recton had never read a book in his life; and, indeed, never regretted his want of education, having managed very well to do all he wanted to do without education. His ambition

was confined to being first-rate in Northwhat, foiling and annoying two or three personal enemies, getting into Parliament the member he nominated, and, generally, sleeping and eating, and drinking and smoking well. But, early, he had decided that his son—his wife had only this one, and lived long enough to prevent him obtaining other lawful children—should have an education,—as he said, "as good as any lord of them all:" under the plebeian impression that our peers are scholars. His son was a calm, apathetic boy, with no tastes, very pliable, and rather inclined to excel in the class, because so terribly put down in the playground, where he was called "Young Lathered," among other reasons because he was generally beaten when he ventured on fighting a much younger boy. He got up to the top of the school in the grammar-school of Northwhat, and was entitled to go gratis at Oxford. The pedagogue went to Mayor Recton—who was mayor very often—and advised the despatch of the boy to Baliol. "What," exclaimed his Worship, "send him up as a pauper like! No, he'd be d—d if he would! He'd never heerd of Baliol; but, if it was the regular thing, why, his boy should go there, and as well set out as any lord of them all." At Baliol young Recton continued to excel—spooney, but sappy; and he ended with as many honors as a man of twenty-five could well obtain. Trained thus in the (for students) refined, if sometimes sleepy atmosphere of Oxford, he entreated his father to forego the parental intention to give him a business; he declared in favor of the church. But, when he returned home, he met at his father's table—of course a jovial table, and which the circuit lawyers greatly liked—a judge who patronized him, pleased him, struck him, and he determined to be a great lawyer; and the father, influenced by the judge, gave consent. "And,

curse you," said the affectionate father, "if you don't get up to the House of Lords! Why, a man can be any thing he makes up his mind to. Look at me!" And thereupon fell back contentedly asleep. The pale young son stared long across the table at the powerful sire, studied that strong sentiment, and resolved, quietly, to succeed, and to make that father, who now so thoroughly despised him and his negative nature, thoroughly to respect him.

Here was an ambition arising in his filial love; for he had had nothing else all his life to love but his father; and, a weak man, he venerated the strong man who, with sheer virile strength, had mastered *his* world. Don't suppose that it is the ambitious men who succeed. Men try to go up very often not because they want meekness, but because they want to make people believe in them. Some men strive because they have been jilted—that, after twenty years of struggles, they may show to the jilter, who has married since, and got nine children, and is not well off, a splendid sideboard of plate at a dinner party. Some fight on to a front rank to spite brother Bill; who is fighting on, too, to spite some one else. Smith gives up his soul to business that he may die worth more than Jones. And so on. Real ambition, for power's sake, is a rare sensation: there are so few great natures. Of the majority of the eminent in the working world of plain practical men, you can trace their energy to the consideration that it is just as well to go forwards as to go backwards, and that work is the best method of killing horribly dull time. Perhaps it is most true—and every generalization is partly a blunder—that success is much more of an accident than failure; for, while all failures are pretty much the same, many a success is unaccountable.

When Mr. John Sitley Recton (who dropped the John and adopted Sitley, which was his mother's maiden name, and given to him in honor of her papa, who was an attorney, and which sounded striking) was getting on at the bar, where his mild, now become gentlemanly, manner had evaded envy, and induced a rumor that the Oxford first-class was also tremendously read in law, he married Miss Curtsin, who was of a highly genteel family residing in Bloomsbury, and whose papa was of the city.

Mrs. Curtsin was of a good Scotch laird house, and the Misses Curtsin were known to despise people who were not "of family"—a peculiarity odd in a city set, and which got them laughed at. But the young barrister, doing a £2000 a-year business, was dreadfully eligible, and, despite some suggestions about old Recton, she married him—very proud, after all, of his reputation, and of his being most idiotically in love with her icy eyes, lank hair, and bustless body—for, these notwithstanding, she was "remarkably pretty." The young barrister had fallen in love in the old methodical way, at a party; and the courtship ripened, as those things do, in unromantic London, without any bowery damp walks, ludicrous letters, or insane quarrels. He took it into his head one splashy winter evening, when the chimney in his chambers smoked, that he'd like to marry; and he was married to the first girl who had been keen enough to find out what that shy young man wanted. He had been little in society: at first his tastes and then his occupation were against it: and he knew nothing of women except of that class occasionally inhabiting the Temple, Fleet-street. At thirty, he believed every young girl with clear eyes and smooth brow was pure, and good, and adorable. What a blessing, in a worldly point of

view, is it to have sisters! They put brothers on their guard, and spoil many an incipient sad match.

Second genesis of the Rectons went on. Mr. Recton rose through all the grades of bar distinction, and when he met him at Broadford had been a year a judge—a young judge, but a popular one with the public and the profession; and, to his lady's delight, had been knighted: it put her before all her sisters, who were all married. Recton, sen., had meanwhile flourished; first in business at Northwhat; first in the town-council; first in elections; a trustee of everything; guardian of everybody wanting guardianship: and with a high distinction as having the first capacity at and after dinner of any man in Northwhat. Now seventy, he began to boast of his son for the first time, and to think of his will. But no suggestion would induce him to give up business—or, at least, the perfumery line. He was a vehement, vulgar, vigorous nature, with no particular theories, and he knew that he'd die of weariness if he dropped one of what he called his "irons," viz., his trades. He took a dislike to his daughter-in-law the very first time she began to caress him, and to ask him why he kept up that horrid shop. When once he got hold of a terrible secret about the young lady, he chuckled with delight: even while his son was telling him the secret.

This was when the second child-birth came on—results Simon and Peter. The accouchement was severe; the mother, some days after, was on the point of death: her physician told her that her end was near. All left the room but her husband. Hysterical, dying, and repentant, she asked her husband's pardon:—the children were not his! He did not storm; his head, weary of learning and of life, fell beside her,

and he sobbed with her. Forgave her?—ay, comforted her, prayed with her.

But, then—she always told him, that from the great relief of that confession and consolation, she, like the children, recovered: which was even more awkward. I cannot define what were the learned gentleman's emotions when the physician, shaking him by the hand, exclaimed, "Science has triumphed, my dear sir: I have restored your wife to you." I am not writing artificially, but putting together this story from documents and authentic evidence of facts. I only know that at dessert that day, the leader of his circuit was induced, in his hasty agitation, to tell the matter to his father, and that the learned gentleman wept over his walnuts. The father called him a milksop, and advised awful things, and would have done them. Four weeks afterwards, Recton, jun., was shown into his wife's dressing-room; and, after several faintings, he got her to listen to him. They made some compact, no doubt; and they were always considered, even by their servants, as a singularly happy couple. What he promised, I never found out. But there is no doubt she gave up the name of his enemy,—who, I find from the papers before me, was his friend—of course.

It is a very common thing, an unhappy marriage. Everybody knows that, and yet everybody marries: and of course everybody is right; for in life there is only a choice of unhappinesses,—to remain single, is to be certainly miserable, as we are gregarious animals; to live in scandalous union, is to fight with the respectabilities; to take to marriage, is to try a chance of bliss—is to get certain bliss for a month or two; which, short as the period is, you are not certain of out of marriage: so everybody marries, and the experience of man-

kind approves of marriage, from the common-sense point of view. If ladies and gentlemen marry in a passion, insisting that they were born for one another, and do not calculate that, in a year or so, they will find it a dull business, requiring to be looked at from the common-sense point of view, is the institution responsible for their being idiotic?

Mr. and Mrs. Recton tasted perfect happiness in the first three months—it was in the Long Vacation that they were united—of their married life. They felt so good, so pure, so honest then, that they deserved that perfect happiness. It is a singularly complete answer to sentimentalists, who are ashamed of the animal part of our nature, that love is the most subtly refined, most grand, least selfish, when it is love in marriage; and that married lovers are generally in their most noble and most intellectual existence, precisely in the period when they rather rejoice at not being "all soul." Jean Paul has remarked the error of those who mistake the love of one for the love of mankind; but, still, it is certain that our best moments of philanthropy are when we are most intensely in love with ourselves—our own second selves, *pro tem.* For the three months in which the Rectons wandered hand-in-hand through Europe, and at the end of which, opening their Bower of Bliss in a highly-respectable street, they offered their friendship to society,—were so joyous, so beautifully happy, that they were worth any amount of subsequent disasters. And the reaction was rather severe. In six months, Mrs. Recton agreed with her husband that it would be madness to neglect work: in nine months, she had ascertained that she must expect very little of his society; and in eighteen months, she was glad that his avocations at chambers left her perfectly free to occupy and amuse herself as she pleased; from breakfast time to midnight.

Mr. Recton, on the other hand, though he did not regret his marriage, was kind to his wife; was pleased with the comfort and solidity of a home; had found out that he preferred the interest and excitement of his profession to dinner parties, or evening parties, or *fêtes* of any sort; that his wife had only to talk to him of what did not greatly charm him into attention, and, generally, he was glad that her sisters and her old friends were so near her, to enable her to pass her time pleasantly. They never had one quarrel about any slight matter: such quarrels as married people who determine to be affectionately always together so constantly have; and in their easy existence, of his prosperity, her satisfaction with that prosperity, their calm complete household, and their prevailing separation, great matters for altercation did not occur. Neither tried to rule or influence the other: they talked independently, and lived very independently; and though she sometimes sighed in envy of greater ladies, higher born and glittering in a sublimer sphere, and he, now and then, was vexed and brooded when he had to dine alone, and to have his tea brought to his little library by a servant; on the whole, neither regretted the matrimony in which they were implicated. What, then, if they were disillusioned? It was a comfortable match; and for this reason—both had become indifferent. When there is unhappiness—not merely negative, but positive and unfortunate unhappiness—it is when the one continues to love, and the other has become disgusted. Greatest unhappiness of all, it is when the indifference has become contemptuous indifference: the right sort of sensation for married life—as so few can sustain ardent, fresh, genuine love—is indifference accompanied with respect. Thus, a clever woman is often seen content with a husband who is a fool, but

whose moral character is high; and of course, on the other hand, clever men cultivate idiotic wives—there is so much guarantee of goodness in a downright brainless angel.

The worst of such arrangements as those of the Rectons is, that if the wife is pretty, has been flirty before her marriage, and continues, after her marriage, in the old set, she runs great risks of damaging her moral character, and of having, in the last resort, to sacrifice her virtue to save her reputation. People never saw Mr. Recton—began to forget that there was a Mr. Recton; and though Mrs. Recton was a very good girl, so far as she knew, is it wonderful that she was sometimes tempted to forget that there was a Mr. Recton? She committed indiscretions; and she found that people saw them, and that, for the matter of their opinion, she might just as well have committed faults. A poor woman, neglected by a husband, pestered by her lover, gets into a false position, gets compromised, and the lover manages the rest, despite of her.

Mrs. Recton was a person without sufficient character to like sin as sin, or virtue as virtue: she was influenced by her education, her connections, her position, and was the victim of circumstances. She had no fault to find with her husband, except for that which, from the man's point of view, was to his and his father's honor—that his father had a somewhat ignoble trade in Northwhat; and, had her husband taken the trouble to study her and to manage her, she would have lived or died worthily enough. But she couldn't stay at home: she liked the motion, the glare, and the excitement of society. She had married sisters; and when married sisters get together they sometimes become cynical and unromantic, and talk of the abstract other sex much as men talk of women—never considering how their philosophy applies to their own woman-

kind of wives and sisters. Mrs. Recton had not brain or heart enough to render her safe in her freedom. Her old lovers, ineligible as husbands, clustered round her, and there was so much talk of love that she began to believe that she had done a deadly wrong in marrying Recton. But of all this she told nothing to her husband when they had the conversation above referred to: it was of a quite different matter: and to this day Sitley Recton believes his wife was tricked into infidelity.

She was one day with one of her sisters purchasing some jewellery at Star and Garter's great shop. They were served by a young man of fine appearance and superior talk, who delighted them. With the deepest respect of manner, he spoke with a tone of equality, and even intellectually, of assured superiority. As they finished their purchases—disproportionate to the profuse splendor that had been showered before them—this accomplished shopman showed them to their carriage. As Mrs. Recton, following her sister, was going down-stairs, he whispered, "Pray, madam, don't be frightened—ladies are often so foolish—but I saw you take the emerald bracelet, and it is my duty to tell you so. I will call in the morning for it, at your house." She fainted when she got into the carriage; and the shopman smilingly bowed as it drove off. He had asked the coachman the address. They were quite used to ladies thieving at this shop: and this young shopman was by no means new to such an affair. There is no explaining this lunacy of ladies; and Mrs. Recton was never able to explain to herself how or why she had given way to the impulse of stealing that which her husband would have been glad to purchase for her if she had taken the trouble to ask him.

Mr. Royston, the shopman, presented himself at her house

on the following morning. He was shown into the drawing-room. Mrs. Recton covered her face with her handkerchief, sobbed, and bowed.

"Pray, madam," said he kindly, "don't be angry with me. It's really very awkward; but, I'm sure, I've managed the best way I could. Not a soul knows but myself; and, I give you my word, nobody ever shall, if I have the thing back, for the stock will be overhauled to-morrow morning, as usual. My dear madam, we are used to these things—ladies, even the grandest ladies, are so unaccountable. I'm sure you're too good for such things, as you suffer so much: I'm sure you'd have sent it back yourself; only I was obliged to make certain."

Mrs. Recton's agonies were not those of remorse, but of exposure. But this adroit talk comforted her—though she thought it right to sob more than ever.

"There is the bracelet, sir. I suppose I was mad—I am now: I don't understand it. But for your kindness, sir, I shall bless you—so kind and so considerate."

Mr. Royston had got a pretty and foolish woman in his power, and was not the man to spare her.

Royston was not chivalric. I don't know much of his history, but he had a theory that a handsome man ought to do as much with his comeliness as a beautiful woman does with her beauty; and, most likely, he had trusted, in his career, to the force of personal impressions. I believe he inherited a good trade in Guernsey—that he became bankrupt—went the tour of Europe as a courier to a milord—studied art in Rome—lived in Paris by sketches that were popular, but not bought by the people—and that he got into Star and Garter's shop by displaying a curious fancy in design for ornaments, and got into a first position there as a salesman by his felicitous

address, which rendered the goods irresistible to the grand ladies who called there to lounge away time between luncheon and dinner. Altogether, at this period, he was making a good thing of it at Star and Garter's, and could he have been honest, and serious, and industrious for a year or two, Royston would have been heard of by the legal advisers of the firm of Star and Garter.

In his capacity as artist, Royston managed to make Mrs. Recton get him introduced to her society, and, being invited to dinner once by her husband, Mr. Recton was delighted with him, and began to ask him frequently to feed at that house. As Recton had good claret, Royston had no objection to study the to him entirely new set—lawyers. Generally speaking, Royston did not much care what he did, so that he got excitement, and a new class of person was an excitement to him. Had Royston been sentenced to be hung, he would have been occupied in trying to analyse Jack Ketch to the very last moment.

How Recton, No. 2, contrived to keep his father out of the matter, is not clear in this history. But his weak nature was made strong for the moment, and he overcame his father, and took his own way. And he did not go about it tragically. It is wonderful how quietly we take awful events when they do occur. Mr. Recton's principal anxiety was, that there should be no fuss about the matter; and, for this sensible view of the exigency, he was indebted to his training as a lawyer. His favorite joke about lawyers was, that they were the laundrers of the world's *linge sale;* and hence his inclination to wash his own foul clothes at home.

The day of his interview with his wife, he sent his clerk to Star and Garter's with his compliments to Mr. Royston,—

Would Mr. Royston be good enough to call on him, at chambers, next morning? Mr. Royston, it happened, was ill at home: the clerk merely got the address.

The next day Mr. Recton put all business on one side, nerved his heart and cherished his skill for an interview with Royston. His wife had, of course, told him but half the truth. His belief was that Royston had taken a base advantage of her. Generally, Recton blamed himself for having been so neglectful of his wife. The good man pitied her, and it was this humility that his father chiefly blasphemed about. The father could not in the least understand this humane cunning of a weak man, who was not strong enough to afford a confession to the world that—he had been duped.

"Please, sir," said a servant girl, opening the door of Royston's bed-room, "there's a gentleman of the name of Recton down-stairs as wants to speak to you."

Royston's indisposition was not great. He was fond of occasional illnesses—to shut himself up with romances, and reveries, and wine, and pipes, and dreams: and this was one of the occasions: though, as it was early in the day, he was keeping up some of the appearances of an invalid by being in bed.

"Good God!" exclaimed the astonished Royston, who had had no communication with either of the Rectons for three months, though he had heard of the birth of the twin boys, "what can he want with me?" The servant did not answer; she rather suspected, by the effect of the announcement, that Recton was a bailiff.

"I suppose I must see him, whatever it is. Put the room to rights." This was easily done; it was a handsomely furnished, pictured, decorated room: for Royston was luxurious,

when he had the money. The servant went down to summon Recton, pale in the parlor. Royston was nervous, bewildered. What could it be? If it was *that*, what was he to do! Royston put his French novel under his pillow, put his splendid hair into some order, and bethought him that, at the worst, Recton was a very meek man, and could not have come for any physical objects. "Could the d—d fool of a woman have been found out?" That was all the thought Royston gave to the woman.

Recton held the door open until the servant had descended the stairs again, closed it carefully, sat down, and without any attempt at the conventional civilities, and without looking at Royston, commenced to talk the speech which he had prepared. Royston saw from this what he had to expect, but closed his teeth hard and waited.

"Mr. Royston, I satisfied myself down-stairs that you were not too ill to bear an interview, or I would not have come up." (This apology from the injured man, so terribly conscientious, was characteristic.) "My business you may guess, when I tell you that Mrs. Recton has made a full confession of her deplorable connexion with you. I have come to you, as one man of the world to another man of the world. You have injured me, and I am not likely to forgive it. But I am not of opinion that injuries of this sort are to be redressed by duels. They are not to be redressed at all; they are to be endured. My object is, while enduring this, to cover as far as I can my wife's fame—to conceal as far as I can my own dishonor. I ask from you, sir, but one satisfaction—to assist me in this. Do this, and, while unforgiving, I will reward you. I believe you are heavily in debt—I am making £4000 a year—my father's wealth will most probably come to me—there is no-

thing that you may require, in this way, that I will not endeavor to aid you in. I don't ask either apology or explanation from you. I wish you to meet me fairly and candidly. I think you have been a scoundrel; but I think you cannot now refuse to answer me the questions I wish to ask."

He paused—his face was ghastly. Royston had recovered himself.

"Pray, sir—this is very astonishing—I don't know what to say."

"I have declared, sir, frankly, that I wish concealment. But if concealment is impossible by your past conduct, then I can make up my mind. Will you answer me one question? Men sometimes boast of their amours—you are a somewhat reckless man—may I ask is this accursed business known to your friends?—she has had no confidant but me—have you, sir, had confidants?"

"Good God, sir, do you think me such a villain? As God's in heaven, not a soul on earth ever heard me speak of Mrs. Recton, or of this—this "——

"That will do. I hope that is true. Mrs. Recton has written you some letters?"

"Yes, but I burnt them." This was true.

"I am glad of that. Then I am safe as to the past. Now, sir, I will tell you my intentions. I have, of course, determined on a separation, but I do not mean that Mrs. Recton should leave my house—I mean to avoid scandal of all sorts. The children do not seem likely to live. If they do, you and the mother shall do what you will with them; they shall be brought up as though they were my sons until of an age to know the truth. Mrs. Recton, not acting under my compulsion, but a truly repentant woman, and upon her own impulse,

desires you to know that she wishes never again to see you."

He paused again, and his face seemed to have grown thin since he entered the room. Royston was studying him.

"I need not say, sir," said Royston, "that I deeply deplore this business. I think you are behaving splendidly, by God—and wisely, too. I wish to God that I had never seen Mrs. Recton! I have behaved like a scoundrel, I acknowledge." Royston knew that he was not ambitious of being moral, and didn't mind that admission.

"With regard to yourself, sir," proceeded Mr. Recton, "I assume, as I said before, that you will now be disposed to aid me in regarding this matter as a mystery between ourselves, that I may not be the jest of men?"

"So help me——" Royston wanted to take an oath of secresy: but he was interrupted without being noticed, and he winced at the contempt.

"I don't ask a favor of you. I wish to make a bargain. If you will leave this country for America or Australia, you can name your price—if within my means, I will pay it. Establish yourself in business in America, and I will help you. Or, if you refuse that, and stay here, my purse is at your disposal within any reasonable amount."

It is not needful to follow their interview to its termination. Mr. Recton went and spent that day quietly and thoughtfully at Richmond, and at his sad tavern dinner speculated on life. He was sure he had acted like a man of the world: which he had not; but he wondered why he was obliged to be so worldly? Mr. Royston rose and went and told his mistress the whole story, under a solemn pledge of secresy; which she observed until she met some one to tell it to. He and his

mistress had a sumptuous orgie that day, to celebrate Mr. Royston's conference with Mr. Recton.

Nor is it necessary to trace further the Recton ménage. In a year or two more, during which the shaken Mrs. Recton had lived like a recluse with her children, her husband, touched with a tendency to love, lingering for love, had forgiven her, and again taken her to his heart. He thought her purified; and perhaps she was. Recton, No. 1, had ceased to think of the business; and was too coarse to mind it. He never shook hands with his daughter-in-law, but he made no other difference in his demeanor, and, as his hands were always dirty, his aversion was pleasing to the object of it. Society talked of her, of course; but London is large, and, as she lived with her husband, it did not matter. The injury done to the husband was real: he was despised, as too tame; but he never found it out. People smiled on him; he was capable and successful. If in a marriage that is made for what Plato called geometrical reasons, the husband discovers that his wife is in love—without sinning—with another, it is not sinful but Christian to sympathise; and this was all the insinuation against Sitley Recton, *i. e.*, when he was talked about by his learned brothers. But it is wonderful how Christian conduct is contemned in this nation of Christians. Besides, scandal-mongers are always unconscious of the private scandal of their own. The Lamian witches were consulted because they saw every thing that took place in the domestic affairs around them; but when they went home they took their eyes out of their heads, and laid them up in velvet cases.

On the day which I mentioned as having seen the Recton family looking placid at Broadford Church, Recton No. 1 was consulted by Recton No. 2, after dinner, as to what he was to

do with the boys. They were nearly nineteen, and their tutor had reported that they were now quite fit for college. The grandfather had no opinion on the subject; so the father had his own way. They were sent to Germany to get up languages, self-reliance; being requested to live economically, and try and discover what their partialities in the way of profession were. Mr. Royston had declined for the present any responsibility in connection with the boys, and had never seen them.

Chapter XLIII.

Risks of Cautious Service.

"And now tell me," said Saxon, concluding his account of the difficulty, "what do you think I ought to do?"

The brothers had listened with undisturbing attention, but, during the story, had exchanged glances that were language with each other. Peter now said, looking at the rest of him—

"Don't you think we'd better consult together first, Simon?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, Saxon—or, my Lord—we'll leave you here, and go into the other room."

"There's the morning paper," said Simon, handing it—"interesting report of the debate in the House of Life-Peers last night. Lord Julien's speech on popular education very good."

They left Saxon alone in that square, brown, box-like room, crammed with confusion; foils, folios, boxing-gloves, old letters, old hat-boxes, crockery, tin-pots, wearing apparel, keys, gloves, tobacco-pouches, pipes;—the apartment of men who had never got out of the student's happy habit of easy litter. Maiden aunts from the country could scarcely believe in such rooms as are to be found in the dingy law-inns of London. As to the laundresses (so called because they never wash) who "look

after" the gentlemen therein inhabiting, the maiden aunt, generally speaking, would not admit that they were of the female sex. But the maiden aunt had better not mention that to the laundresses!

The twins returned in a short time; Peter having talked all the conversation, but the real thinking having been fairly divided. Peter took a seat in front of Saxon; Simon went behind Saxon's chair, and stood solemn as *Atra Cura*.

Peter said—

"Very remarkable coincidences occur sometimes, Saxon. You remember our talking together at the table d'hôte"——

"At Frankfort," said Simon; "at Frankfort—about Göthe, and our wondering had he ever left a son, and if he had, what sort of a genius the son was."

"I remember," said Saxon; "and how we started when the old waiter told us that *he* was one of the sons."

"Well," continued Peter, "it is very odd; but Simon and I knew all about the marriage of that Dwyorts to the singer."

"You—God bless me—how?"

"Simon and I did not like to say any thing about it until we consulted. But we see it is best to speak out. We heard all about it from Mr. Royston."

"Our father," added Simon.

"Astonishing!"

"It is strange. He was the priest who married them: that is to say, the false priest."

"This is wonderful—wonderful!"

But it is a very simple story, cut short. Kees had been told by his master to find out a priest who would make no objections about the different creeds of the marrying parties.

Kees, with preposterous mystery, consulted the waiter of the hotel where they were stopping. The waiter conceived that the gallant young Englishman only wanted to delude the poor pretty Sängerin, and that he was to be paid to aid in the cheat. Kees was so secretive that this was the inevitable impression. At that time Royston was in that town; dissolute even in his elderly years, reckless, ready. He was a diner at the hotel—in debt to the waiter. He undertook the function of tying those whom man must not put asunder. When he found out, at the festivity, that Diego, madly in love, was really in earnest, it was too late to disclose the fraud:—there would have been a disturbance not to the taste of the analytical old gentleman. He went through with the business, and held his tongue, frightened the waiter out of his life, and fled with his fee. And, as Diego and his bride left the town the same day, they never heard the rumors and the scandals raised by the legitimate clergy of the place. Therese had never since been to that town; and, though she had met, again and again, members of the merry marriage party, they had thought it discreet to hold their tongues on a delicate subject.

Royston, meeting his sons, of whom he had become proud, and whom he had invited to visit him in the cottage, on Lake Constance, in which, in broken health, he had at last settled down, had amused them—the immoral young dogs—with this story among many others. Royston, whose knowledge of the lighter literature of Europe was unsurpassed, declared that the story would play one hundred nights running in a drama. The plot was unknown in literature, he said. But he declined the responsibility of a finale. The boys might tell Dwyorts or the woman, if they liked; but he'd be hanged if he would.

When Saxon came to understand all this he was naturally

excited, and delivered a dreadful curse upon Royston. But this brought the eyes of Royston's sons to the ground, and he entreated their pardon, thanked them deeply for their candor, and, half going back to the bierberg days, was very near—for an English lord too near—kissing them.

The truth is, that Saxon, sympathetic and comprehensive, understood the character of Therese, and it was pity for her he felt, rather than rejoicings over the re-established kinswoman. How was he to take advantage of such a secret? How tell her? No—he would let the solicitor find it all out.

"Better let us ask the Judge," said Peter.

"The wisest and justest man on God's earth," added Simon.

"But what would he think of Royston?"

"He would not think of Royston. It is not," added Simon, "a question about Royston. It is the vindication and salvation of a young lady."

"There are two women to be considered," said Saxon, gloomily.

"She's a pretty woman, and sings well," said Peter, beginning to think that the *artiste* was, after all, perhaps as human as the lady.

"Perhaps she won't care," thought Simon.

"Care! She'd shoot the man that told her. She's a little devil."

The twins were sad, and filled their meerschaums. Saxon strode gloomily about.

"But," said he, breaking away from his thoughts, "I'll not bore you any longer with my affairs. I think, if—the judge is well enough—I'd be glad to consult him."

"We'll ask Lady Recton to-day, and let you know in the morning."

"Good! Now, tell me about yourselves. Are you practising at the Bar?"

"No, Saxon; we have no heart for any work in life: we're damped and damned with this horrible secret—two fathers, no mother, sisters who have scorned our affection, and told our tale to their husbands."

Peter was getting ferocious, and Simon suggested, thinking he should not take the unhappy view.

"Besides, though we did read hard in law, we were upset by a new point of view of the profession, which we got on receiving our first briefs."

"This way," explained Peter. "We were called with some eclat, for it was mentioned that we had taken the best prizes on examination, and solicitors were down on us at once, to try us; and in one action we got briefs against one another."

"And it was out of the question," said Simon, of course, "that we could bully and show one another up."

Saxon laughed; for he knew that this was only a whimsicality, and that the twins would have immensely enjoyed elaborately abusing one another in court.

"Well, then, what *are* you doing?"

"I'm bringing out a patent," said Peter, with the felicitous air of the mechanical genius. "A lobster fork—a fork with one prong, hooked at the end. At present the table is laid for lobster with the ordinary many-pronged fork, and you can never get the edible out of the claws comfortably."

"Bravo!"

"And I," said Simon, "have also directed my attention to increasing the comforts of this convenient century. I have got an idea of a bed to be worked by screws as you lie in it, so as to form an inclined plane—to raise the head or the heels,

just as you fancy. The eternal flat position is like always eating bread and butter, or kissing your wife."

"Capital! You'll be made Life-Peers."

Saxon rode away, and got out of London into clear air, thinking deeply and feeling kindly; and as he saw pretty children frolicking along green lanes, he sighed.

Chapter XLIV.

New Schools.

A BAD winter came on. A war with America had followed a failure in the cotton crop in America; English manufacturers were at a stand-still; the weavers and spinners had thrown themselves *en masse* on the poor-rates; Liverpool was marching on London; and the ex-Emperor, Louis Napoleon, had again become a special constable. The administrative Reform Association published a tract to show that the Queen could get her washing done cheaper than was at the time the case; but the excitement of the public mind was unabated. No more gold had been found for some months in Australia.

The new oldest Prime Minister sent flannel in great quantities to the sailors of the fleet blockading the American ports; but it was found out that they were half an inch too short for the hammocks, and the benevolence only made him more unpopular than ever. The whole aristocratic system was shaken by the circumstance, that, when the people were clamoring for bread, Lord Robert Grosvenor offered them stones in the shape of new churches. The easy, profuse prosperity, which for so many years had hidden the inner horrors of the nation's life, was gone; and the sensation of public men was such as we should feel, if, when gazing on a green

and flowery churchyard, all the verdure and violets were to rot, blighted suddenly away, and the corpse-colored stones, standing clear out from the pale-colored mould, were to stare at us, grimly suggestive.

There was a change of Ministry. Of late this is the inevitable consequence of a public uneasiness. Not that any one blames the ministry going out, or thinks that the ministry coming in will do better; but that a sacrifice of men calms the public mind. We have no measures now, and change of men is our only resource. This is but one of the many evils of the disappearance of principles; or, as Mr. Ishmaeli would express it, the cessation of government by party.

The way out of all this disaster and distress was the question of the day. The anxious Queen called Parliament together in November. Sir B. Hall proposed a new road through the Park. The government was defeated, and dissolved Parliament. Brandt Bellars, Esq., stood for Oshire. Bishop Emmett proposed him; Lord Septpat supported him. The tenantry of the Bellars Hall property voted to a man for him. He was returned.

"Gentlemen," said he, returning thanks from the hustings after the declaration of numbers, "the snow that is pouring down upon us is whitening Ireland. Let us write a new story upon the virgin paper. Let us new men begin a new epoch. The English oligarchy is giving way. I go from here to appeal against them to the English people—who, like the Irish people, have been enslaved. There is a new governing class arising on the other side of the channel; it is a nation. Let us enter into alliance with it. The past was our fathers'; the present is our own. Let us hear no more that word—Rebellion. I speak the English tongue: I live in English traditions:

I am of the British Empire. To that I give my fealty: in that I seek a career: in that I ask for my country the place due to her genius, her courage, her affection, and her aspirations. A lady, strange to me, strange to us, within her veins not one drop of that Celtic blood which ran red at Fontenoy, which ran red at Waterloo, which ran red at Alma, is seated on the grand throne of Great Britain and Ireland. My grandfather fought against hers—he led your grandfathers against George's captains, with a war-cry that Victoria, head of our army now, would but little understand. But I say—God bless her! I, an Irishman, accept her sovereignty. She is not Irish; but she is not English. The English have accepted the German as the crown of their empire. Why not, now, the Irish? Well, Victoria and the English nation now are coalescing against coalitions of nobles who would sustain the oligarchy; and they will accept our votes, our arms, our hopes. Are there sacrifices herein that I propose? Not one. I say, let Ireland be British; but Ireland shall never be English. Our faith is not the faith of England; but, in its universality, is it forbidden that the church of Rome shall be a British church? Those English governing classes who would have colonised, denationalised, us—are a race marked on the map as distinct from all other races, as the stones of the Giants' Causeway are different from all other stones scattered by God over the earth—a race that has grown up in the salt air of the Atlantic, for ever fresh, strong, and fair—a race that, with an instinct that tells of a mission, clings to itself, indestructibly true to its own faith, its own family—these English Lords-lieutenant have built up here, in our land, of what fribble and devil's-dust they could find about, propping it with state bayonets, their English Church. Well, as a mat-

ter of architecture, it was only one building the more to the Round Towers—an unassigned "Folly," mouldering while in archæological chancery—of no use. The English church is doubtless a good church for the English people. The nautilus would object to the shell of the snail, but it fits the snail; and as birds, and beasts, and flowers, show the fur, the plumage, the colors, that suit them, so peoples take institutions and creeds. We, Irish, are content with the church in which our fathers and mothers were christened, prayed, married, and were buried. It is in order to be British that we seek to sweep the English church out of Ireland:—and many an English town would perhaps be glad of it," (*loud cheers.*)

And so Bellars went on, amid great enthusiasm, to strike out a new line of policy, such as would enable him to take new "national" ground in the Imperial Parliament; which he hoped to influence for good. And when he was driven in a carriage and four up the old avenue of the old Hall, amid the mad excitement of a people feudal and pastoral, he thought ambition at least amusing. If he could become a Secretary of State, and repurchase the old Hall—in which, by Wortley's kindness, he was now but a lodger—why, it might be worth while to rise at six every morning, and to take care of his health.

Yet he spent the evening of that eventful day in reading an old novel, and sipping the bankrupt's Burgundy by a blazing turf fire, whose scent is gratefully racy of the soil to the Celt —and that dreadfully incombustible river, the Thames, was freezing unconcernedly at the imminence of this coming man.

The elections in England were marked by severe contests. Whigs and Tories coalesced in the counties against the men of the people, without holding their own; and, in the

boroughs, the candidates were all revolutionary. Lord Handy made a great sensation by declaring for the Anglo-Saxon policy: the confederation of races in these islands, in America, in Australia, and in India, under one standard and one tariff: the League to ignore Europe, leaving the worn-out old European races to annihilate one another. And, people being tired of the war with the United States, the "new school" took very well. The old school, with their traditions of European diplomacy, were alarmed, but continued to keep a gunboat in the Bay of Naples; and to write protocols to King Otho.

Chapter XLV.

Back Streets in Bohemia.

Lady Beaming was spending all her money in the relief of the distressed in London; Bellars was escorting her here and there.

She was restless to ascertain whether some total re-organization of society was not possible. Bellars did not think that likely. He confessed that he was in a state of bewilderment, and he rather thought every one was as much perplexed.

"I think," he said, "the Judge wonders that circumstances should create a class of criminals, and that circumstances should make him imprison and hang them, against his conviction of justice. I think the Queen must wonder why she has no power. I think the able and wise Prince must wonder he should receive £30,000 a-year for being the husband of a queen who has no power. I think the Unicorn—first of the constitutional anomalies—wonders why he is in the royal arms. I think we are all puzzled, and that the bewilderment will go on until Bohemian principles are in the ascendant."

"What are Bohemian principles?"

"Ah, that is the European mystery! Join us, Lady Beaming. There are no awful preliminaries to go through: all that you have to face is facts—not death's heads, but respectable

people. All your duty will consist in stating the facts about yourself and about your friends. You are only sworn to smash theories, and proclaim war against anomalies. Another glass of sherry?"

"Well, I'll think about it. But I'd be much obliged to you, Mr. Wornton, if you could show me some of the poor parts of London. I cannot believe one half that these popular novelists——"

"And unpopular statists," interpolated Brandt.

"Tell us of the misery that is in London—I mean starvation, and want of clothes, and that sort of thing. I have got a design in my head of organizing the ladies of London for charitable purposes, if I should find it true. You see Miss Nightingale is very successful in enlisting support for her Nurse scheme. But I fancy there are diseases requiring nursing which do not get to the Hospitals."

"Starvation for instance! I can show you excess of that. We all know that in London. Whenever I sit down to my joint and pint of beer at the Deformed Club, I ask pardon of Heaven, knowing that my three shillings would feed at least six crouching, hungry, human souls. If I weren't a Bohemian, and didn't know that I couldn't be just, that roast mutton would choke me. How it fares with those who are not Bohemians, and must have the same thought at 'Grace' time, I don't know. It's in the Queen's head, no doubt, at her dinner parties, when the cost of the banquet would make a province happy. But we groan and eat. We are not to be expected to dine on bread and water every day, and we should do no good by living like Cato or Mr. Brotherton: we should get the street into a habit of being fed and being happy. That would be rather beyond a joke."

"Well, suppose," said Lady Beaming, "we go to some of those districts you speak of. I am disengaged till seven."

Lady Beaming was born, and had passed her girlhood in a clean village, and, since sixteen, had revelled in purple and fine linen, and good dishes, and had dwelt in select suites of front streets.

Now, visiting "poor neighborhoods," she gathered her petticoats about her, not without some consciousness that the leg was worth showing; and she was astonished people could live in such places. The people who did live, or were passengers there, turned to look at the coquetish craft that was beating in the mud up these clammy thoroughfares.

Said Brandt, escorting her—"Ah! the ideal you 'Swells,' as we Bohemians call you, have of the multitude, is an odd one. Your clergyman tells you that there is an equality in human happiness—he should say unhappiness—and that station makes no difference; and you are so weary of your own trappings of luxury, that you think, on the whole, the poor best off. You consider it a difference merely between eating seconds and eating firsts—silk and cotton—and so on. Well, perhaps the multitude has as incomplete notions of you. It's the cant nowadays to give the multitude an Ideal. They take the multitude down to Sydenham Palace and Hampton Court, to fresh air, flowers, statues, pictures—a great blunder that! The multitude, after tasting paradise, doesn't like to go back home to the lower regions."

"Don't speak that way," pertly insisted the Christian dame.

"John sees no resemblance to Jane in the statue of Venus Victrix, and Jane thinks of the flower-beds when she's scrubbing the dirty floor. To tell people who know what life is, what life might be! If there are always to be 'masses'—that's the

phrase—always to be kept down as a 'foundation for national greatness'—why, better not give them a glimpse outwards? The masses always have toiled and been spent, and always will toil and be spent; and the aspiration that has sufficed to induce them to do this is that *upwards*—of another sphere, when the lunacy and horror of this have been done with. Education, indeed! If the whole adult male population could read, and could understand the argument of an orator, do you think this sort of thing could go on?"

He pointed to a crowd of St. Giles's flock, who were huddled on to a particular square yard of the pavement. It was that over a baker's cellar and ovens, and was warm to their naked, filthy feet. As every one makes for D—— or S—— House in the west, in St. Giles's the population make for the bakers' shop-doors. If they could not have bread, they could have the heat used in making bread. They have never read Rabelais, and therefore did not offer the baker the acknowledgment proper to such a purchase. How was it they were content with so little? A rush, and they could have had the bread itself. But one or two would have been caught, and sentenced to food and warmth in jail, and that was what all were afraid of. We are a disciplined nation, and order is an instinct with us; and so much the worse for the worst of us.

The lady and gentleman made for a particular court, famous even in that neighborhood for poverty. Singularly enough, however, it was a "house property" which paid well. The poor are the only class who *must* pay—who get no credit—who wrong no one. A pretext was made for entering the court; they pretended that they were looking for a woman of the name of Pelham Godolphin Maltravers Coningsby—had she ever lodged here, there, anywhere? Did any one

know any thing about her? The pretext puzzled and sufficed.

As they looked into one house, they saw in the passage a grave elderly gentleman in black, conversing with the inmates. As he caught their glances he came out and spoke to them.

"On the same errand as myself, ma'am. Distributing charity?"

"We had, sir, some thoughts of doing so, but first wished to make inquiries about the place."

He came out, and rather whispered than spoke—"A capital place for charity. They are nearly all starving, out of work, naked, wicked. Dear me—dear me!"

The dreaming eye of the old gentleman wandered.

"A clergyman, sir, I should think?" inquired the lady deferentially and sweetly.

"No—not exactly. I *was*—the Reverend Robert Bogie. I was Rector of Warren, Yorkshire. But I had scruples—you understand—Regeneration by Baptism. I went into the Roman Catholic Church, but Mrs. Bogie and seven children—you understand—could not be a priest; and—as I left that church, too: troubled by doubts of the Immaculate Conception—I cannot say, in any sense, that I am in holy orders; if I might be allowed the expression—holy disorders, I should say. Dear me—dear me! Very dreadful!"

Brandt asked, politely and respectfully, had the reverend gentleman joined a third church?

"No (confidentially)—not quite. Mrs. Bogie is anxious that I should; and I am very unhappy in this state of doubt, of course. I think it likely that I shall go back again to Rome. I think if the portraits of some of the great divines

of the Romish Church were a little more flattering—you understand—less heavy about the mouth—most people would go back to Rome. A good frontispiece, good in a good book."

He proceeded, clearing his throat, with conscientious confusion.

"My view of Rome seems to be that the greater includes the less, you know; and it appears every time I look into a new church, that after all it is only an altar out of the big cathedral. Great advantage of course to have one church which includes all the others—cannot be wrong then—eh? But it is difficult—dear me, very difficult! A Jesuit gentleman was saying yesterday, that the Roman Catholic Church was a machinery for fascinating and retaining the mob—the many; that there was the old esoteric faith of the temple for the priests; and that we were not obliged to believe all the doctrines we taught, but only the essence. Ingenious, that—eh? That would be satisfactory; but still it would be lying, eh? Dear me—dear me! A great many friends of mine are in the same state; but they say they will not set out on a voyage until they know where they are going. Very sensible—eh? But Mrs. Bogie is not strong-minded, and urged me to what my conscience told me to do; though London lodgings do *not* agree with her, particularly as I cannot conscientiously say on Sundays—'Go to the church round the corner, my dear.' Very distressing—eh?"

Brandt turned the conversation. "Were the people in the court generally Christians?"

"Dear me—dear me, no—not many; only a few women. But the want of Christianity is not the worst want. It's dreadful of me to say so, particularly as I am not sure of my

own faith. (I clear the problem some nights, dreaming, but can't recollect the argument in the morning.) But they want morals. Understand—eh? There are seventy people in this court, and only fourteen married couples. And they thieve and lie—dreadful liars! I don't think they can—they have forgotten how to—tell the truth. They speak ill of one another—horrible! Could have morals without Christianity—eh? I used not to think so; but there's a man in this court (here the reverend voice sank into a deep whisper) that is a most extraordinary man. He is a Scotch young man—a printer; and as he is in all day, smoking and reading dreadful books—I sometimes call on him. You would hardly credit it; but—he's an atheist! Eh—dreadful? He says nature's an anonymous work. He is very civil, but rather sneers at me, I must say. He says I'm like a dog running after his own tail, trying to find myself out. He likes argument, and he's a very odd way of disposing of a difficulty, effective at the time, and rather unanswerable; but it does not satisfy when you come to think of it—eh? Knows nothing of Theology; and what's the use of common-sense, as he calls it, when you know nothing of the refinements of Theology? How could common-sense arrange—say geology, or astronomy? But he has morals, I admit; never drinks alcohol; eats vegetables and drinks water, and sets a good example to these heathens; and I think, if I saw my own way clear, I could bring him round, eh? As I don't, of course there's a difficulty; for the present, he seems to have the best of the argument. But brought *me* only half round: and I can't see with the *back* of my head. Dear me!"

"Are the people here kind to one another in their distresses?" asked Brandt.

"Yes—very! That Scotchman, who is always theorising, says that brotherly love is a delusion—that we don't like to drink out of one another's glasses, or eat with one another's knives, or wear one another's clothes, and that sort of thing; and that society is in chaos accordingly. But sympathy—ah! human sympathy—with humanity—redeems us all. These people abuse one another, and quarrel hideously. Every other pair of eyes are blacked, from the infant's upwards; but they tend one another in sickness, share a good deal when they are in luck, and help one another on. They easily fall out; but, of course, it's soon made up again. With a little Christianity, and some more food and water, and if the ceilings were not so low, and the general atmosphere did not create rather an inclination for stimulus—I feel that myself when I have been here any time—I think that they might be brought round—eh? And particularly if that public-house at the corner were just brought a little farther off."

"May we ask, sir," said the lady, "what kindly motive brings you here?"

"Eh? Oh, you see, Mrs. Stealthy Warmheart—such an angel of a woman—has established soup-kitchens all over London, and I direct one of them in this neighborhood. People say it's ostentation of charity, because the papers—as if the papers didn't find out every thing—notice us—I should say her—eh? I don't quarrel with selfishness, so that it leads to good. Philanthropy has a motive in most cases, I dare say—eh? Very well. Selfishness is very often the salt to the soup for the poor—eh? That doesn't make the soup worse for the poor. *Cum grano*—eh? and the more of it the better. Ha! ha!—eh?"

Such a dreamy, sad, feeble laugh.

"I really," exclaimed Lady Beaming, "must go and kiss Mrs. Warmheart."

"Eh—eh?—I never did that. She wouldn't object, I daresay, for you look good too. But, bless you, she does more than that. I'm her almoner, and tell her all that can be done, and she does it. Not a Lady Bountiful, you know—that would be mischievous, and it has all to be done quietly. Now I found out a dreadful case, in that house there that I have just come out of. (He intensified his whisper.) The woman who has that ground floor—and E—lev—en people sleep in one room there—is a dreadful woman! She sells oysters at night, and seems to get intoxicated on the vitriol used as vinegar when trade is not good; she is so sour and fiery. A week ago a niece came to her and said,—'Aunt, I've been out of place this five weeks, and have pawned every thing, and can get no one to take me in—will you let me sleep here at nights?' Ah! many a servant-girl in that position in London, without even such an aunt as this. I gave the girl two shillings and sixpence, and she lived on that for a week, and the aunt let her sleep there, out of the streets. The girl lived on that for a week—a whole week—trudging about in broken boots and a thin shawl all day, seeking a place and undergoing frightful humiliations. She was chaste, ma'am—a good, honest girl, though living here and starving. I've been away two days, and what do you think I found when I came here this morning? The aunt said last night that she wouldn't have her any more, that she must go out and make money by her *face*—and many and many a girl so placed *does* sell herself for a few pounds: that's the most frequent seduction, ma'am, I can assure you. And the girl did go out, sobbing, and saying, 'She'd stand it no longer.' Do you know what she meant—

eh? She threw herself into the river—eh? Ah! it makes you turn pale. But there's no doubt about it. A man here saw her throw herself off the bridge. I'll show him to you—quite a character. Dreadful!"

He walked up the court with them, amid stares at the fine company from wondering groups at the doorposts; and at a house, more disastrous in its aspect than the rest, he stopped and spoke to a man sitting on the step and smoking terrible tobacco.

"That," said Mr. Bogie to Lady Beaming and her companion, "is Withers. Withers," said he, shaking his head in a melancholy manner—"Withers is a lazy man. Nothing will induce Withers to work."

"Don't blame me, master," said Withers, who appeared to have slept in his clothes for some years. "It's disease. I *can't* work. I've tried hard, but I can't stick at it. Wish I could. Shouldn't be so hungry so often."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Brandt.

"Look'ee here, sir. I've been to every one of the Hospitals. I presents myself at the surgeons' rooms. 'What's the matter?' ses they. 'I'm diseased,' sez I—'Where?' ses they. 'In my legs and arms,' ses I. 'What's the matter?' ses they. 'I can't stick at my work,' ses I. And I can't. Nothing but working the engines at a fire, and they isn't often enough: they excites me—can't do nothing else: the legs makes off from everything else, and the arms gets into the pockets. But the surgeons thinks I'm jisting. Not at all. They could cure me; but they won't. Consequently I don't work, but pick up things and sell 'em, and takes soup as much and as often as I can get it. For which much obliged to that good gen'lem, though *he* is as sharp as the surgeons sometimes."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Bogie; "but we want to know what you do at night, and what you saw last night."

"At nights I begs a penny off swells as is always lushy, going over Waterloo Bridge, and sometimes they gives me sixpence, and says, 'And be d—d to you!' and I goes on the bridge, and I sits in a harch, and other swell coves offen gives me more coppers then: tho' I never asks, cos of the policeman. Well, being in the harch, of course I sees the gals throw themselves off. Wery hinteresting it is!"

"But," exclaimed Lady Beaming, "do you see many?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please, in this weather. That's curus; that is; the colder the water the more they makes for it. In summer, scarce one. At Christmas-time, Lord, they goes one after another, like boys bathing. They thinks of their homes at Christmas, and—splash—off they goes! I've counted sixteen since the first of December. But no one knows but me—their bodies is never advertised—and nobody cares or hears of 'em, and they improves the whitebait for the swells in the season."

"You saw one last night?"

"Ay, the girl as lived in this court. Werry cunning they goes about it—looking up and down so as not to be stopped, and not to have their legs exposed—they thinks of that, I know; and they never sees me, and when they have got on to the top stone they never waits to pray—not many on 'em does—but pitches right head in; which generally they comes first agin the copings and is mangled."

"You are sure you saw that girl last night?"

"Will swear to it on the last New Testament, so help me."

"Well, well, the case will come out. I'll write to the papers myself, and you'll be referred to."

"No objection, sir, if they'll stand a trifle to a poor man diseased, and unable to work. Often thought, sir, of going in for a government situation, with a net to catch the gals as they tries to go off the bridge. But what the blazes the 'thorities mean by kicking up such a row when a gal that they doesn't care for, and leaves to starve, tries to get to Greenwich independently of the boats, I cannot make to understand." On which the lazy Withers, as his visiters left him, yawned, and appeared to go to sleep.

Brandt inquired—"Was the misery uniform in the court?"

"Well, there's an exception here and there. That house there is occupied by one family alone, with one lodger. The father is a plumber, and makes twenty-five shillings a week. The wife makes the fringes for curtains, and gets ten shillings a week. The two daughters are busy all day tailoring, and engaged at a theatre in the evening often, and together make one pound a week. There's a son who is fourteen, and is a shop-boy, and gets six shillings a week. That's comfort for them all, with a little management. But there's none. Once a month, with singular regularity—it's the periodicity of disease—the father gets drunk, and a week's wages go in that; for a poor, ill-fed, thin-blooded man takes some days to recover a tremendous fit of inebriation. The mother is a shrew and a slattern, and fights with the neighbors, and leads her husband a dog's life; so that it is a wonder he doesn't leave them altogether. The daughters are not well conducted, I fear, and are sometimes out all night; particularly on the Sabbath. It's an ungodly home. They laugh in my face when I talk religion to them, and the daughters ask me what will I take to drink. It sounds polite—eh? but it's meant as an impertinence. Ah,

dear me! it's hard work converting heathens—and when you are not clear in your own views—eh? If I had not these soup tickets, I think they would put me under the pump."

"Who is the lodger in that house you speak of?"

"A young man who has sinned and is punished. He was a chemist's assistant at one of those chemists' shops which are also post-offices. Now, it is odd that people never have coppers to pay for postage stamps. They accordingly put down silver. Well, when they are affixing the stamp, they begin to think of the contents of the letter, the person it is going to, and the effect it will produce, and they walk out of the shop forgetting their change for a time. This young man, studying this conduct, was induced to pocket the change. Well, all the people, or most of them, call back for their change. This young man says they have made a mistake, and they are positive and call to the principal. After half a dozen rows, the principal sees there is something in it, gets a friend to try, and the poor tempted boy is turned off—and ruined! He's too short for the army, too weak for the navy, knows no trade; no strength for manual work, can do nothing but make up medicines, and can't get a character to get a shop where he could do that. He's ruined! He used to spend his money on these two young women, and there he lodges until he is turned out. Being unlucky, and in ill health, and despondent, he has a religious turn, and would be saved, but that those two young women laugh at him. Most likely he will take to thieving, or worse things. Or he'll be picked up fainting from inanition in the streets some night, and taken by a policeman to the workhouse, there to die in a fever. You'd be shocked at what workhouse-chaplains tell you of the young men that fall away and die that way in London. Many a gentleman's

son, who has quarrelled with his family, and is too proud to play the prodigal son. And when the chaplain writes to the family, to say that the young fellow is to be buried on such a day, and that any requests they desire to make shall be attended to, they come up in a great hurry, indignant at the idea of a pauper's grave for the sinful one they left to die a pauper, and they take him in state to Kensal Green, and go into black, and back again, and are quite silent to their neighbors of the cause of the death, &c. Dear me—dear me!"

Lady Beaming was shown into several dens of commonplace, everyday misery, and distributed money, and wished for smelling salts—she could think of little but the atmosphere. Commonplace misery, for the people only wanted work and bread!

Astonished at some miscellaneous and collectedly painful sounds, apparently proceeding from a cellar habitation, she was informed—

"Ah, that is a happy family! You don't understand. A man who trains beasts and birds of different kinds to dwell in one cage. The cage, with the family, is wheeled about the streets on a barrow, and it touches the public. But dear me—dear me! I know that the man who trains them is ferociously cruel. He tears out their teeth, tears off their claws, and lashes them dreadfully, and mutilates them: he calls himself Van Amburgh. He sets a bull-dog—not one of the happy family—at me."

"A picture of society," said Brandt, laughing. "The bull-dog is the *militaire;* you are the priest; the man is the imperial wisdom. But he's an ass, or he'd protect you: not-imperial wisdom to frighten the priest."

"In that cellar there," said Mr. Bogie, "there is an old

fellow, a cobbler, who would interest you. Let us go and look at him."

"Good afternoon, sir—good afternoon!" said the cobbler, as they entered his wretched cellar, which looked and smelt as cobblers' cellars generally do look and smell, and which therefore need not be described in the elaborate manner now popular. "And good afternoon to t'other gentleman and the lady, and wish I *had* seats. But I haven't: leastways except this stool and that there bed."

"Oh! we don't want to sit. Only want to ask you whether you'll go and get some of my soup to-day; or, if you want money, this lady will lend you some."

"Thank you kindly, sir. No, no; not for me. Jolly good stuff that soup is, I hear say. But you mun give it to those as can't earn 'nuff to live on. I can. Not in a great way—but 'nuff. As for money, Lor' bless you, what could I do with it? I can get credit for all the leather I wants, and allays gets paid for the shoes and boots when they's ready, and allays 'nuff to do. I gets on, ma'am, you see—thank you kindly."

"Well, I suppose you are rich—eh?" asked Mr. Bogie. "Put by a little."

"Did, sir—did! And wanted it when my gal—got a daughter, ma'am, you see—was tuk to jail. But some uncommon bad chap—to rob *me!*—got into the cellar when I was away one day, and it's all gone—£25. Savings of some tough years, ma'am. That's my luck. But the worst of it is, I'm unlucky to every body else—every one. Killed my mother, getting born. Then my father jumped after me, in the dock at Hull, when I slipt over the side of the boat, and he was drownded, while I was puck up. All through the same! I was tuk of

the Typhus, in this very court, fourteen years ago come midsummer, and my wife caught it looking arter me, and she died, and I got well in no time *then*. I was a journeyman 'fore I come here; and I come here because three different shops as I worked at was tuk fire and burnt down, and I ses to myself —you better keep to yerself. Then there's my gal, ma'am, was in a fine place at Brompton. I walks up one Sunday, more than a year ago now, to ask arter her, and next day she was ill, and they said she had concealed a birth, (which is a hatorocious lie!) and they sent her to prison for twelve months the week arter. All through the same! I makes her ill when I goes to the gate of the prissin to ask arter her. So I guv up agoing. I told Mr. Bogie here he'd better keep away from me, or he'd have summut awful happen to him. Summut awful *will* happen to him. All through the same!"

"I suppose you work very hard?" said Brandt.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir; poor people must stick at it. And a good thing for 'em. Don't know if you know what it is, sir, to think. Well, nothing like work to stop *that*. That's why I work. What else? Can't hope to raise myself, can I, sir? and my gal is done—reglarly down, I'm sorry to say; though I don't say much on it, and keep off thinking of it."

"But, if you've been steady all your life, how is it you did not get into a shop of your own?"

"Well, sir, I've been steady, I *may* say, and some chaps *do* git on into partnerships and shops. But some doesn't, and I am one of them sort. It isn't a working man's work, sir, gits him on that way. Perseverance, sir, can't get a capital for a shop out of thirty shillings a week; leastways having a family to keep on it. They has relations, sir, when they gits on, as

lends 'em money, or a master takes a fancy to 'em, or their wife gits a little. It's not work—*that I* know!"

Just then a figure rapidly descended the cellar-steps, and threw itself into the cobbler's hairy arms. It was his "gal," that day let out of jail, her sentence expired. A pale, wasted, but fine girl. The father spoke not a word, but gathered her close to his heart, and she lay there, happy, though crying bitterly. It was her only refuge in a city of 2,500,000.

After a pause, the visiting party made a movement to leave the place. But the old man cried out—

"Not a bit on it! This is my gal Jane. Come, Jane, here's good folk—poor people's friends. She's hinnocent, gents and lady, take my word for it. All her offence was modesty—modesty, ma'am; and they makes that a crime. Hush, Jane, let' em know all about it! Why, ma'am and gentlemen, the very family she was with had—her fellow-servant—a wet-nurse in the house for their child, and they had chosen her because she was unmarried—married ones is expensive, and has followers, meaning husbands; and they know'd that, in order to take care of their child, that young 'oman had to neglect her own, seein' it was kep' for four shillings a week in this very court by an old 'oman as drank it in gin, and the child died, of course, and be d———d to them, I say! They lives at Brompton, ma'am, and is very respectable. Hush, Jane, those here people 'll be yer friends, gal, and they shall know that you desarve friends, as ever a gal did."

Before they departed the girl had furtively kissed the hem of Lady Beaming's shawl. The lady gave some self-respect and hope to the girl, who was thus saved, to live honestly, and close her honest father's eyes in peace—in peace though they may close in a leathery cellar.

As a rule, there are not great crowds of Christians standing outside prison gates to receive back sinners to repentance, and to aid them in expiation, and reform, and new life.

In leaving, Mr. Bogie explained his views in reference to the relations between the rich and the poor.

"It is quite true that only a very small minority of the wealthy are charitable even nowadays, when, fortunately, charity is rather in fashion. But I would not say that the wealthy are wicked because they are indifferent. The truth is —they haven't a conception of what poverty means; what is meant by being days and days without food, without shelter, without hope. The poor know what poverty means; and beggars live on the poor, not on the middle-class street passengers. Alfred had known what it was to be very hungry, and he shared his loaf with the mendicant. Who was the saint that cut his cloak in half for the shivering woman?—that saint had perhaps wanted clothes himself one day. The comfortable classes, as they sit in their parlors, cannot realize what we have seen, and that is the reason I never met them about St. Giles's."

"But," suggested Mr. Bellars, "did not M. Guizot tell us that our voluntary charities of all kinds, in England, are our greatest glory?"

"Take them as they are, by themselves, they flatter human nature. But I observe that, these notwithstanding, there is dire distress and disease going on, so that I infer their gross insufficiency; while, these notwithstanding, the comfortable classes are very comfortable, so that I infer the affluent nation generally does not sacrifice itself to the suffering."

Lady Beaming said that she would ask an audience of the Queen on the subject; that is what she would do.

"I think," continued Mr. Bogie, dreamingly, "that it would all be better, that we should all be happier, if our life was not six days' work for the world, and one day's work for God—if there were more religion. But, not being clear in my own views, I have no right to dictate or dogmatize, have I—eh?"

"My opinion is," said Brandt, "that if we give the whole seven days' work for the world, we should do God's business best. But then the work ought to have an object and a principle, and we ought to understand what we are about. I think, Mr. Bogie, if you were to look over our tracts—Society of the Friends of Bohemia—you would find yourself clearer in your mind."

"Dear me—dear me! Well, I will. Good-bye."

And Mr. Bogie went home, and told Mrs. Bogie that he had met a most interesting young man, who was reviving the principles of John Huss.

Chapter XLVI.

Capital and Labor.

"He's at old Jacob Dwyorts' Jubilee Works, Vauxhall, two or three times a-week," was the information which Kees read in a letter from the Detective—read in his bedroom, with the door locked upon the master he was running down.

What could Diego Dwyorts want there? His father had written to him from America, asking him to send money to start a new business. Was he begging it from Jacob? Hopeless. Jacob was always complaining of the bad debt he had made through John Dwyorts of Liverpool. Jacob Dwyorts was not an amusing companion now. He went to sleep when Diego tried to get him to talk and give advice—for Diego was trying to manage the old man, and when he was awake he was sour and savage. Hard times for the clerks—hard times for Miss Jane Dwyorts, snuffing up the storm in Frith-street.

Hammers were rattling in the yard as usual. Orders were plentiful for gun-boat and steam-ship machinery. But in the office matters were getting complex. The old man now and then quite lost his memory, and could not answer the questions the clerks were compelled to put to him—for he alone

had the key of the finance of the business. Diego might have used the name of Jacob Dwyorts boldly on stamped paper; for what would Jacob's denial be worth now?

One day Foreman Dwyorts, heading a small deputation, appeared in the private office at the dinner hour. They found Jacob wanderingly studying the map of Cumberland, with his eye perhaps searching the line that told of his native village.

Foreman Dwyorts and the small deputation had to say that times were bad, bread dear, beef dearer; and that they would like to be paid a little extra for the heavy over-work: that is to say, at a higher rate for the night-work than was paid for the day-work.

Agreement to the proposal would have cost Jacob Dwyorts a hundred pounds a-week more in wages—a hundred pounds a-week out of enormous profits which no one enjoyed, which spread fertility nowhere.

He listened with sudden keenness.

"I thought you'd had enough of trying to conquer me," said he, when his swarthy nephew had concluded his modest harangue.

"No conquering, sir. Only fair play," murmured one of the deputation.

Jacob eyed him contemptuously: and the man shrunk from the gaze. There was power in the old gentleman yet.

"Now, listen. I'll reduce the wages of every man and boy in the yard one shilling a week from this date!"

The deputation started as if shot, by that abrupt and terrible statement.

"Now go and tell that in the yard. Be off!"

They had no faculty of reply, and moved away. They worked honestly that day; it was Saturday; and they

clustered round the office at night for their wages, hard earned.

Sunday passed over.

When Jacob Dwyorts drove to the Jubilee Works on Monday morning, they were quiet as the sea on a purple summer evening. The hands had struck.

The clerks were in groups. Most of the work on hand was contract work, to be delivered ready by certain dates. The men knew this, and had acted in the knowledge.

The old master-mind heard it all calmly: the yard was so quiet the clerks had not to shout very loudly in his ear.

He pondered for a long time. One of the head-people—a gentleman who was going through the delusion underwent by many of his baffled predecessors during the half century, and considered that he was getting into Jacob's confidence, and was on the safe way to a partnership—ventured to show his importance before the other head-people gathered round Jacob, as the marshals were gathered round Napoleon at the bivouac fire at Austerlitz, and said—

"If I might be permitted to advise, sir, I would say that, under the circumstances, none of the trade are likely to come in: the whole class of engineers will be against us, as we are now aggressive and not merely resisting, as in old times. On the other hand, the Admiralty and private firms will not allow us to enlarge the contracts as to time, and on the whole, sir, I think that, in point of fact, we had better give in."

A subdued murmur of "hear, hear" from the head people.

Jacob moved in his chair uneasily, but still with his head on his breast.

"I think, sir," continued the spokesman, feeling his way with his fingers on his gold guard-chain, and looking steadily

at Jacob's battered old white hat—"I think, sir, if you would consult your family, sir, that they would very probably take that view of the case."

"Very good idea."—"Hear, hear."

"Particularly, sir, as I think it's a dead certainty that the papers will be down on us for, in point of fact—injustice."

"No doubt of it."—"Clearly."

"In a difficult winter, sir, with means of life raised, a strike at an establishment such as this would, even in regular times, play—in point of fact—the devil! But now we know the trade is very strong and confederated, and that the other yards will bear out our men in the strike."

"No doubt of it."

"In short, sir, I am sure you must see a false step has been taken."

"I am old, gentlemen," said Jacob, lifting up his head and speaking feebly, but still sneeringly, "and any one is privileged to advise an old man. ("No—no!") Yes—yes! Very old. But I've gone through strikes before, and I'll go through this. I don't want any advice. Will you help me through?"

A cheer.

"Very well! Now, you'll take my instructions. Advertise for five hundred skilful first-class engineers. Offer wages at the rate of five pounds a-week per man."

"But, sir——"

"It's high; that's the reason I offer it, for it will bring the men. Advertise! Say that the travelling expenses will be paid, no matter what distance they come from, if it be from St. Petersburgh. One year's engagement at that rate—certain. You'll soon see the other yards deserted. Fill in

the rest of the men required how you can. Irish hodmen will do."

A pause of astonishment.

"And, meanwhile, let's show them that we are not going to stop. We'll work through, gentlemen. We'll go ourselves and do our best with the works. Come, Mr. Swanpen, let's go and light the forges. You, Mr. Blotts, take the advertisement to the papers, and send placards over London."

He got up to move into the yard, indomitable.

The body of the clerks looked to the head—the very hair—of the head-people to take a position at this crisis.

"One moment, sir—pray. We really do not understand what we could do in regard to, in point of fact, manual labor."

"You will not back me?"

"In our spheres, sir—in our spheres, sir—we are yours obediently, sir. But our spheres are here, sir—not in the yard."

"I understand," said the old man, with slow sneer, returning to his chair, and facing them. "And, now, listen to me. I dismiss you every one—on the spot! Be off!"

What a flutter! The head of the head-people, who had talked with his wife the preceding day of what he would do when taken into partnership, was a melancholy spectacle.

"Sir," said he, abandoning his guard-chain as not leading any where, "you can do what you like with your own. But I beg to tell you, sir, in your despotism, that in point of fact, I—and I suppose the rest of these gentlemen—will require a quarter's wages."

A crushed, wretched cheer.

"Be off! Be off!"

They made for the pegs. They took their office-coats off, put on their street-coats, and considered whether they would take the office-coats also away with them. Consideration brought excitement: yes, they would: they were in a terrible state of passion: they would never return: they emptied their desks of the little trifles collected there: they got away, in gesticulating, swearing, groups: and the younger clerks gathered outside the private office windows, and gave forth a yahing hoot that awoke the old man out of his malignant reverie. The head of the head-people rebuked this undignified proceeding, and marched in front to a near public-house, the large room and big chair and wooden hammer of which were immediately given up to a public meeting of the clerks of the Jubilee works.

How they "resolved!" In a crisis, whether of rejoicing or sorrow, uneducated middle-class people always drink. Blotts led in the soaking carouse. Swanpen, the hopeful, was left that evening leaning against his house-rails at Kennington—as if behind its ear.

The master-mind was alone in the Jubilee works; faint after the excitement. But no regrets, no fears, entered into his heart. He would take a day or two to consider his course. He took a glass of water, and then walked out to look at the works. He wandered from workshop to workshop, forge to forge. He fondled hammers and caressed anvils: for they never had a "strike" but for his profit.

In the Eastern story, when the crowded city was made statuesque by the enchanters, life in motion was presented motionless. The king's mouth was half open, giving orders to the executioner, whose sword was poised in the air. The barber stood with the edge of his razor on the shavee's cheeks,

whose wince was maintained. The darling little children's hands were in each other's curls. The cook was cutting up the meat, whose bleeding trickle was arrested. The coy girl was turning her head, and the adventurous lover's lips were among her tresses. In short, wax-works on a large scale.

So now the silence of the Jubilee works was dread. The shavings were fresh; the filings were warm; the forges were not cold; the steam-hammer was poised like the executioner's sword; and the straps and chains of the nervous machinery seemed trembling with a sudden stoppage. The master-mind shuddered in the silence shrouding him.

In the German story, the Kaiser Barbarossa wakes up every hundred years, in his Hall of Knights, whose beards have grown through the tables, and asks, "Is it time?" Some such thought wandered into the head of the decrepid old despot, sauntering among the Jubilee works.

He did not philosophise like Marius at Carthage, nor fiddle like Nero at Rome: he sat down by his office fire and went to sleep.

By the bye, Nero, in burning Rome, has been greatly misunderstood. The corporation and vested interests had resisted his measures for sanitary reform, and he burnt down the unhealthy streets.

Chapter XLVII.

The Interest of the Family.

Public sympathy was with the men; the press denounced the master. The working men's spirit was up; and not even the Irish hodman, that powerful unskilled laborer, applied for work to Mr. Jacob Dwyorts. Great meetings were held: Foreman Dwyorts in the chair, boldly, bluntly, forcibly eloquent; Mr. John Wortley supporting a resolution, and handing in a cheque for £500; and the Refugee who had married Ellen Dwyorts, speaking from the platform to the effect that "Broderly luf vas vanted, Zozialism rekevired: and Det to de property!"—sentiments received by the English artisan, even in these sad moments, with little sympathy. The engineers of the empire subscribed handsomely for a week or two. Large employers wrote to Jacob, remonstrating. But other public excitements came up. Skilled engineers were wanted just then in Russia, France, and America: and the strike, soon forgotten, only ruined a few hundreds. Foreman Dwyorts, with a cargo of twins, was bought up and went off to Australia, and waved his offspring, as he sailed down the river, to the friends, fast and not few, who journeyed to Blackwall to get a last glimpse of his honest British face.

Whenever any body now talked of the Jubilee works affairs, it was only to say that Jacob Dwyorts was senile.

This was the view conveniently taken by the family.

When Mr. Crowe Dwyorts got the news, he was at Boulogne, paying his quarterly attentions to his wife and small family: Mr. Crowe having divorced his spouse to that settlement, on the ground, assigned to his own conscience, that she was too stupid to live with for a permanency—a ground that the new Divorce Courts will do well to admit with great caution, since the plea would considerably interfere with the basis of our civilization. Mr. Crowe, having read his paper at the *café*, rushed to the Gallic lodgings, embraced his painfully *placens uxor*, and took the next packet to Folkestone, in a highly expectant state of mind. In London, he took a cab to Mr. Chessey's, and proposed a Commission *de Lunatico*. Mr. Chessey consulted his wife, who went into hysterics at the idea. Crowe then went to his uncle, John Dwyorts. John Dwyorts, willing enough to act if some one would lead him, quite agreed that that view of the case was the sound one. Jane fell into it readily, and then came up for air. Bob was out of the question.

Crowe and John Dwyorts then waited on Mr. Chessey, who had left the business to his active partner, Korns, and was trenching his garden all day long at Hampstead.

Mr. Chessey wiped his brow, heated even in that cold Christmas weather, and rang the bell, and asked the servant to tell Mrs. Chessey to come down.

"Take a glass of Madeira, gentlemen," said Mr. Chessey, pulling the table and chairs up to the snuggery fire.

"I thought the age of Madeira was over," said Crowe, "like the age of chivalry."

Mr. Chessey, while his wife delayed, expatiated on his bins. Family conclaves are not always solemn.

Mrs. Chessey came in, followed by her little girl. She was dressed in an airy morning wrapper of that pretty French shape in which the muslin crimps, clings, and plaits affectionately into the waist: also, a cap that, set at an archbishop, would disturb the hierarchy.

"What do you dreadful men want, now? Why can't you do business in that horrid city?"

Crowe, handing a seat to her, but standing himself, explained that the family, all except herself, were of opinion that grandfather was ruining them at the works, having lost his mind, and that the law ought to be appealed to, to take the works out of his hands.

"Stuff and nonsense! For shame, Crowe! You'd lock up poor old grandpa in a nasty asylum."

"But it's proposed for his good, my dear," said her husband.

"Good! would you like a strait waistcoat, and chains, and straw, and a crown on your head, and to be whipped three times a-day?"

"Do be reasonable, Mrs. Chessey," said John Dwyorts. "My father is mad—stark staring mad; all the papers say so! The city says so. He'll lose £100,000 if the contract work is left on hand."

"No more mad than you are. You'd have done much better, sir—not to mention the marriage you made—if you'd ever had one-half or one-tenth your father's head. Mad, indeed! Lilly and I were at the house yesterday to see him, and he's as rational, and cool, and resolute, as ever he was. It's those ungrateful men wanted to force him to pay too high wages. Just like one's servants at home—the plagues of life

—never satisfied and always breaking your best dinner-service that you can't match."

"I think it would be convenient if you'd come to the point," said Crowe, taking the attitude in which he had always been signalised in debating societies.

"Stuff and nonsense!" still commented Mrs. Chessey, red and angry; so that Chessey did not in the least venture to interfere, while John Dwyorts, beaten off by the flank attack at his wife, had retreated behind the Madeira.

"What is the point, now," opened Crowe, "that we have to consider? Here's an obstinate, egotistic, old man, whose mind is giving way, and who has blundered in his business to that extent that, all confidence being lost in his discretion, he may never get a large order again. That's *that* side of the question. On the other hand, here are we, his sons and his grandchildren, who ought to have equally among us the property that he has accumulated, and, besides that, the profits arising from a maintenance of the works. May grandfather live long in the land! But, meanwhile, we ought not, as the family, to let the works go to the deuce. We have to restore public and private confidence in the Jubilee Works. That is only to be effected by our deposing, so to speak, the—ah—old gentleman. I have taken the responsibility of proposing this to the family. As a matter of courtesy, I addressed myself to Mr. Chessey. He refers me to Mrs. Chessey. Wise! I appeal to Mrs. Chessey. I put it on the ground of her own interests—on the ground of her duty to that female cherub, her little girl. But she will permit me to tell her, if she declines to act, her refusal shall not stop me. I am in the right, and I mean to go through with the business, if I stand alone."

And he took his seat: and took out papers.

"Upon my word, my dear," said Mr. Chessey, "he speaks very reasonably."

"For shame, Chessey! You are all thinking of yourselves; not one of you of the poor old man. Supposing he is a little changed—a little weaker than he used to be—and no wonder if he is, at such an age—you all know very well, it isn't madness—it isn't imbecility. You know it would break his heart, make him really mad, if you took power away from him. Go and do what *you* like, Mr. Crowe. He paid your debts, didn't he? But go and kill him. Chessey sha'n't. Of course Chessey and I would have been glad if some of the property, when it pleases God to take grandpapa, should come to us, for Lilly. But we can do without it. I wouldn't commit murder." She burst into tears; and her pretty child, frightened, joined her. The men were silent. Mrs. Chessey got up, took her daughter's hand, and went up-stairs to be hysterical, and to be comforted by the greatest plagues of life; who, after all, were fond of her.

"Well, I don't know what to say," said Chessey, closing the door and poking the fire.

Crowe was not going to be turned from his course. He would go at once to the solicitors.

"Well, I'll back you to the end," said John Dwyorts, buttoning his coat finally, to go off.

Crowe set the law in motion; but the law was cautious and slow.

John Dwyorts neglected the commission merchant trade that day, and went home early to his Camberwell cottage. He found his daughter Jane had fled thither from Frith Street, where, in the crisis, she had not had the courage to stay; and

Jane and his wife were very good friends now, "dearest"-ing one another dreadfully. Therefore John Dwyorts smoked his pipe with an easier mind that evening.

Meanwhile, Jacob went to his works every morning and stayed till six every evening, and wandered and waited for hands coming in again to labor for him. He had instructed his solicitor to advertise for hands at enormous wages, on condition that they were not of the old set; but the solicitor, after an interview with Crowe, had hesitated. It was not time yet, then, with Barbarossa.

Chapter XLVIII.

Man Hunting.

At this time Mr. John Wortley was the victim of a persecution. A beautiful widow, a countess, had resolved on leading him to the altar. Regarding him as somewhat abashed by her rank, she had proposed herself; he had asked time to consider; and in the interval she called on him and took him about incessantly.

Bellars had introduced Wortley one night to her house, where she received literary and artistic society. His profound ignorance, his honest smile, his self-possessed manners, had touched and charmed her. She resolved to educate and refine him. Her motives were unexceptionable. To be sure she was forty, with contours like a sofa's. But she had her own jointure of £10,000 a-year; and, if Jack had been poor, his savagery would still have affected her. Accomplished and clever men become bores; like every thing else, when they are common they have a tendency to be commonplace. The Countess of Swamplands wished for something fresh and original; and Jack was the nearest approach to a Kaffir that was attainable discreetly.

Resistance on the part of Jack she had never calculated on.

How could she? She had been sought after by the desirable so long, so warmly, so unreservedly, that with all her tactful, natural, and acquired, knowledge of men, she had now blundered. The cleverest woman is subject to whims, and then she ceases to be an accountable being. The full moon sometimes withdraws all the brain from the susceptible sex, and the pretty creature is absurd, running about without her head.

Mrs. Brown Robinson will condemn this. Madame, your veins are not Messalina's veins; and you may thank God you are a better Christian, and that Mr. Brown Robinson may salute you in happy confidence. Lady Swamplands is a highly educated woman, and has written leading articles, people say, in leading journals; and she follows her instincts. Pitched into space, she rolls round and round like other planets; and it's not your business if you don't move in her circle.

I was once consulting my solicitor in Essex Street, Strand, asking him to reduce his costs. His hand was plunged into his front linen, I thought to be placed on his heart. A fiendish expression crossed his countenance. His hand arose from his short bosom, and was dashed on the desk malignantly. He had killed a flea. The innocent flea was but obeying its instincts and its bad taste, like the solicitor himself. I paid the costs: but I got a moral.

Lady Swamplands, herself driving in a silvered chariot a pair of fawn-colored ponies, called on Mr. Wortley at his bijou mansion.

"Not down yet, my lady."

"Never mind, I will wait."

"He was not home till six this morning, my lady, and I'm afraid he's not awake; and he left word he wasn't to be called."

"Dissipating, I suppose? Poor boy! he must be rescued from all this. I will wait. It is twelve o'clock, and you can call him."

The countess went into the rush-strewn armory waiting-room, took up the Sporting Magazine, and was soon lost in its pages—lolling on two chairs, as only literary ladies can. Lady Swamplands read every thing: and often forgot herself.

In twenty minutes, the host, in a dressing-gown greatly decreasing his size, entered the room.

"Good morning, countess. How are you, old lass? Take a seat. Breakfasted?"

"My dear John, of course I have. What makes you so late up? What were you doing last night?"

"Better not ask, and I'll tell you no lies. I wasn't praying, you may swear."

"You are destroying yourself, this way; your constitution and your fortune. I will not have it, John!"

"Won't you? Bravo! If you won't mind me having some tea, you may scold away. Here, Plush, tea and—yes, a herring this morning."

"A herring, John!"

"Very good thing, a herring. Try one. Red, I mean, of course."

"Filthy, John! I will never take you if you do not get more into delicate habits."

"Won't you? Thank you. I didn't think you would, myself."

Jack poured out his tea with great equanimity.

"John, this has gone on too long."

"What has?"

"This—this unsettlement. I have called on you this

morning to take you to my solicitor's, and get settlements made."

"Bravo, old lass! Lots of energy in you."

"Don't use that language. Will you come?"

"Come? Well, let's consider. Won't have a bit of herring and a glass of sherry? No! Well—eh, a solicitor? Well, now, what are you going to settle on me?"

"How can I tell, you foolish boy, until I know your own fortune? You never told me that."

"No more I did. I don't remember I ever told any one; and to let you into a great secret, old woman, I'll be d——d if I ever do tell any one."

"What do you mean, John? Is this the confidence of married life?"

"Not spliced yet, you know."

"And we never shall be, if you maintain this uncouth mystery."

"I'm agreeable."

"How dare you say that? Do you not know that my affections are fixed on you? Would you break my heart?"

"Not for the National Debt, ma'am."

"Come to my solicitor, then, like a good boy, and talk to him. It's not proper that you and I should be talking on such a subject."

"Right again. But I say, ain't we very jolly as it is?"

"What dreadful language, John! Am I not to consider my reputation? We *must* be married."

"You don't say so. Who the devil is to make us marry?"

"The world."

"But you and your friends are always laughing at the world."

"Men can laugh at the world; and women affect to laugh at it. But I have always respected its commands and demands. I married in my own station to please my parents, though I loved another——"

"What has become of him?"

"Good gracious, John! what does that matter to you?"

"Why, he's the cove you ought to marry now!"

"John, you are insulting in your simplicity. He's married, and bald, and has eleven children, and is fat, and has a red nose."

"My eyes! Suppose you had given in to love—eh! and had the eleven children yourself—wouldn't you hate him now?"

"John, you'll drive me mad!"

"Not a bit of it. You say you always follow worldly ways. Now, you know the world would stare if you married me."

"You don't understand me, John. What is odd is not improper. The world expects—after the manner in which we have been seen so much together—my calling here, and so on—that the intimacy should be followed up by marriage."

"Aye, that's it! Well, now, I'll tell you how to get out of that difficulty. Suppose we *don't* be seen much together. Now, come, I'm only trying common sense on. Don't spoil your eyes—beauties they are—with crying."

"You do not care for me, John: you have never loved me."

"A poor chap like me, whose father went to Botany Bay for forgery, couldn't dare to love such a great lady."

"I told you to forget all that."

"You did, but people won't let me. They let me play in

your swell rooms like a pet puppy, and laugh at me; and I know I'm out of place. On the prairie, or in the bush, or on the sea, in a hunt or a fight, perhaps the laugh would be another way; and I don't see great manliness in knowing when to grin and how to bow, and what glasses to drink different wines out of. Besides, look here! My relations, two old maiden ladies, object to the match, do you see. There's a nice thin young lady of thirty, who can sing psalms beautiful, and tell you what the earth is made of, and the moon, too—they've found her out for me, and won't hear of you."

"Is this to insult me, sir?"

"God bless you—no! You won't hear reason."

"Do I, John, shrink from the offence which I am to give to *my* kinsmen, and to my late husband's relations, also?"

"You've plenty of pluck, and I like you for it. But it's different with you and me. You are independent. Now, those old women have a large property, which I'm certain of, no doubt, at their death; but which they'd pretty well give in at once to my hands, to trade with, if I married to please them. Don't you see that, my darling old woman?"

"This is insufferable! Why, have you not modesty? Why not be guided by me, so much more acquainted with the world?"

"Well, haven't I been as dutiful in trolling about with you as a little boy with his mother?"

"Complimentary comparison!"

"Well, now, here we are, good friends, wrangling. What's it all about? Let's kiss and be friends."

"Stand away, sir! John, you are a bad man. You have been trifling with my affections: and I have only made myself

ridiculous by acknowledging my love for you. Let it end here!"

"I'm agreeable, to any thing."

"Shameful boy—shameless boy! Is this the way you requite my attempt to educate you—to fit you for society?"

"Now, listen here and I'll put the matter straight."

His base, in its solemnity, was affecting, and the Danish fair face paled sternly.

"You got a whim to take me in hand. You no more understood me than you understand what's under the waves of a sea. You could not see that I was not the sort of cove that allows himself to be taken in hand. You wanted to marry me, and get me and yourself grinned at. You were furious about it, that you didn't give yourself time to think or look. Well, I was not the fellow to pull you up short. Your thoughts were kind about me, and I was grateful, and if you'd take a coarse fellow's love you have mine. I gave you time to find out that we could only be jolly friends; and you wouldn't take time. And there you are, angry with me for no reason, and angry with yourself for less reason; for you are the best womanly heart in London, and every body's fond of you. Come, cheer up!"

Really they had changed places; Jack was the patron, and the copious widow the patronised. She did listen to reason. She was furious and then pathetic with Jack; and drove home and packed up her trunks, and went and floated among the *crême de la crême* at Vienna, being there skimmed by a corpulent baron—but then, though so corpulent, he had so many quarterings!

This was only one of a series of scrapes in which Mr. Wortley had found himself in consequence of his having made up his mind against matrimony. The rich traveller may now

whistle *Coram latrone:* we have abolished highwaymen. But the mama!

Yet the mama may be beaten off with a little vigor. It is the guerilla young lady warring on her own account that is most dangerous.

There was Mrs. Spahi. Nobody knew more of her than that her husband had died a year or two ago, and that she said he had greatly ill-treated her, and that she had vast numbers of relations residing here, there, and every where, with whom she was always living, but whom you never saw. She got her place in a certain good society, with manners which, whether brusque or fawning, were always tainted by a vulgar style, by insults and flatteries—insulting and flattering the right people. She got a character for saucy recklessness when she was always calculating her every word and gesture. You could not but believe her when she fluttered her eyelashes at you, and squeezed your hand, because you knew she always spoke her "mind" to people she didn't like. She was one who told you she took fancies, and you took a fancy to her, though she was queer, vulgarly smart, wretchedly dressed, and grossly ill-natured. Of course you found her out in time, and avoided her; and she would cry, and whisper that a dark veil now interposed between her and the sun, and she would not let you go. To get to certain places and among certain people, where and with whom she was always uneasy, she could do any thing. She toadied dreadful old women, and made violent love to more dreadful old men. She didn't mind young men; she wasn't pretty enough, and was too old, being nearly thirty: besides that, attention to them compromised her; and besides also, they didn't appreciate her brisk cynicism, which was her forte. Jack she had marked

down as an exceptional man. The gayest wildness, and then the most terrible tears, were tried on him; but, after several weeks' struggle, she got nothing more definite out of him than that, if he travelled in the East, he would, as she requested, take her with him dressed as a page, after the manner sketched in Lord Byron's "Lara," and Mr. Cooper's "Red Rover."

A corresponding young lady bombarded Mr. Wortley with missile notes, several sheets per diem, crammed tight into small shiny envelopes. She wrote first anonymously, and in the end gave her name and address. This was Miss Sheeps of Russell Square, daughter of the eminent barrister Sheeps, of the northern circuit. She was very pretty, avoided society, walked out alone pensive in the full thoroughfares, and poured out her papa's claret every evening as he sat over his briefs. The principal topic of her letters to Wortley was the non-existence of her mother. Alas! she had had no mother to watch over her! The maternal parent had done her a frightful injury, it would appear, in going to heaven. Her mind had been undirected; wild, uneasy thoughts had agitated her—morning, noon, and night; and she generally brooded upon herself. Her father was kindness itself; his beneficence in regard to pocket-money was more than parental; but could he fulfil a mother's care? Ah, no! She longed to pillow her head on a loving bosom, to which she could confide her "innermost" thoughts—her outermost thoughts seeming, no doubt, to take care of themselves. In countless quires Jack was therefore invited, with poetical circumlocution, to become her mother. Jack was a very honest fellow; took a few walks with her; saw she was a fool; and left her with her innermost thoughts unappeased. She wrote italicised meanings at his discretion; but he didn't give way.

Chapter XLIX.

The Club—A Quarrel.

When Jack had seen Lady Swamplands drive away in her silvered carriage, Jack proceeded to open his letters. One ran thus :—

"From a friend. Look out. Seek and find Lombard Street. Bill-brokers have your acceptances for £4000. The bills are drawn by Diego Dwyorta. He's speculating."

Jack whistled a tune from the first bar to the last; then, thinking gravely, he put his other letters aside, dressed with a rapidity which puzzled the valet, accustomed to his slow movements, and got quickly into the city. He found out what he sought, and was at the club for dinner.

Diego was there, Bellars, Roper, Graphs, and sundry others, at a house dinner. Jack was received with applause, as usual.

Dinner being over, Jack asked permission to say a few words. He said his few words in a low deep voice, sounding odder than ever from that juvenile figure in that great room.

"Gentlemen, I believe you are all my friends—all but one; and I want to speak to the rest about that one. I don't want to speak very hard on him. You'll know what to do, and you'll tell me what to do. Look at these documents. There's

two bills I bought up to-day, stopping them before they were matured. Each is for £2000. They are drawn by Mr. Diego Dwyorts. They appear to be accepted by me. Now, I never put my name to a bill since I have been in England. Gentlemen, tell me what to do."

Diego had calculated every thing but this. Who could have considered such a position? His brain reeled. The glossy walls and gaudy roof of the grand club-room seemed to be encroaching and bearing down on him.

The party, deeply pained, were silent—aghast. Jack, cool and steady, sipped his wine.

Roper, prompt and kind always, leaned forward, and in a heavy whisper that did not struggle beyond the table—

"Tear up the paper, Jack. Dwyorts will pay. I'll be security."

Diego was leaning back on his chair, paralysed.

"Do, Jack!" said Bellars, with earnest voice.

Jack took up the bills and paired them accurately, tore them up symmetrically, and threw the fragments over his shoulder into the fire.

"There goes!"

The decanter was passed round and employed in silence. Diego, breathing hard, still did not speak.

They got up to go away.

Diego rose, his breast heaving convulsively. Hoarsely and deeply, he said—

"What cheat is this, I say? Who are you—you, Wortley? Some digger ruffian from Ballarat—that came across me among the gentlemen who were my friends before you crossed my path, and fling forgery in my face. D—n your gold, sir!—gold got no one knows where—by false coining,

or false will, who knows!—picked up in some placer hole, or burrowed out of some pirate's cave—what right does it give you, son of a forger, with a sailor's speech and a pickpocket's manners—what right does it give you to take airs here or elsewhere over me?"

"Be quiet, Diego, you are all wrong," said Bellars.

"Come away, Dwyorts," said Roper.

"Off, gentlemen!" roared Diego, the muscles of the arm rising and tightening beneath the skin-like cloth.

"It is with this man I have business. He has been my curse from first to last. He has got my house, won my wife, won my friends, outstepped, degraded me: and now tramples on me. Curse him, I say!"

Waiters and others rushed into the room. Wortley, pale, calm, and courageous, stood up before the strong and furious enemy. They would have pulled him away. There was a scuffle; a table upset. Dwyorts struck Wortley a dreadful blow, and as he was down seized him and flung him across the room, and then stood—with the foam on his lips, his fists clutched hideously—as if only half satisfied.

Jack picked himself up, hurt and rather stunned, but not out of temper.

"Don't mind me, gentlemen. I'm a light weight, and have often gone down before a man. It's only getting up again; and"—he smiled a smile that was startling on his boyish face—"I generally come best off in the end, as Mr. D. Dwyorts shall find."

"We won't have the club disgraced by brawls, and duels afterwards; I'm d—d if we will! and so——"

This was from a member of the Committee, purple-faced, obese, roused from his sleep over his second pint of port.

"Out of this as fast as your heels can carry you, Dwyorts," whispered Bellars, passionately. "Jack shall shoot you, by G—d! Get off at once: Boulogne—Hotel de Nord—go by next train."

"I'll keep the appointment!" said Dwyorts, as he bustled through the crowd, sprang at his hat in the hall, and darted off to hiding.

Bellars and Roper got Jack away, trying in vain, however, to hurry him. He was pleased with the appointment for Boulogne, and, having got to a quiet hotel, spent the evening in calmly telling of all the duels he had fought, which had been numerous in America.

Chapter L.

Cartridges and Papillotes at Boulogne.

How gaily this bright day, that white-decked, white-funnelled steam-boat dances over the Channel, her prow bent on France, her smoke hieing back to white England as to the natural place for smoke! What pleasant groups, eager for pleasure, are on the deck! Brides and bridegrooms sitting close, vaguely blissful; the mother of the family fondly eyeing her trying troubles, for whom she looks forward to good milk and sea air in buoyant Boulogne; the over-worked lawyer, with his proud wife and adventurous daughters, off to the Boulevards, then the Alps; Italy, the Rhine; the prosperous merchant going to spend an assigned sum, and to be taken for a Milord; the Milord and the Miladies, secluded in their strapped carriages, whence they look down on the vulgarly comfortable; the Bohemian, bearded, going to his proper country —the continent; Albert Smith and Co., with knapsacks on, to Mont Blanc by a new route—say Madrid; pretty ladies' maids laughing with severe couriers; great milliners, with large assumptions and small bonnets, travelling for fashions; the theatrical manager, smoking, pulling down his shirt-cuffs, and talking of the Ristori, the Emperor, the receipts; the poor young lady, travelling alone, going to her governess' place at Moscow; the

poor young gentleman, the Reverend Mr. Heart, with hollow cheeks and compassionate eyes, going to die at Nice; the restless gentleman, with a dress-coat but broken boots, running away from his creditors! Gaily the boat dances this bright day with its mixed cargo; and the clouds run races on the blue course with it, and the waves leap after it, and the little world on the waters, all expectancy, and passage, and excitement, seems happy.

That is what you would see in the Long Vacation.

It's a very different sight this wintry, harsh, rainy day, as the boat hisses and jumps, and pitches and screams. The captain is blinded against the tearing, torturing rain. The call-boy is in a state of steam; his clothes always getting saturated, and always getting dried by the hot boiler, till his voice seems a steam whistle. The helmsman, oil-skinned into a seal's appearance, stands with his head down against the blasting rain, in a hopeless attitude, and turns and twists, and teases and irritates the wheel as if in despair. The passengers —not many—sit sullenly enduring the water pouring off them as the water pours out of the mouths of the sea-lions in stone fountains. They have been sick, and are wanting to be sick again. Children of earth, they ask of their Creator why is there sea?

Lord Roper is there, in countless coats, always sending for hot brandy and water, and always asking the steward how far off Cape Nez they are. Bellars is there, in a tarpaulin he has borrowed from one of the crew, watching the soiled, sodden waves as they fall away, and counting the heaves of the gasping steamers. Jack Wortley, being a good sailor, is on the paddle-box board, conversing with the captain, and philosophising on ground swells and cross seas. Diego Dwyorts is in the cabin, miserably ill, longing for Boulogne, or Death.

At Boulogne, Roper and Bellars had a consultation. The principals, as bowing acquaintance, were civilly apart.

Roper said, "Does Dwyorts thoroughly understand that I do not come as his friend, but as Jack's, and am his second only *pro formâ*, to see fair play?"

Bellars replied, "Quite; and, to do him justice, he was warm in professions of gratitude."

"My mind, after all, is not easy about it," said Roper.

"Nor mine. I asked him again, now, to speak out, in justice to us."

"Certainly, if he be guilty of the forgery, we should be not only fools, but criminals, to allow Jack to fight him."

"Clearly. But his explanation of his affairs is so ample: he appears to have so much money in hand, and to have had it for some time; and to have been of late so befriended by his relative, Jacob Dwyorts, that I am struck and puzzled. There is an air of truth about it that I cannot resist."

"And do you think we are safe ourselves if any thing happens?"

"I do. The yacht will be off here between Calais and this place by the morning. A surgeon will be on board her. We can go any where in her."

"I suppose we must go through with it. Did you say any thing to Dwyorts about apologising?"

"In the attitude he takes as to his innocence, it is out of the question, unless Jack apologises first."

"Jack would shoot him in the streets, at the club, any where, if we didn't let him do it in the regular way."

"And Dwyorts, in a different way, is more murderous. Innocent or guilty, he feels the appearance of the thing will ruin him in London. His hatred of Jack seems of some standing."

"It's an infernal bore! I think they'll hit one another. Jack is a sure shot—I never saw a better; and this Diego has had one or two affairs, I believe."

"And, in the deadliness of his enmity, he is now as cool as Jack."

"Let us have some mulled something and a game of billiards."

The baggageless party paid their bill in the morning, and took a carriage to Calais. How lightly they talked of light matters! Jack was full of anecdote.

As the crazy vehicle rose upon one of the long hills on the broad road, Jack pointed out to his friends a gull's wing, grey out in the far cold clear morning air. It was the yacht that Bellars had borrowed from a friend, and which had been sent round Dover for that sad day's work.

They leaped out of the carriage, paid the driver, telling him they would walk to Calais, and proceeded to get down to the shore. The yacht was standing in fast. After a while she hoisted her flag, as a signal that she saw the party.

Bellars and Roper marked out the ground. Jack talked to Diego, and extolled the rigging and run of the yacht.

"You will take your place here, Mr. Dwyorts, if you please," said Roper, taking off his hat to his principal. Diego bowed, and, taking his pistol, took his ground.

Jack did not obey instructions.

"No, no, Mr. Bellars! You're green. No objection to *my* place; but don't you see you've put the other cove in a nice line with that overhanging bush. No credit in bringing *him* down!"

Bellars and Roper were confused, but reformed the arrangement.

"I thank you, sir," said Diego, huskily.

"Devil a bit! Fair play, but no mercy. Here's a black spot under my eye, from your fist—aim at that, if you like. I'll settle you off if I can, Mr. Dwyorts, and no mistake."

"Tush!" Diego had been relenting, had wished to undo the past. But it was too late. That smile on that boyish face maddened him.

Straight as God's vengeance went Diego's bullet into the heart of his opponent. The boyish face was convulsed, and then the body fell, with the head forward, lightly.

Diego stood, but not in the same place. The bullet had seared the corner of his forehead, and he had leaped on one side.

Not a word was said.

The yacht's boat came in. They lifted the dead man and carried him through the slight surf into the boat, laying him down tenderly, and covering him with a coat. Diego got in, and, excited, took an oar and rowed. The seconds, shrinking from him, sat together in the stern-sheets. Bellars held his face away: was that salt drop, that fell from his cheek into ocean, from the dash of the oars?

The surgeon pronounced the fatal word first—"Dead!"

They got on board.

They took from his pockets two letters; one addressed to Bellars, one to Therese; some money, which they distributed among the crew; as for the trinkets—the famous diamond studs, a fantastic little watch, and some rings—they kept them for women who had loved him, and whom he had been kind to.

Bellars put aside the fair locks tenderly, neatly, as they wrapped the slight form in a hammock, shotted the feet, and dropped young John Wortley into the channel.

"Poor Jack!" sighed Bellars.

"So goes a gallant human being," said Roper.

"He brought it on himself. But God forgive me!" roughly groaned Diego.

"And now, my lord and gentlemen," said Lieutenant Luffed, "where bound?"

"Mr. Dwyorts," said Roper, sternly, "our movements depend on your wishes."

"How so, my lord?"

"If you show yourself in London, you will certainly be suspected, and perhaps arrested. Wortley will be missed, and Jack had a great many friends. On the other hand, it is our interest to be in town, and show ourselves as soon as we can."

"I *must* go back to London."

"Good; then you will land us, Mr. Lieutenant, at Havre."

"It is not necessary," said Diego. "I will not openly show myself in London. It is only for a few hours I need be there."

They resolved to run the risks: got to Margate. Diego went to town at once. Bellars and Roper dined with Lieutenant Luffed, who, receiving a hundred pounds, answered for the discretion of the crew, who had been with him for years.

Chapter LI.

The Will and the Deed.

"Dear old fellow!" wrote Jack in the Boulogne bedroom, preparing for the worst, "go to Graves and Gauds, solicitors, Furnival's Inn, and you will find my will. I leave you the Bellars Hall property, and luck with it. All the rest goes to Therese. Take care that she gets my letter. Done the trick by this time. Ghosts being allowed, shall visit you in a friendly way.—J. Wortley.

"P.S.—I leave you the property because you saved my life, and because I like you. Mind you be prime minister.

"P.S. 2.—You're an honorable chap, and you've often joked me about the way I got all the tin. Never you mind how it was. I never lied—and you'll take my word that it came honestly. I didn't find a Monte Christo isle. I didn't dig it up. I speculated for it, and won it—but not in trade, and not at gambling. That's all I'll tell.

"P.S. 3.—Break it kindly to the old women at Brixton. They'll take on."

Years after, Bellars, travelling in America, was telling a friend he made there how he had recovered his ancestral property. This friend had known Wortley. Wortley, this friend

said, had had a theory about the great trans-Atlantic steamers that had been "missing" from time to time. Wortley did not credit that they had been sunk; his theory was that they had been carried north, and were north still, in the ice, northwards ever. Wortley had said one day, "Suppose a cove was to get hold of one of the wrecks (some of them had three or four hundred thousand pounds on board), it would be worth the venture." Bellars came to the conclusion that Wortley had ventured and had won. But all this was beyond proof, and he did not select to throw up his estate for the benefit of the crown.

The letter to Therese ran:—

"I have wished, more than I ever wished any thing, for you to have loved me. But I'm glad now you didn't, as you would fret at getting the news Bellars will tell you before you get this. Bellars will tell you all about it. I would kill your husband if I could—and there's many a wife would think that a good way to win a wife's heart. I leave you all my tin—about £100,000. Be as happy as you can; but never live with Dwyorts. I've left it to trustees; so, any way, no husband can ever touch it. It's for you, and only you. I leave you the house in Park Lane, and I should like to think that you'll live there. Good bye, Therese. Your lover.—J. Wortley."

"So, you're now rich again, Bellars," mused Roper. "Yet I can't congratulate you. What a strange little fellow he was! How keen, how self-possessed, how he influenced and mastered people; and it was all mother wit. Poor Jack! Curse that Dwyorts! Forgery or not, he is 'a bad lot,' I fear. Who'll ever know whether he did the bills or not?"

"I don't believe he did, strange as any other explanation

is," said Bellars, sadly cogitating. "If I thought he had, he should have had a turn with me after killing Jack."

"A good time to fight a man, no doubt, just after he has killed another. He'd be a little unsteady then, I should think."

Chapter LII.

Incoherent.

They went up to town. Bellars transacted business, and spoke on the "address" at the meeting of parliament.

The Queen had formed a new government; and, as usual, was more popular than before. The ex-King Louis Philippe had passed the last years of his life in teaching the British sovereign state-craft. "Always," said the wily monarch, "sacrifice your Guizot!" The Queen never forgot the advice, and thus avoided revolutions; for when the people marched up to the Bastille to destroy it, they found that it had vanished.

There was club gossip about Jack Wortley and Diego Dwyorts. What had become of them? Roper was not supposed to know any thing of the matter, and overheard the gossip undisturbed. Bellars was appealed to, but assumed a forced liveliness, and was close in his attention to the House; and, after a day or two, the new Guizot was the topic.

There are so many private catastrophes that the world cannot stop for any. At clubs you do not miss faces; for, if you lose an old acquaintance, you make a new one every day, and there is a balance of comfort.

On the other hand, private affairs are so urgent you cannot attend to politics; and it is not necessary. In this country of settled institutions and arranged classes, the emotions of patriotism are not called for. You know that Lord This must do precisely the same as Lord That: and that, whatever the commotion, the result will be the same.

It is thus the military spirit succumbed to standing armies. Where there is Discipline there is no Adventure. As a boy you sighed to be Dick Turpin, or Captain Macheath, or Amadis de Gaul; not to be a Colonel, or a Brigadier, or other aigueletted person in whom your individuality would be lost. I remember when Sir Colin Campbell—brave old man!—came home from the Crimea, and was receiving the honors of a Scotch city, he said, speaking of the tramp of the Highland Brigade up the heights of Alma, "But, gentlemen, it was not I did this alone. There was another party." He did honor to the Brigade, whom he regarded as "a party." Your chivalrous soul does not pine to be "a party."

There are happy cases where public and private good can be felicitously co-ordinated. I once heard of an instance of heaven and earth being worshipped together. A lady-abbess, of an Irish convent, had a picture of the Messiah, before which, with unquenchable sorrow and inextinguishable hope, she hourly prostrated herself. The picture, by an accident of art, while portraying the divine benignity incarnated, was a portrait of her first lover!

Once, on a road in Italy, I, pedestrianizing, stopped at a well to drink. The friend travelling with me was a good Papist, and, as it was Sunday, he knelt down before an image of the Virgin, placed above the refreshing spring, and prayed. There was a mountain wind blowing, and it twirled a speck

of dust into his eye. He would have prayed, but he was compelled to attend to his eye. He rubbed, and twitched, and reddened the eye; he got up in a rage; he cursed the dust. "Alas, Charles!" said I, solemnly, "that bit of earth in your eye hides heaven from you." "There is a time for all things," said he, angrily; and we walked on.

Chapter LIII.

Near the Clouds.

Enter—take care of your head. A garret!

No; you can't get in: the door is locked.

Some one is coming up the stairs. What a weary, dragging pace! It is dusk, this January afternoon; but you can see the man's face as he turns the corner of the stairs. Winter, and he's no coat on! What rags! What a fierce face, in all its thinness!

His hand trembles as he puts the key in the lock. It is a heavy, ill-fitting door, and he has to thrust it open with the weight of that wasted body.

Two women were lying on the heap of worn straw in a corner, covered with rags, which were not covering at all.

One of them rose in a sitting posture—rose with difficulty—and said, "Water, father!"

"Why, you haven't drank the basinful I left you?" he asked, in a cracked voice.

"Mother upset it—by accident—soon after you went."

"I'll go down and get some. How are you, mother?" asked the husband sadly, but lovingly.

He had to kneel to catch the woman's breath.

"Brought nothing home, Tom?" moaned she.

"Nothing. I stood all day in the streets. I've done all man could do. I'll try no more."

"Water, father! Water!"

He carried the basin—nearly too heavy for him now—down to the pump. It was quite too heavy for him coming up; but he carried it.

That thin girl—the shoulder-bones starting from the white skin—how she drank!

He took the basin to the wife; she had fainted. He bathed her lips and temples; she was dead! He shed no tear.

"I'm better now, father. Oh, father—father! if you'd only have let me gone begging, I'd have brought something home yesterday."

"Ay, Nell, you'd have brought shame home. Better die!"

"No—no—no! Not die. I'm only so young, father: and now I'm hungry again. Oh! why do you keep me here? Why do you lock the door when you go out?"

"Hush, Nell! Look at mother. She's dead!"

A sad, whining shriek. She put her feeble arms round the dead mother, kissed her, spoke to her, and wept and cried deliriously.

"Father—father—this is your doing!"

"It is, Nell."

"Oh! I could have brought her home bread yesterday: only a little bread she wanted. Oh, father—father—this is your doing!"

"I did my best, Nell, to-day: I asked high and low. Two million of men here in London; and not one penny among them all."

"Oh! we should go to the workhouse."

"Never! Better die!" He sat on the floor with his arms folded, muttering, "Better die!"

He was out in the strike of the Jubilee Works' hands. But he was an unskilled man, member of no "society," and had received little of the subscribed money: for a week not a farthing; all organization of relief having ceased. He had sold every thing of the little he possessed; furniture, clothes, his wife's wedding ring. A spirit, not above his class, but above his position, now made his misery more complete.

Night fell, and he sat through that night watching his daughter, who moaned, slept, and still moaned.

Day broke; he opened the window, and looked up to heaven, and sat down again.

A sparrow about town—a foolish sparrow—had seen the straw; he twittered into the room.

Foolish sparrow! How soon he was killed: what an easy thing, even for a starving man, to break that brittle little bird's neck!

A London artisan, with his daughter, lived another day on a London sparrow. A sparrow shall not fall to the ground without purpose.

A knock at the door that afternoon. The father was out, to see if the parish would bury his wife—to ask for alms again. The daughter started. Among the two million of men in London, did some one kind heart remember them?

"Who's there?" cried the girl, crawling from the corner—the corner most distant from the corpse—to the door.

"Me, third floor front."

"Mr. Ritts?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Heard you were ill. Where's the governor?"

"Gone out."

"When will he be home?"

"I don't know."

"Open the door."

"He's taken the key."

"Well, he's a rum 'un. Landlady says you're starving, and won't go to the workhouse. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Here's a bob. I'll push it under the door."

"Bless you, sir!—oh, bless you! If this had only come yesterday."

"Why?"

"Mother's dead."

"Inside—in the room?"

"Yes."

"My eyes!"

A pause.

"Shall I break open the door?"

"Oh! father would be angry."

"And, by jingo! it would be felony, too. No go."

Another pause.

"Stop a bit. I'll go and buy you a loaf, and get on to the roof and drop it into your window."

She could not bless him more, for grateful sobs.

His hideous little face—though the vulture was fattening—looked in on that tomb-like room in half an hour; he was sprawling on the roof.

How the girl clutched and gnawed the bread! Pleased was Ritts, and a better fellow from that day out.

But Ritts, though a vulture, did not feel comfortable near a dead body, and did not stay long. He promised to look in next day. Ritts slept well that night: he had saved a human being—price one shilling!

Where was the father? He did not come home till the early darkness had preceded him. He had got money. He had bought food. He had entered on war with the world. Better have died!

Chapter LIV.

What "Hand" can do against a Family.

He got on to the roof, squatting in the clammy air on the freezing slate, and looked down on a vast dark space before him, with strange, huge, low forms rising out of it, blacker than the black air. This was the Jubilee works, silent and tenantless of workmen. What was the worthless artisan searching so steadily—savagely—for?

His daughter had left the garret, and, unrestrained by the absorbed father, had got into the plashy streets, and the chill air was sweet to her—it was free!

Lights are rising here and there out of the grounds of the Jubilee works: starting, spreading, lingering; licking and illuminating the black shapes—workshops, piles of beams, weighty hammers, columns of furnace chimneys. These fires seem to warm the watcher on the roof; he smiles, and thrusts his limbs out, and rubs his hands.

All is still; hushed in the desert: silence, sad and strange, in this corner of the swarming town. The great high walls that ring the works hide the growing conflagration from the passers and those anti-Diogenesan wayfarers, the police. But there are other gazers in overlooking garrets; men and women

rush down-stairs—scream; there is commotion before the great gate.

"Fire!" How the cry rings through our civilization! And London is always ready for the struggle with the eternal enemy; to go with pith and power against the incessant invader and robber; to hem him in; and mercilessly to quench and kill with the element which is his allotted conqueror.

Engines, plunging along the streets with frantic roar, arrive from all points, and are given up to hundreds of eager arms, and drag up from the earth, and belch upon the yellow glare, hissing streams. The yards are alive with clustering salamander-men, their brass-bound helmets adventuring to risky spots, and glowing in the light that has reddened the sky of the aroused city. From far hills and high remote windows, straining eyes see the blaze rising and rising in changeful crimson—in the distance dread, mysteriously powerful and silent.

For the ripples of flame have rushed together and converged into waves—into billows—into oceans of surging fire. The conflagration is swiftly complete in its victorious hold of thin walls and caulked floors, beams, pulleys, ropes, shavings, dust, tools. The blaze, screaming, and shooting its hot breath in advance, is beating back the glowing helmets, leaping luridly, with sharp crackle.

The old man is in the office! The phaeton has arrived, at six o'clock as usual, for him; and the servant hoarsely whispers the dreadful danger. It appalled the mob, as the news ran, into a murmur that drowned the roar of the combat between fire and water.

The office—or stack of two-storied buildings—is encompassed and possessed with fire.

It is these that the man on the roof is watching.

A face appears at one of the upper windows. Burnt out of sleep, stupefied with smoke, the old man is seen by hundreds to pass from window to window, clutching the woodwork, leaning out, craving escape. Hopeless: flames are every where!

The works are ashes. A few bones in the charred wood and whitened bricks tell the story next day, when the choking smoke allowed examination of the cooling embers.

It was a dreadful death, said the world. Yet many hundreds felt no pity. The police could not analyse the intentions of Providence in regard to an old gentleman of cold character, egotistical self-sufficingness, and unpopular tastes. The police offered a large reward for the detection of the coward villains who had revenged social disorganization with the torch. The police did not succeed, and were soon intent on a great poisoning case, in which several men of science in England proved each other to be imbeciles.

The family fared badly. The works were utterly uninsured; for it was an occasional freak of the proprietor to let a policy lapse, and not renew it for months and months. The loss of property was a dead loss. All the supposed confidential solicitor had to report was, that a will made fifteen years before, had recently been destroyed, and directions given for another, contrary, varying; and that Jacob, when asked to sign, tore it up, having changed his mind. Of the state of his affairs the confidential solicitor knew nothing, he protested. The pocket-book, in which Jacob concentred his accounts and checked his memory, he always carried about with him; and that was now burned off the face of the earth. There was £7000 at a city bank, and a broker of the Stock

Exchange gave evidence of about £10,000 being traceable in different railway shares. In time, other sums were regained; but the bulk of the imputed fortune was never found, and the confidential solicitor told his chief clerk that he did not believe that Jacob Dwyorts *ever* was rich. The world is so positive sometimes, that men not worth a farthing are millionnaires!

Mr. Chessey threw the affairs into Chancery, where they have not since been heard of; and the Lord Chancellor declined to take Crowe out of the Bench pending the delayed decision. Mrs. Chessey, however, took mercy on him: and he went to St. Petersburgh, and established an agency in the London porter line; perhaps with some underlying diplomatic hope of eventually annexing the embassy to the stores. His father, poor old Bob, is made comfortable, and dozes and decays at the Hampstead house of the Chesseys; where his niece shelters and soothes him, good, kind woman. She is an insatiable flirt, and will be a shrew, perhaps, to the veteran Chessey, when the clever partner, Korns, brings him into the Gazette, and leaves him helplessly and indolently dependent upon his wife's fortune. But you can't help liking her. The truth is that humanity, sinless, would be dull; and that women particularly need the piquancy of little faults.

Mr. John Dwyorts of London suffered severely from the crash. His own affairs were looked into, and he was allowed to retire from business: he was ruined. His young wife at first highly resented her long endurance of the genteel and affluent patronage of "the family," that had turned out to be an imposture. But she got over it by degrees, and took a shop and bustled, and was brisk and happy.

This shop is in Oxford Street. It has good coffee and ices,

and makes children happy and ill. Cross the street and look at it; with its plate-glass, flowers, fruits, it is pretty. There, in the upper window, sits Jane, gathering the air of the metropolis, growing thin, and wondering, as she surveys the gallant whirl of the thronged street, why she is so lonely.

Ellen serves in the shop, and takes her wages home to her scowling socialist. She is very civil now-a-days to her stepmother. She works very hard: her legs are slim, and she has to stand about too much; but she is to have a country excursion some day—and she hears that Woking is a pretty place.

The glitter of old Jacob's pebbly eye had probably never pierced into this future for his family, or he would have made better arrangements. After all, judgment without feeling—life without affection—is a poor bungle and a sad smash.

Chapter LV.

Judge and Prisoner on Trial.

Sir Sitley Recton had recovered somewhat, and had gone circuit again, with broken nerves, but unflagging, conscientious, energy. One morning, when the spring was struggling into England, Lady Recton—a withered lady—sent early for the newspaper—sent for it long before the usual hour; and when she received it, hid and locked herself in her dressing-room. She read the following with swift eye, in a delirium of horror:—

STAFFORD ASSIZES.

(BEFORE SIR SITLEY RECTON.)

MANSLAUGHTER.

Ralph Royston was placed in the dock charged with the murder of Diego Dwyorts, on the third of February last in some woods adjoining the seat of Lord Slumberton, in this county. The case has excited extraordinary interest. The prisoner is a man of about sixty years of age, with red complexion, and long, thick, silvered hair. He has a very sensual mouth and chin; but his aspect is not unpleasing.

He pleaded not guilty. Mr. Neverend prosecuted. The prisoner defended himself, and with great ability.

After an opening statement by counsel,

John Gray was called. I am a gardener, employed by Miss Dasert of Beechton. On the afternoon of the third of February she had sent me home early, my wife being ill, and I was crossing Clupper Wood by the private path, when I heard a shot fired. It was a pistol shot. It was seemingly about a hundred yards from where I was at the time, in the wood. I ran further in to see what it was. I saw a man, the deceased, lying on the ground dead, and the prisoner stooping over him. In one hand prisoner had a cigar alight. In the other a pistol. I charged him with murder. John Brown came up, and we seized him, and he walked with us to Wornton Hall, which was the nearest place we could find a magistrate at. The prisoner did not say a word when I made the charge against him. He made no resistance.

Cross-examined by the prisoner. You might have started when I said "Here's Murder." You did look frightened. You had been smoking the cigar, and put it to your mouth again when I charged you. Perhaps it is not likely you would be smoking when killing a man. You held the pistol by the barrel, not by the handle. Yes, just as a man might when picking it up off the ground. You were not excited or passionate. Bewildered like.

John Brown confirmed this evidence. Cross-examined, he said he had not looked at the prisoner, but had been seeing if the deceased was really dead.

Mr. Palmer, a surgeon of Stafford, called. I made a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased. He died from a pistol bullet piercing the brain. I produce the bullet. It fits that pistol, taken in the prisoner's hand.

Cross-examined. The deceased was not so tall a man as

you are. In firing a pistol at a man less tall than yourself, the bullet would probably go horizontally through the head. I found the bullet in such a position as would suggest that it was fired upwards, and not by a tall person.

Lord Slumberton called. I knew the deceased. I sent for the prisoner from Switzerland to see the deceased and a young lady, Mademoiselle Therese Desprez, and the appointment was made at my house, Wornton Hall. It was on the 3rd of February. The prisoner made a statement that he had, some years ago, assumed the character of a Roman Catholic priest in Germany, and in that character had performed a pretended marriage ceremony, by which he deluded the deceased and Mademoiselle Desprez, who believed themselves lawfully married. There were very high words. The prisoner declared that the deceased's servant had given him, or the person who induced him to perform the act, to understand, that a mock priest was wanted; and he argued that the deceased had known of the mock marriage all along, in proof of which he referred to the fact that the deceased had married again in this country. This infuriated the deceased, who rushed at the prisoner, and knocked him down. The prisoner, in rising, said, "You shall suffer for this!" He then left the room, and I induced deceased not to go after him. The next time I saw him he was in custody on this charge. Mademoiselle Desprez was, I think, pleased that the prisoner had been struck. She kissed the deceased, and said something to him.

The Prisoner. One question, my Lord. You say that you sent for me to Switzerland. I came, at your request, in order to do a kindness to your relative. I came to undo, as well as I could, a folly—or a crime—that I had committed; and you

promised protection. The result is, that I am here. You can now only do me this service. Will you say, as a man of keenness and observation—Do you believe me guilty or not guilty?

The Judge. The question is one you have no right to put, prisoner.

Prisoner. His Lordship has said in private that he does not think me guilty.

Witness. No. I have only said that I didn't know what to think. I have come to no conclusion.

Prisoner. Gentlemen of the jury, you will mark that.

Therese Desprez. On the 3rd February I was at Wornton Hall, in the library, and saw the prisoner struck down by the deceased. I kissed the deceased, and thanked him for the blow. I was excited at the time. I walked that afternoon to Beechton to see a lady there. John Kees accompanied me. I saw her. I returned through the Clupper wood to Wornton Hall. I had been singing at concerts in Birmingham, and Lord Slumberton had invited me to stay that night at his house. I did not meet the prisoner in the wood. I did not see deceased. I heard a shot in the wood as I was going to Beechton. I did not pay attention to it. I have been examined before the magistrates on the charge of shooting deceased. The prisoner made the charge. It is not true. I have been very ill. I believed myself married to deceased.

The Prisoner. Did you love him?

Witness. (Who was allowed to continue her evidence sitting.) No.

Prisoner. You had seen him in London lately, and knew he was married again.

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. You had quarrels?

Witness. No.

Prisoner. You are clever with monosyllables. Do you mean to tell the jury that you were so wanting in a woman's spirit as not to resent his marrying another woman—what you thought was bigamy?

Witness. I said before I never loved him. I did not want to live with him. I had money for myself. It would have been a scandal to have complained to justice. It would have injured me with the public.

Prisoner. You are hot-tempered, I believe?

Witness. When I am wronged.

Prisoner. Exactly. If you had met Dwyorts in the wood after the scene in the library, you would probably have abused him.

Witness. Possible.

Prisoner. You are frank. Will you answer another question as bluntly. I am sorry to put it; but I am being tried for my life, and I love life. Did you not meet Dwyorts that day in the wood?

Witness. No.

Prisoner. You did not fire that pistol?

Witness. No.

Prisoner. You know the use of a pistol? Are practised as a shot?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. Look at that pistol. It is inlaid with silver here, see. It would occupy a small space in a pocket. It is the sort of pistol a woman would buy. Do you make no mistake in saying it is not yours?

Witness. It is not mine.

Prisoner. Where are yours?

Witness. I have none now. (After a pause,) The last I had I gave it to a student—Ebeling, at Heidelberg.

Prisoner. Would you think it wrong in a woman to shoot a man who had betrayed her?

Witness. Diego was as much deceived as I was.

Prisoner. Answer the question, Mademoiselle, I beg of you.

Witness. It depends. I was not angry with Diego that day in the library.

Prisoner. Not in the library, but in the wood?

Witness. I did not see him in the wood.

Prisoner. The magistrates would not commit you on the charge. Did you account to them satisfactorily for the time you were absent from Wornton Hall?

Witness. I told the truth.

Prisoner. What have you been doing since your acquittal?

Witness. Living in London.

Prisoner. With whom?

Witness. (Her face in flames.) Why should you know?

Prisoner. It is necessary. Who lives with you in your residence in London?

Witness. A friend.

Prisoner. His name?

Witness. Kees.

Prisoner. That was Diego Dwyorts' valet?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. Is he married to you?

Witness. No.

Prisoner. You lately had a legacy left you?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. By one Wortley?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. He was a young gentleman who had a great affection for you, and to whom you were attached?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. The deceased killed him in a duel, I believe?

Witness. I have heard it said so.

Prisoner. You knew it on the 3d February?

Witness. I had heard it said so.

Prisoner. Did you feel grief and anger?

Witness. Yes.

Prisoner. Thank you, Mademoiselle, I have no more questions to ask.

John Kees called. On the 3d February I was in the library at Wornton Hall. I saw prisoner knock down the deceased, and I heard prisoner say, "You shall suffer for that." He then left the room. Shortly after, Mademoiselle Desprez left the room. She said she would call on the young lady whom my master, the deceased, had married in Ireland. My master said, "Follow her, Kees, and ask her to come back." I went: I overtook her, and asked her to come back. She would not. She asked me to walk on with her. We asked the way at the lodge, and went through Clupper wood. We went straight to Beechton. I waited outside while Mademoiselle was inside. She was there about half an hour. We came straight back, and as it was dark lost our way, and were late at the Hall on return. We never saw deceased that day, after leaving him in the library.

Cross-examined. I had not quarrelled with my master. He once struck me. I had employed a detective to watch him.

He was forging, I thought. I believe his duel with Wortley was about that; but I knew nothing of it till it was over. I am very fond of Mademoiselle. I would marry her if she would take me. She is better educated than I am. I think she loves me. She has no pistols now. I am not afraid of her. She is not afraid of me. I made love to her in my master's lifetime. She is not very profligate. She never lived with any man but master and me. She is disposed to lead a pure life, I think. I don't know whether or not Wortley enjoyed her favors. Perhaps not. He was young, and handsome, and rich. I am not young. I think I am not ugly. I'm not rich. I swear I did not see my master in the wood that day. (This witness gave his evidence in a remarkably reluctant way.)

Miss Mary Dasert. I live at Beechton. There was, on the 3rd February, a young lady under my protection: Mrs. Diego Dwyorts, wife of the deceased. On that day Therese Desprez called on me, and asked to see Mrs. Diego Dwyorts. She saw her in my presence. She came about half-past three o'clock; she stayed about half an hour. I kissed her when she went away. I was pleased with her. She was not excited.

Cross-examined. She was pale. Very pale. I did offer her wine. She took some port. I don't know how many glasses. Perhaps two. Her object in visiting Beechton was curiosity, she said, to see Nea—Mrs. Dwyorts, and to withdraw all her own claims as a first wife. She did not seem unhappy in having her own marriage disproved. She did not speak wrathfully of the deceased. It was not a sneer. The reference was very slight. It did not seem to me that she was acting a part. She seemed to me a bold, brave woman

seeking an independence in the world. Yes, a bold, brave woman. I do not mean that she would shoot a man. I am sure she is innocent.

Prisoner. And that I am guilty?

Witness. God forbid that I should judge you, wretched man!

Prisoner. Thank you, madam.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

In the course of his defence the prisoner said—My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal to you with confidence to acquit me of this charge. Prejudices have naturally been excited against me. My life has been a bad life. Accused of this murder, I turned on the woman Desprez, a public favorite—a woman I had wronged greatly. I admit that the suspiciousness of the circumstances demanded that I should be tried, and I have not had to complain of unfairness. I trust to my innocence for acquittal, and I have decided, unpractised as I am in law and speech, to defend myself. You have heard some evidence; I will now add my testimony. I was knocked down—I am old and worn—by the deceased. I said, "You shall suffer for this!" How natural! The feeble threaten always; it softens defeat. What did I mean? I do not know what I meant at the moment. I am not a vindictive man. I am a candid man. When I got into the cold air, my desire for retaliation was gone. It was excusable passion on his part. I deserved worse punishment. I strolled through the park into the wood. Nature in England was a novelty to me. I strolled about. I lit a cigar. I watched the insects, and the hares, and the game, and I was not thinking of man. I heard a shot. I walked in the direction of the sound. I heard branches crash in other directions. Whe-

ther that was the noise of some one making *for* the place, or making away *from* the place, I do not know. I reached the spot. Seeing a man on the ground, I stooped over him. In stooping, I saw a pistol not far from his hand. The barrel was nearest to me, and I raised it by that. By this time I had recognised the face of the dead man, and was looking down on his face, lost in reflection, when the laborers came up. I saw at a glance the horrible position in which I was placed, and started convulsively. But I knew how dangerous it was to compromise myself with these peasants. My words might not be understood, might be distorted. I held my peace, and awaited the development of events.

Suspicion was not directed against any one else: and I had to defend myself. I believed that murder had really been committed. It occurred to my mind that the young woman Desprez might have been followed by the deceased; that harsh words might have been used; that he might have resorted to force; that she, in defending herself, might have shot him, from sudden passion, or, more likely, from the accidental going off of the pistol, presented without any more savage purpose than to intimidate. Reason it thus. The chances were, that when I left Wornton Hall I should have made for the high-road; but it was a bright winter day, and I wandered. If I had not been found standing over the body—if I had been seen passing a turnpike on the high-road, at that precise time the laborers came up in the wood—against whom would suspicion have been directed? No doubt, against Desprez. Yet how illogical even then? You saw her in the box; frail, pale, broken down. Would she have dared on a murder in open day, where the shot was most likely to have been heard,

where pursuit was most probable, where her own nerves would threaten easy detection. And how unlikely that she should have carried a pistol about with her! It is just as strange to find me, a peaceful man, and who used no pistol when struck in the library, going about with fire-arms. Furthermore, I was smoking a cigar. Had I fired the fatal shot, would it not have been inevitable that, in the intense excitement of such an act, I should have thrown away the weed? Was I disturbed when accused? I was "bewildered like," says the witness, and he is right; but I was not alarmed, and I recommenced smoking. But justice is bound to suspect. She suspected me, and she suspected Desprez; and Desprez is acquitted because her evidence is supported by the man Kees! now her paramour, it would appear, and who gave his evidence like a coward—not like a truthful man. Pardon an hypothesis; but, gentlemen, why is that woman, who had and has her choice of lovers, now living with a servant, a mean and debased nature? Is she in his power, that she has thus to degrade herself? They were in the wood as well as I; and one of them has been suspected, as I am. That is the case against her, and the case against me.

But justice should exhaust every consideration. Is it not the most likely of all things to have happened that the deceased should have killed himself? (Sensation.) He was about to leave the country for South America; that would account for his having pistols, or a pistol. He had just been accused of forgery, of bigamy; his father had been ruined; he had killed a man in a duel; of two women to whom, falsely or really, he had been married, neither would accept the continuance or the renewal of his affection. There was a desperate man. He was greatly excited. His interpretation

of my threat, that he should suffer for having struck me, may have been that I would put officers of justice on his track; for, guilty, he suspected naturally that those who threatened had the knowledge fatal to him. Gentlemen, I believe that this was no murder, but suicide; and now I place myself in your hands. Forget that I am not a man entitled to the sympathies of good citizens. Sins enough are on my head to warrant that judge in the name of society passing sentence of death. But you are trying me on a charge of murdering Diego Dwyorts, and I say, solemnly—Not guilty.

Murmurs of applause were heard in the court at the conclusion of this address.

The Judge summed up with great care and minuteness. In concluding, his lordship pointed out that the whole case illustrated the dangers to society from the existence of classes of persons who subjected themselves to no Christian and to no moral law; who thrived on their own unrestrained passions, and who evaded the responsibility which the community, wise from instinct, from experience, and from God's teaching, attached to every individual. The deceased, though young, was old in crime—was the victim in the end; in the prime of his youth, of a savage, harsh, selfish nature, unrefined by religious teachings, by social charities, or by allegiance to family. What end could such a life have looked for? The prisoner, found guilty by a coroner's jury of wilful murder, had admitted that his long life had been devoted to the gratification of his own wayward, wicked will. The woman Desprez, with beauty and talent, was yet suffering acutely now in degradation, in doubt, in accusation that she had not lived as other women must live—not independently, to which none of us are entitled, but in meek and Christian submission

to social duties. They had warred with society, and they had therefore had God to contend against, and they were conquered. The prisoner, by your verdict, may walk out of that dock a free man; you may give him the benefit of the doubt which I have pointed out; and, if so, let him reform and expiate.

After the absence of an hour, the jury returned into court. The verdict was, "Not guilty."

The Judge. "That is an extraordinary verdict; but it must be recorded."

The prisoner bowed courteously and gratefully to the judge, on leaving the dock.

* * * * * * *

The clever people said that the peroration of Sir Sitley Recton was excessively commonplace. But it is the Sir Sitley Rectons and not the clever people who influence the world, and perhaps he did good.

Lady Recton sent for a composing draught, and was grateful that matters had ended so well.

Sir Sitley Recton had communicated to his brother-judges a portion of the facts in respect to the relations between himself and the man he had to try, and was assured that he might go on with the case with a clear conscience.

The twin brothers had sat at the bar, in wig and gown, during the trial.

Royston did not mourn over the brief opportunity he had had of analysing bad characters in the very worst situation; but he confessed, after the jail experience, that the great scoundrel was a commonplace creature.

Chapter LVI.

One Moral of a Story.

A LADY and a gentleman sat, one spring morning, in one of the pleasant sitting-rooms of that exquisitely English hostelrie, the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone.

The weather was bad, and the lady and gentleman were awaiting a smooth sea, over which to pass to a continental tour.

The gentleman finished his *Times* and concluded his coffee, placed his legs on the sofa on which he sat, wrapped his dressing-gown about his ungainly limbs, turned to the lady who sat with a book in her hand—a flashing white, thin, wee hand—in the window seat, and said, pompous but reticent—

"Aw—what are you reading, Theraysar?"

"Jane Eyre: a novel, with the scene of a noble husband enduring an intemperate, unchaste, mad wife."

"Crikey! How orrid!"

"There are such things; and the contrary thing, Kees:—wives having to endure hideous, vulgar, debasing husbands."

"Lor! Meaning me?"

"Yes!"

"Aw—aw! Ring the bell. The bell, I say! Aw—aw! You look nice standing up. Tell the waitaw, when he comes,

that I want some Curraso. That trial guv me a hinfernal fright, and nuvs not right yet."

No reply. Deep in Jane Eyre.

"Ay—you were saying I was a beast—or to that effect. I like to hear you go a-head. You did, most of the night. You will, most of the day. You've sperrit. But you're down, ma'am—down!"

"I am!" Such a shudder through that little frame.

"Jas 'and me that toothpick. Do you hear? That's right. Yas—we war saying you was down. That's it. And I mean to keep you down."

No reply.

"You scorned me—me, a handsome chap: and now it's my turn. You're an odd young ooman. You can't bear the thought of 'angin'. It's the public execution. You would not mind the private. Now, I differ: I'd like the public best."

She looked at him with a strange wierd smile; and, as if expecting it, he turned round towards her, and saw it.

"That's the game, is it? You've done for Di, as we used to call him; and one in wouldn't make much difference, eh?"

"Horrible, horrible!" She flung her book away and wrung her hands, and stamped with her little feet about the heavily carpeted floor till the boards shrank and sprang.

"Kees!"

She stood opposite to him. He loungingly picked his teeth, but his eyes evaded hers.

"Kees! Why is this? You love money. So do I—to obtain peace. Take this Wortley's money. Leave me only my freedom."

"Aw—aw! I think, little woman, you've played that game before. Not as I knows of. The Wortley tin's for old age.

You must work, lass; sing your teeth out; bring in thirty pound a-week—at least—at least."

"Kees! You are a devil—not a man."

"All the better for you. You want trainin'—that's all."

"I will try how long I can endure this. Not long. Then I will tell all: the justice will believe it was only the chance—the accident. But you! Ah! had I but told to Diego that you had signed his name and the little Wortley's name."

"Aw—aw! Too late. Try the Curraso. No? Go and put some rouge on; I intend to tell every one who you are, on board the boat, and it will bring tin to the concert at Boulon. Doosed good grub I'll get you at the Hotel de Parriss, at Boulon, I assure you."

"Bête!"

"Tooshoor le Mem—Beast, on course. Very good Curraso."

"Kees, Kees"—she walked about the room with her hand on her forehead—"this is the end of England. I will go to the justice here."

"Lor!" But he winced. "Very well. Get 'anged. You'll see whether I don't know enough of the law to work through. *I'm* safe. But let's have the honeymoon together. Come and kiss me. It sha'n't be for long. You know I always gets tired of a woman in six months or so. Take your chance. I should not like you to get used to my ways, you see, Theraysar. If you found out all about a chap, the tables would be turned. Let's try the tour together. Be agreeable. You're little, and your tantrums begin to bore a feller. I'll let you off in a month or two for the Wortley tin."

How she was writhing and wrestling with herself! He left the room, and she lay on the carpet, not crying, but convulsed.

She calmed, opened the window, looked out, sighed, and read again. Poor prisoner!

So went away a day, and many a day after; and at night, rouged and smiling, she sang light ballads about village maidens and berger lovers, in the three languages that the homeless, nationless woman had acquired. Perhaps she was not affecting pleasure before the public. To public favorites the public seems very good, and is good: and in her public, Therese now and then, no doubt, had glimpses of forgetfulness of her oppressor.

There is an endless mystery between the sexes. They have, in their most educated state at least, very little notion of one another. A woman brings forth a man-child, and to her dying day never understands the man. The man who has most knowledge of men has least knowledge of women: to understand a woman needs a refined, delicate, inquisitive turn that masculinity is seldom equal to. What ludicrous women the poets create: take Milton's Eve, for instance! What absurd men have been sketched on paper by mind-abounding women—take Mrs. Gore's, for instance. Let philosophical people mention the reason: let others be content with the fact.

Men believe in the patience of women. Compliment the animal on any thing else, but not on that—it is a donkey's quality: were it her quality we should not dote on her. Her failings are those of the higher-bred animal. It is her want of patience, which is her charm and curse. Did you ever notice a woman driving a pair of ponies? It is very pretty, but very peculiar. She puts the teased things to their topmost speed. She is always whipping their dodging flanks.

She is always clutching the galvanized reins. She is always looking right and left, twisting and tossing her fantastically-covered head two ways at once. She sees the mighty 'buses, and avoids them hundreds of yards before they come up. She goes ten feet too much on one side in clearing the rushing cab or whirling chariot. Again, did you ever see a woman crossing a road? What patience—that is to say, what fright! what dashing forward and diving back; and when, at a crisis, she scuds, how recklessly high does she disclose the excited hose! So in marriage. Doubtless, when well-harnessed, and the groaning char-au-banc, crunching over the mud, is full of children, she pulls steadily, the scorched collar withal. But how she skits, and scampers, and shies, and jumps at first.

Therese had character, not thought: she did—she didn't think: and was miserable. Very likely, marriage is sometimes chains of flowers. But you pluck and pull at the garland nervously, and it's soon an affair of stalks; and stalks hurt if you kick against them. But the regular chains are worn by the adept convict with comfort. The disaster in marriage is, that the sweet delusions of the coming happiness, to be caught and fondled, maintains the unsyllogistic soul in an unphilosophical state. In the condemned cell, where affairs are realized, prisoners always sleep well. And yet there are some of our statesmen complacently chattering about a new law of divorce. Bah! It is the destiny of humanity to marry and regret it; and the law should beware the casualties that occur to those who step between man and wife in the assuaging commotion that tempers domestic bliss.

Life is a desert. Profound thought! Marriage and mirage are the same thing, differently spelt. But does it do the caravan any harm to believe in water? When you are thirsty,

the next best thing to having water, is to believe that you are going to have it. Live the mirage! Live marriage!

But it is a washy subject. Next to Single Life, marriage is the most ludicrous and the most insipid of all lives.

Once detained at a Rue de Rivoli hotel, in Paris—costly, comfortably-bedded Windsor—I was reduced to a daily analysis of the coffee-room.

There also breakfasted and dined there, with equal regularity, a young couple—newly married. They were Americans. He was of that young planter-from-the-South complexion, which you see often at the Trafalgar, Greenwich, eating white-bait, and paying for it out of the product of black men; a low forehead, a classic nose, shining olive cheeks, cocoa-nut teeth, and round Greek chin. She was a tiny thing of flush fifteen, olive and ripe, with brown glistening ringlets on a delicious girly head. They fed there—the hungry, timid birds—because they dreaded, no doubt, the hum and stare of the cafés.

This coffee-room was solitary of all but myself; and I hid myself behind one of those large yellow reprint novels that Paris appears to be principally engaged in manufacturing. Me they never thought of: they regarded the room as inhabited by themselves and the waiter. The waiter was a stern matter-of-fact man, rough with these tender, cooing Yankees, to whom he was incessantly pointing out *plats*, and from whom he was always taking incoherent orders favorable to the establishment; and, in deference to his middle-aged prejudices, they prattled low, whisperingly as the south wind, over the usual thing. How beaming they were; what dulcet endearing breath; what pretty caresses! How I used to envy that man! I hated him. He was so rich, had such youth, had such an appetite, and such a bride. Human felicity at last, I

thought, to be noted down. I would rather see it daily, than in fact breakfast at the "Cardinal," and dine at the "Trois Frères;" and I ate my bifstek, abominable, and drank my St. Jullien, corked, in sympathetic peace for a fortnight in that coffee-room—a room, but for them, simply odorous of the plentiful and palpable British breakfasts of the morning. At last we bowed to one another; smiled; good-dayed. Finally one evening at dinner she rose and left the room without him, after a prolonged and poetic repast. She curtsied prettily in a flouncing, fluttering brown dress, that seemed a continuation of the veil of ringlets, and departed like a vision. The youth, the Apollo, brave and bright, carried his chair over to me. He winked.

"Eaten too much to-day, she has," said he; "and now I'd like to have a liquor and smoke with you, friend. I'd like darnedly to go and see an-out-and-out *Bal* in Paris. Shall us?"

On that day I resolved never to marry. We are too gross for the institution. The marriages that are made in heaven are fulfilled there.

Chapter LVII.

Anti-Bohemia.

The Easter holidays had arrived. Why are there Easter holidays? Parliament is always in the full swing of business at Easter, but always adjourns for the Easter holidays: the innocents having to be massacred at Midsummer, because they are neglected and left to become stunted and deformed at Easter. Easter is pairing time; members that *must* go into the country ought to pair against one another at Easter, but the mass of Parliament does not consist of country gentlemen; and the Mofussil may take to the telegraph. The Easter holidays are a delusion.

The minister ought to put them down: for, giving a holiday, the opposition always conspires.

Lord Slumberton was invited to a conspiracy at Plunder Priory, the seat of a great Whig Duke, the head of the Plunder Priory clique.

He met there Lord Colon Bustle, brother of the Duke, Sir Rapid Deal and Sir York Loose, two ministers; old Tennis, who was always proposing new "moves;" Lord Slumberton, whose high grave character gave him weight with the clique and with the country; Lord Kilthree, an Irish peer; and Mr.

Wirra Sthrew, member for Mavourneen, an Irish law-officer of great talent and greater activity, and who had the Roman Catholic cards in his hand owing to his convivial qualities: these fascinated the Papal Hierarchy, who, being now some years withheld by Rome from politics, had taken to evenings of whist and comic songs.

The Duke prided himself on his dinners; and on these occasions his cook being a Whig gentleman, always exerted himself to the utmost. Lord Colon Bustle was now highly gratified with his sauce *à la Charles Premier*, a ragout *à la Sidney*, and some Somers pudding. Kilthree, whose family had got their land in the county of Kilthreeany by the 1688 business, praised some venison done *aux Jacobins*.

Wirra Sthrew, who was an authority, and had induced Lady Boswain, at one of her receptions, to try the *corps diplomatique* with gin-sling made after the receipt of the Deformed Club, humiliated the Duke rather by asking for some Australian wine.

"I drink nothing else now—the leathery, kangaroo-skin flavor suits me," said Wirra Sthrew.

"Some Australian wine for Mr. Wirra Sthrew," said his Grace to the affrighted butler, with a wave of the hand which put all observation out of the question.

The butler, ghastly, tore his hair in the cellar, mixed half-a-dozen wines together with a dash of brandy to coalesce them, and brought the mixture up in a gold cup.

"Capital!" said Wirra Sthrew. "Is that the 'Argus' wine?" asked he, with a knowing look.

The butler whispered his master.

"It appears that that is called 'Coalition!'" observed his Grace.

The two ministers immediately asked for some. One was the secretary for the colonies; he said he would write to Mr. Gavin Duffey, the new President of the Australian republic, and call his attention to the desirability of extending the cultivation of that wine for the English aristocratic market.

When the servants had left the room, the Duke cracked a nut and looked hard at Lord Colon Bustle, who leaned back in his chair and opened a conversation:—

"I saw your secretary come in this afternoon, Deal," said he —"any fresh news?"

"A letter from the Prince, who says that the Queen wishes, after opening Parliament, to start at once for Calcutta, and, if all is lost here, to establish her family there. I have sent word back, without consulting any one, that I would at once resign, and that I was sure the whole cabinet would, if the idea was not abandoned."

"Of course," said Loose. "If we search history, from the time of the Pharaohs——"

"Try that old wine," said the Duke, seeing the shudder of the company at the expected infliction from this tremendous scholar.

Kilthree said it was quite clear the nobility must throw up the game if the Queen deserted them.

Lord Slumberton would not like to see the Queen suffer from the faults of an oligarchy. And he feared that, if she stood by them, she would be in danger.

"Oligarchy is the slang of the Radicals, my dear Slumberton," remonstrated the Duke.

"The word is a fact: our class is in danger, because it has been un-national, selfish, intriguing—and foolish."

Lord Colon Bustle said—"The question is not what has been; but what is to be done."

"Exactly," said Tennis, leaning over, and putting the fingers of his right hand into the palm of his left—"The position is this. The English aristocracy is unpopular. It has been often so. How did it keep its power? By appearing to surrender —by a sacrifice. In 1829, in 1832, in 1837, in 1846—all in my time—it made great sacrifices; and it became stronger than ever. It must now make a great sacrifice."

"The idea of restoring the old church lands because they were once devoted to the purposes of the poor, is perfectly ridiculous. In point of fact, I'd fight for the priory rather," said the Duke, the old blood and energy coming back to the noble, as a difficult time came up again.

"Though I'm a Catholic," said Wirra Sthrew, "I concede to your Grace, that that theory is a rhapsody of Mr. Ishmaeli's."

Rapid Deal, with frightful fluency, said it was all very well to talk of sacrifice; but the deuce of it was, that there was enormous discontent without any tangible proposal arising out of it. In 1829, 1832, and in 1846, we knew what they wanted—Catholic emancipation, an increased suffrage, and free trade. Now, they don't know what they want. Taxation is excessive, but it is fair to all classes: and the war to defend Brigham Young was inevitable, and must go on. There's religious equality. There's perfect freedom. Certainly the people have not votes; but then the question is, do they want a large Reform bill! He didn't know what they wanted.

"The influence of facts in the formation of opinion"—said Loose.

"But let us hear what Tennis would suggest," interrupted Kilthree.

The Duke and Lord Colon, who had faith in Tennis, nodded approval.

Tennis resumed: "No matter whether the country is logical or illogical; in looking to government and parliament as responsible for evils that spring from an over-population, in an ill-organized commercial country of big towns, from bad trade and prolonged war, it is the business of the aristocracy, unless they wish to see the middle class riding over them, and vulgarizing national affairs, to restore confidence—to restore confidence."—("Hear, hear," from Wirra Sthrew, taking wine with the flowers.) "I have always been for large and bold measures. I propose one now. I advise the separation of the Church from the State."—(Sensation.)

Deal, always in a hurry, asked in the name of all that was ever heard of, what the church had got to do with the business.

The Duke admitted that he could not see what good that would do.

Bustle thought the move had something in it.

Tennis continued—"The people, as Deal says, do not know what they want. But they must have something. That would injure the aristocracy the least of any great change. Do not let us deceive ourselves. The church is inactive, and is not much agitated against; but it is unpopular. There is a natural feeling in the breast of man against bishops. The church's revenues would form a grand educational fund. The move would look to all the world a great piece of Liberalism —Progress. Believe me, the country would be rejoiced. All the working-classes are infidel, and all the middle classes that have any religion—apart from women, of course—are Dissenters. Consequently, the masses of the middle class would rejoice."

"By heavens, it would tell in Ireland!" exclaimed Wirra Sthrew.

"It would do this in Ireland," said Kilthree; "lose you every Protestant's vote."

Loose remarked, that "In all ages——"

Lord Colon said that he had long been of opinion that the church must go, and he had only waited for a real anti-state church agitation, to place himself at the head of the movement.

Lord Slumberton said that he would vote for the abolition of the state church to-morrow, if called upon. There was no doubt but it must come to this. But he doubted if that was now the question; or, if it were, if it would satisfy. Much more was wanted.

Tennis said that he always considered matters from his party's point of view.

"Quite right!" said the Duke.

He wanted to save the Whig party. Of course, if he looked at affairs speculatively, he would advise differently. Every one knew that he was a Liberal. All the Reform associations for the last forty years had come to him, and he had always said, "If you will go for a Republic, I will join you." But, as regarded reforms in detail, he preferred trusting to his party.

Lord Colon Bustle said that Fox had appealed from the old to the new Whigs. He hoped that there was no necessity for Lord Slumberton to do that. He (Bustle) was always a new Whig. He need not enumerate his services to civil and religious party. His principles were those of Elliot—he was for every thing possible. Lord Slumberton had generally done him the honor to speak of him as his (Lord S.'s) leader.

He would endeavor to deserve the confidence of the party; but Lord Slumberton must see that young men were often tempted to advance too soon. As Romilly had said finely, in a conversation with Michael Sadler, "Don't go a-head so fast."

Lord Slumberton replied—"That the time had passed when the country could be carried on by compliments; and it was only fair to say to Lord Colon, that the young Whigs were not disposed to follow his lordship in the coming session. As regarded the proposal of Mr. Tennis, did he suppose that a trick could save us? What we always decline to realize is, that the English have grown, within the last few years, into sound politicians; and that we can no longer carry on by mere intrigue, by bathetical bidding over the heads of the Tories. The people, working-classes especially, have educated themselves within these ten years, and have the instincts of freemen. The country is a great and grand country, seeks self-respect, and is not to be played with. You could have no greater proof of the public wisdom than the fact that now so little stress is laid on an extension of the suffrage. They insist on a reformed Parliament; but they see that universal suffrage would not necessarily provide that, and that a purified House of Commons can be obtained from the present suffrage. Yes—that is what we must do—purify public affairs. The aristocracy has ceased to possess any right to its privileges—it is an heraldic and bureaucratic aristocracy merely—it is without predominant genius—it does not lead—it does not command. We must give up our exclusive system. An hereditary legislature is out of tune with the time and its perceptions. We must abandon the system of intimidation and corruption at elections. We must throw the church on its

own resources. We must democratize and nationalize the army and the navy. We must seek among able new men, whether in or out of Parliament, for Cabinet ministers. We must throw up the old traditional jobbery, which has become a stench in the land. We must throw open the land: that is the great reform; abolish the system of primogeniture and entail, and bring acres into the market as you do cottons. We must give votes to all. These are the resources that restore confidence. And when you have a national House of Commons, into which the aristocracy brings no undue, dishonest, or subterranean influence, you will get rid of secret diplomacy—to which we are indebted for a war, inevitable because the national honor was compromised by persons with feelings anti-national—and, from domestic causes, absurdly in favor of Mormonite principles."

"I declare to God——" said the Duke, pale with passion.

"One word more, Duke. I believe that all this would strengthen the nobles and gentlemen of England. It is not laws and forms that preserve our power: it is the character of our countrymen—our own national character. We owe our real influence in our counties, in Parliament, and in society, to our wealth and our character;—honest men desire no illegitimate influence from our country's corruption. God forbid, England should pass under the rule of traders and economists! The people do not wish it—they are with our class, if our class will but deserve their confidence! Let us take a natural and honest position in affairs, and affairs will still be mainly in our hands! That is my opinion, and I believe that is the opinion of all the younger men of our party."

"Then," said the Duke, "they are not Whigs?"

"They are suicides!" said Tennis.

Bustle considered.

"And," said the Duke, "they are no longer friends of mine."

Deal and Loose—ciphers in the state, nobodies in the country, and only in the cabinet because they were members of a great family—waited to hear what Bustle would say.

Wirra Sthrew said, that if the Whig party would strike in for Liberalism and extend the suffrage, he would undertake to bring in sixty out of the hundred Irish votes.

Kilthree said that he didn't care a curse for his seat in the House of Lords, and would a deuced deal sooner be a member of the House of Commons. As for privileges, of what use were they? Suppose it wasn't law to entitle him "Earl," would that diminish his position in the country or in town? Not a bit, while his coat-of-arms and his estates were the same. He wanted to see perfect justice done in public affairs, and didn't care a strawberry leaf for his order, which could never be injured by political change; for the order meant merely—the richest landed men in England, who are at the same time the gentlemen of England. As to entail, he would leave his estates, law or not law, to his eldest son, and so would every landed proprietor in this country: as Slumberton said, that was our national character. But the question was—would not a democratic House of Commons abolish the throne, confiscate property, and get up some federal Anglo-Saxonism with America and Australia, and that sort of thing? Now, he gloried in England, and he did not want to see her pulled down into a sort of American "State."

Lord Slumberton was convinced that a democratic House of Commons was impossible in England, principally because there was no democracy; and that, if there were a purely

democratic House of Commons, it would be as subservient and slavish to Queen Victoria, as the House of Commons of 1560-1600 was to Queen Elizabeth. Were the Queen a King, the English constitution could now be a good deal altered into the German pattern. The nation adored the Queen.

Lord Colon Bustle, breaking up the conference, said, that the party could come to no conclusions until the session recommenced, when Mr. Ishmaeli would declare his views. Meanwhile he would go and write a letter to the Bishop of Durham.

The Duke, and the two Ministers, and Tennis, went to whist. Kilthree ordered mulled claret, and smoked with Wirra Sthrew, and then talked of the Female World.

Chapter LVIII.

Concluding.

Nothing was done by the Whig party: and Lord Slumberton returned from London to Staffordshire.

He married his cousin, Sabine; and stuck to his county.

The county delighted in him; and Sabine gave him a nursery, including an heir, on which Miss Dasert, who instigated the marriage, has settled Beechton; and Saxon Wornton is a happy man, knottier about the face as he grows older, but a fine old English gentleman. It is pleasant to see him ride about his property. What a healthy, hopeful eye! How he sits the saddle; with such a visible, very British intention to hold on!

Aunt Nea has not come into her share of the Wortley property yet, but doesn't miss it. She fondles her nephew and nieces, feeds the poultry, plays a nursery piano, and sleeps well. She has a view that Protestantism ought to make of single women and of widows a Profession, with the function of humanizing humanity, but has not the pluck to venture on Miss Nightingale's career. Wornton has to be cautious, or she would found an hospital out of sight, when she gets her money. He wants it for his little daughter Nea.

Chapter LIX.

After Rasselas.

I WALKED into Job Wortley's cigar shop the other morning. He was reading the Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand, as idle as usual.

Graphs was there.

"What's the news?"

"Been to see Bellars married this morning."

"Who's the lady?"

"Niece of the Duchess of Motherland. He's in the right set now—safe for the cabinet."

"And Lady Beaming?"

"Frantic! Gone to convert the Jews in the Holy Land. She actually raised the money of Solomon in Gray's Inn; and he knew what it was for, and charged accordingly!"

There were some cynical complaints of affairs in general.

"Ah!" said Graphs, "we always take those views up to four P.M. How wonderfully wise we are in the morning! After dinner we rather rejoice at artificiality, which comes so naturally. We live in a queer world. Of course, civilization has its disadvantages from a Red Indian's point of view, but

not from a gentleman's. Full dress is full dress: a lady is required to show her bust not her heart."

"But disease of the heart," broke in the tobacconist, "is the disease of our time. From over-work, which means over-excitement. There is too much vitality put into life."

"We are a degenerate race—that's it," said Graphs, musingly. "I think it's vaccination. Men and women went out with Wilkes, and Wortley, and Montague. The cow's blood is in ours, and we are mixed—cowardly. Nobody is now so strong as his father was, nor so plucky as her mother was. Give me a mild cigar—Cabana. Let's ameliorate the Minotaur."

It was pleasant smoke.

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